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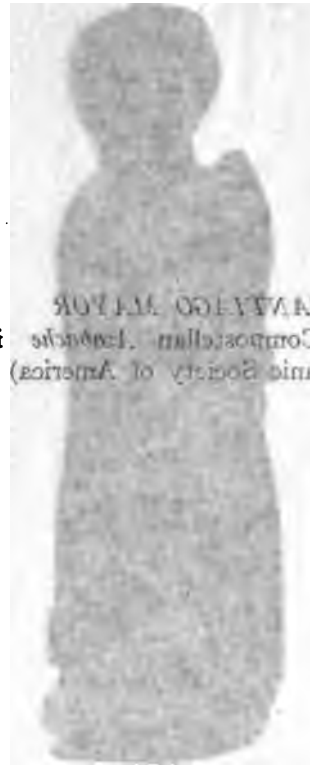
ESSAYS, STUDIES, AND BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES ISSUED BY THE HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA

PENINSULAR SERIES

I

SANTIAGO MAYOR

(From a Compostellan *Azabache* in the Hispanic Society of America)



THE WAY OF SAINT JAMES

By
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Professor of the History of Art, Bryn Mawr College; Member the Hispanic Society of America

In Three Volumes

Volume I

Illustrated

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FOREWORD

During my stay in Rome of two years and a half, I employed all the spare time I had from Books and Libraries in viewing the Monuments; and I at last prescribed to myself a certain Method in making my Observations so as to go through the whole City in twenty Days. This same I repeated as often as either at the Request of my Friends or for my own Satisfaction I surveyed the city, always allotting twenty Days to review the whole. — Père Montfaucon.

FOLLOWING the precedent of the learned Benedictine, I have made one straight story out of three years' wanderings, and places visited and revisited. The outcome offers, first, a record of what exists, where other accounts are incomplete or inaccessible, and, secondly, an explanation of it. Spain

I. Record

II. Explanation

Comparative Religion

and scrupulously at first hand. The religions of the Roman Empire were investigated in competent and first-rate authorities, which are enumerated in the bibliography. *Cursor Mundi* is cited so often, though an English work, because it is precisely what it calls itself, a Pilgrim of the World, that has gathered up an immense quantity of current and floating lore, and represents just what might be in the head of any stone-cutter or master of the works. It is a popular and plebian substitute for Vincent and Honorius. The *Bibliography* represents not the books consulted but those which yielded matter of worth, — a very small proportion. In the *Appendix* are printed a few *pièces justificatifs:* quotations in verse or others too long for a footnote; the *Grande Chanson des Pèlerins*, the *Great* and the *Little Hymn of S. James* and his Miracles out of the *Acta Sanctorum*, the Miracles of our Lady of Villa-Sirga out of the *Cantigas del Rey Sabio*, Thurkill's *Vision*, and a selection of *Itineraries* for the curious stay-at-home.

Possibly it will be said that this little

book is neither one thing nor the other, for it offers archaeology without jargon, and travel without flippancy. The writer's hope is that the learning, however small, may be judged sound, and the style not unworthy of it in being the ordinary vehicle, which is the daily speech of cultivated people: and that some worth and some pleasure may consist in the exact account of what was done and seen with the sense and in the light of a whole history and literature yet palpable and precious, though less familiar to the gentle reader than the immortal ambience of the Lombard plain and the hill-towns of Tuscany.

Nor pedantry nor impertinence

To pay the gratitude I owe to all who have helped me would take too long a list: it would begin with the great S. James himself, with the good Companion of many days, with a great and generous lover of Spain; and end with the long suffering guardians of books in many libraries, the good-tempered boys and girls who fetched and carried dusty piles, and the outraged librarians who despatched too

The Good Companion

many tiresome loans by post. Some names however may not be omitted, nor may I leave unsaid my thanks, for untiring and learned assistance, to the Reverend Father Middleton of Villanova College, who has answered questions intricate and importunate; to Dr. Wright and Dr. Patch of Bryn Mawr College, who have read a number of chapters in manuscript, and bettered them, and Dr. Frank and Dr. Barton who have answered demands sudden and surprising; to D. Juan Agapito y Revilla, the Vallasoletan architect and ecclesiologist, for precious time spared to me and the gift of publications, some otherwise unattainable; to my friend D. Ángel del Castillo of Corunna for other articles and specific advice and instruction simply invaluable; to D. Benito Fernández Alonso, of the Commission of Historic Monuments in Orense, for many courtesies and gifts; also to Mgr. Ragonesi, the Apostolic Nuncio in Spain; to the Archbishops of Santiago and Burgos and the Bishop of Leon; to the Dean and Chapter of Santiago and the Abbess of Las

Kindness academic,

ecclesiological,

and clerical

Huelgas; to the *Canónigo Fabriquero* of Mondoñedo and the *Canónigo Archivero* of Santiago, and D. Felix Ararás, *Canónigo Magistral* of Burgos: and to twoscore parish priests who without a single exception offered me of their best, from erudition down to new milk, *to the glory*, in the grand phrase of one of them — *to the glory of religion and of Spain.*

The glory of religion and of Spain

G. G. King.

BRYN MAWR,
All Souls' Day, 1917.

The illustrations are taken in part from old books and museum pieces, in part from coins, and I have to thank G. F. Hill, of the British Museum, for a generous gift of casts from some coins in that collection; in part also from photographs of my own, and others, better, of E. H. Lowber. For drawings of difficult matter I am greatly indebted to Miss Helen Fernald, Instructor in the History of Art at Bryn Mawr College.

To the Curator of Publications at the

Hispanic Society, Miss Isabel K. Macdermott, the reader owes as much as the writer, for her long patience and vigilant oversight during the publication. For the use in Spanish words, names, and titles, she and

Use

I are responsible, jointly, but it seems desirable that I should explain the principles to which we conformed; Spanish names of persons and places, and titles of modern books, are spelled and accented in accordance with the latest rulings of the Spanish Academy; the titles of old books are given as the author gave them. But it is a proud truth that the relations between those of English and those of Spanish speech were not established yesterday, nor even during the Peninsular War, but are a part of the ancient heritage of the two nations, and the sign thereof is that Spanish places have English names. We speak of Seville and Corunna, Pampeluna and Saragossa, Castile and Leon, by the same token that Shakespeare wrote of Katharine of Aragon, and Southey of the Infants of Carrion rhyming to Robin Hood's Marion. Those names I have used as we say Venice,

Rome, and Florence, Paris, Lyons and Marseilles. They are each a token and a pledge that insularity is merely geographical and not intellectual, that isolation on the other side of the world cannot cut off Americans from talking in free and homely speech of the great places to which they turn with ancestral love and longing. In referring to Kings and Queens of the Spains, and other saints or heroes, I have not been careful always to call them by the same name, but as Jack and Jill may be addressed as John and Joan at times, I have taken the liberties that old acquaintance allowed. To call Isabel the Catholic Elizabeth, or the English Tudor the Isabellan style (though others have done it), I should hold for presumption, but Ferdinand and Alfonso may alternate methinks with Fernando and Alonso when the chronicler or the hagiographer prompts, and S. James is still recognizable as Santiago. This is not meticulous nor pedantic, but it is comfortable and easy, which is a great good in travel. G. G. K.

Jack shall have Jill

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BOOK ONE
THE PILGRIMAGE

Grot Sanctiagu!
Herru Sanctiagu!
E ultreja!
E sus, eja!
Deus adjuva nos!
—Marching Song.

I

INTENTIONS

C'est souvent sur les grands chemins que la vérité apparaît aux chercheurs, ainsi qu'aux croyants.—Courajod.

THE original intention of this book was to examine the claims for the sources of Spanish architecture in the Gothic and Romanesque period. They are various. Was everything invented in Persia? Or in Syria, or Asia Minor, or Mesopotamia? Was everything borrowed from France? Was nothing learned from outside the Peninsula?

M. Dieulafoy will have it that all the structural forms of Romanesque came from Persia to Spain, passed thence into France, and came back to Spain after the Reconquest. On consideration it appears, in the first place, that this contention will be affected, in a way, by the larger question,

Orient oder Rom

now undecided, of *Orient oder Rom*, and its later development, *Byzance ou Orient*, and in so far may be left until these are nearer solution. In a way, of course, there is none, for every beginning has its antecedents. The argument of Professor Strzygowsky is alluring, but English travellers have pointed out that for the chronology of the churches of Syria and Asia Minor, while the sequence is plain the absolute dates are wanting, and if they are not of the fifth and sixth century, as once so confidently asserted, the argument of priority falls to the ground. The same is true of a good deal of Persian building: and if Justinian sent architects to Ctesiphon, he probably sent others direct to Betica and Carthagena, where he was settling what once had been an army. *Commendatore* Rivoira has shown with a proof beyond challenge the early Roman use of forms which, the Romans not fancying them, were used indeed rarely. Anything however that the Romans might know, the Spaniards could and would and usually did know, and here the law of parsimony affects the thesis of M. Dieulafoy. To

turn the pages of Rivoira's great work on the origins of Lombard architecture, is to encounter one by one, most of the typical plans enumerated by M. Dieulafoy in the opening pages of *Art in Spain* as oriental, and most of the structural devices as well.

In the second place, he offers no direct means by which architectural methods and forms could be conveyed from Persia into Spain. If they came by Europe, the Romans must have brought them: this he dismisses. If they came by Africa, where are the *étapes* of the long journey? The wonderful little churches that French architects and officers have unearthed along that shore belong to Roman and Byzantine imperial building. The Moors are generally believed to have developed their marvellous civilization on Spanish soil, as the Saracens on Sicilian and the Arabs on Mesopotamian: it flourished after an interval long enough, and it relied upon such characteristics and essential elements as the horse-shoe arch and the philosophy of Aristotle, which it found already in Spain. In this Arab question it is possible to com-

The route of church-builders

Arab trails

mand expert testimony. Says Ibn-Khaldoun the historian, "When a state is composed of Bedawi [Arabs] it needs men of another land for building." M. Gayet, who supplies this,[1] goes on to say that the Arabs depended on the men they conquered, architect and day labourer alike, for their edifices: that alike in Persia, Egypt, and Spain, their art is moulded about a pre-existing formula, and betrays the inclination of a race which, though it may touch at points the Arab civilization, yet preserves its individuality and haughtily affirms it. So much for the intrinsic likelihood of their serving as carriers from Persia.

Loans to France

Thirdly, there is small evidence of French borrowing from Spain before the year 1000. Sr. Lampérez once began to make a list of such cases: the first number[2] was the little church of Germigny-des-Prés, due to Theodulf the Spanish bishop of Orleans: the second number has not yet been published. The domed architecture of Périgord and Quercy is more wisely referred, when dates are scrutinized, to the repeated experi-

ments of French builders, helped by the presence of a Venetian colony at Limoges.[3] The architecture of Roussillon is not borrowed from Spain, it is simply Spanish, for in the Middle Age Roussillon was a part, most of the time, of the King of Aragon's domain. Isolated instances of imitation in France there may well have been, but rather in decoration than in structure, and most apparent in borrowing the cusped and trefoiled openings for arcades, windows and doors; but no general movement such as M. Dieulafoy postulates.

The great wave which he calls a back-wash, the influx of French architecture into Spain that began in the eleventh century and lasted till the fourteenth, few nowadays will try to deny or even mitigate. French knights came, and French monks, and French master-masons, carvers and builders both. The main business of this book is with them. What is not so much denied, by serious scholars and the world at large, as ignored, unknown, is the importance of that which it supplanted, the beauty, in

The back-wash

Mozarabic churches

truth the existence, of an art noble and autochthonous. In Asturias and Leon, in Galicia, in those southerly parts of the ancient county of Castile which are now the provinces of Soria, Palencia and Valladolid in Catalonia and Aragon, stand lonely and forgotten churches, some cruciform, some basilican in type, marked nearly all with the horse-shoe arch; some built early in the Reconquest, some due to a long persistence of the type in places remote or unpeopled:—they are the great might-have-been of Spain. They owe much to Constantinople and more to Rome: something to the Visigoths, and wherever was the earlier home of them; little or nothing to France, that is to say, to Franks. With these pre-Romanesque churches I hope in some measure to reckon in the book that shall follow this, but not here: they are not found along the Pilgrim Way.

The extent of Spanish relations with the lands that lie east of the Mediterranean, is matter of history. In the first three centuries, religions were fetched thence, the worship of Serapis, of Mithras and, accord-

ing to Spaniards, of Jesus; then heresies, then precious relics, and memories of the Holy Land; then travellers' tales, and the exploits of Crusaders and the Great Conquests of Over-Seas. The question is not whether this Oriental influence, so hotly asserted, was possible, but whether it was actual. Spiritually, in religious worship and belief, it is apparent, though even there Rome may nave been the carrier. There is a debt to Egypt, and the worship of Isis and Serapis was deeply rooted in Spain. It has left traces perhaps on Spanish worship even to this day. Just what the Coptic contributed to the formation of Carolingian and Romanesque art, we are not yet prepared to say, but certainly Coptic Christianity influenced Spanish hagiography. I shall have to show later how great perhaps was the debt to Syria, how legends were carried by bishop and merchant like seeds by birds. Sr. Lampérez will have it that he has found the trail of a Syrian architect who came on the Pilgrimage in the twelfth century, at Irache, and at Zamora. I believe him. Yet on exam-

The Great Conquests of Over-Seas

Isis and the Coptic Church

The Thousand and One Churches

ining the plans and photographs and statements of fact—I expressly exclude the deductions drawn thence—of *The Thousand and One Churches*,[4] for instance, of Professor Butler's Mission to Northern Syria, of Crowfoot's journey and de Vogüé's, the correspondences that appear with what I know in Spain are so few, that it seems safer to classify them as like effects of a common cause. Two further limitations must be put to the last sentence: one, that Templars' building and that of the Orders of the Hospital and the Holy Sepulchre, in Spain, are excepted, for there is Syrian or other Asian influence there, but the buildings form a class apart, as will appear in the course of the book. The other is that there will be no consideration of any styles, in Asia Minor or Asturias, Mesopotamia or Galicia, Syria or Andalusia, of which all the examples have completely disappeared.

Campanilismo

Into the fault of not getting, intellectually, the sound of your town belfry out of your ears, have fallen some very distinguished Frenchmen who habitually speak on Spanish matters as having au-

thority. When M. Bertaux[5] too lightly attributes matter very various, all to the school of Toulouse; when M. Enlart rashly insists that Peter Peterson, the architect of Toledo (*Petrus Petri*, reads his epitaph), instead of Pedro Pérez, is Pierre the son of Pierre, and wants to make one of these Peter of Corbie,[6] then they bring reproach upon their nation. There is only one method to form a judgement of this sort, the exactest and most disinterested comparison of objects. When Street wrote that Leon Cathedral was built from French designs, at some time after the year 1230, he cited in evidence the mouldings at Rheims, Amiens, and Laon: the passage is quoted elsewhere. Nothing less would serve him. M. Bertaux has wide reading in contemporary Spanish ecclesiology and a facile and happy instinct which oftener guesses a truth than proves it. M. Enlart has a recondite experience of early Gothic: on the churches of Italy, of Cyprus, of Scandinavia, he can speak from acquaintance, but he has not pushed so far as might be, into Spain, else had he never fobbed off

MM. Bertaux and Enlart

Vol. II, p. 250

Ripoll with only three apses, instead of seven.

There is nothing for it but to shrug the shoulders when a Spanish Canon and his English admirers go astray; taking up, for instance, the dispute as to priority between the churches of Santiago and S. Sernin, if one of them asserts that there were, in that style, early instances a-plenty in Spain, but unhappily all have perished except those posterior to Santiago; or if another wrests the pilgrim's note that S. Martin of Tours had ambulatory and chapels "like Santiago," into an authentic statement that it was copied after Santiago. This is not scholarly, not critical. An elder generation of Spanish ecclesiologists was betrayed at times into an assumption that Spain, like the Great Council at Venice, was at a certain date closed to outside influence, just as in the year 1559 it was closed to foreign learning: but the men of weight and the men of genius in Spain today, are free from taint of error.

Spain closed in 1559

If the names of two French scholars only, *muy respetables*, are singled out, it is

precisely because they are so rightly and so heartily respected. There are others. The rest—for instance, M. Henri Stein,[7]—when they snatch everything in Europe,[8] are left with another shrug.[9] But these are not in like case. Of their judgment and experience we should not anticipate the crowning argument that because the tenth century, or the twelfth, in France came to no such flower, therefore it could not in Spain. Both these, if they knew better the land of Spain, would doubtless abate their claim for France, as the present writer has had in due course to do. When one has learned really to know, league after league, a single region, the *Tierra de Santiago* and thereabouts, for instance, or the Burgalese, or northern Catalonia, or southern Navarre; or when one has studied the development through the centuries of a great *chantier*, that of Leon or that of Compostella, one comes at last to realize that the stuff, whencesoever it comes, is soon altered and made over. Sometimes one sees the French leavening a vast lump; sometimes the metal is French but Spanish the image and superscription.

The image and superscription

That stands to reason. It is not much better, with M. Bertaux, to dismiss everything of a certain sort as school of Toulouse, than with Richard Ford to talk about Norman architecture in Segovia, because we are used to calling it Norman in England. In spite of all their likeness, the English churches are not like those of Normandy, though the conditions made a relation far closer there, of incessant passage and interchange, than ever existed between Spain and France. Building French by origin may be Spanish in detail; again, the converse appears.

When Avila was repeopled

A great *chantier* at its very inception must have had to call in local workmen. Raymond of Burgundy, for the repeopling of Avila, in 1090, fetched, along with ninety French knights, twenty-two masters of *piedras taller* and twelve of "*jometria*," for the walls: these had to build, besides the walls, the cathedral and the churches; yet in 1109 the work on S. Vicente was reported as well along. The masters had trained their men, and this case is probably typical. From time to time new blood

was wanted: sometimes after deliberation the chapter would write away for an architect, as that of Astorga sent, fearing it was too late, to enquire at Burgos for Master Francis of Cologne. Sometimes one came along of himself, like that William the Englishman who is said to have built the great church of Sahagún. So Villard de Honnecourt went to Hungary; so he passed by Chartres and Lausanne and sketched there. Workmen from the Royal Domain formed the style at Leon; from Burgundy, that at Avila. Workmen from Chartres, passing, left their handiwork on door-jambs at Sangüesa; from Rocamadour, left a plan like Souillac at Estella.

A wandering craft

The stone-worker's is a wandering craft. That R. Lombardo who signed a contract in the Seo de Urgell, to build the church with four other Lombardos, had crossed, belike, both Alps and Pyrenees with a sack of tools on his shoulder, some sort of sketch book in his wallet. Bishop Alonso of Carthagena, riding home from the Council of Bâle, broke the journey, it is conjectured, at Cologne, and there picked up an honest

Master William and Master Claus

workman, Hans by name, with as little ceremony as he would have used to hire a running-footman, or buy a hawk or a boar-hound. Was not Master William called "of Sens," master of Canterbury Cathedral? Did not one same Master William and one same Master Nicholas leave their signatures at Verona and at Modena, and their sign at Cremona and Ferrara? Up and down the coast of Catalonia and even into the isles of the sea travelled Jaime Fabre: all over the kingdom of the Castiles you may track the work of John of Badajoz. When the princely uncles of the King of France were still in their splendid ascendency, Claus Sluter, working for the Duke of Burgundy, wrote home to Holland for his nephew to come down and join him; André Beauneveu, working for the Duke of Berry, was visited twice at least by workmen of Burgundy, bent on learning. In October or November, 1373, Claus Sluter and Jean de Beaumetz were sent to him at the Château of Mehun-sur-Yévre, "pour visiter certains ouvraiges de peintures, d'ymaiges, et d' entailleures et autres que

Monseigneur de Berry faisit faire audit Meun."[10] The other party consisted of masters in works of carpentry and of masonry, of *Philippe le Hardi* in Flanders, all expenses paid.

A few more examples may serve: Eudes de Montereau went to Palestine with S. Louis, and worked much, and learned more. Jean Langlois of Troyes went on the pilgrimage to Jerusalem in 1267, not probably alone, and it has been pointed out that the cathedral of Famagusta, in the island of Cyprus, bears a strong likeness to the characteristic style of Troyes. For Charles of Anjou in Naples, worked at least one builder from the Isle of France, between 1269 and 1284, — Pierre d'Angicourt. A hundred years later, in 1377, Guillaume Colombier of Avignon was occupied at Anagni—that removal, however, left him still in Papal territory. Matthew of Arras appears at Avignon in 1342 and the Emperor Charles IV takes him thence to Prague to build the cathedral there. Henry Arler of Boulogne-sur-Mer is said to have drawn the plans for that of Ulm —

"I've been to Palestine"

but if so, something happened in the course of executing them.

Villard de Honnecourt

"*J'ai esté en mult de tiere, si cum vos porés trover en cest livre,*" writes Villard de Honnecourt,[11] and again, beside the drawing of a window in Rheims, with a sudden recollection of bitter home-sickness: "I was in Hungary when I drew that, therefore I love it more."

The architect in other days, indeed, like the portrait painter, trusted more to his mind and less in his material: Villard in Hungary drew out from memory the pattern of the lovely rose and lancets at Rheims. Still, when he encountered the antique he sketched from it on the spot, here a votive statue, in the nude or all but, there a Gallo-Roman sepulchral monument.

The Sepulchre of a Saracen

"*De tel maniere,*" he notes, later, quaintly, "*fu li sépoulcre d'un Sarrizin que jo vi une fois.*" The chance to study a living lion, out in Hungary, was seized as a piece of great luck; almost as well as Mokkei with the tiger, he caught the pose of the huge doggish creature in the moment before his spring. The design of a clock,

the pattern of an inlaid pavement, the tracery of a rose or a labyrinth, he sets down as he encounters them; a device to make the lectern-eagle turn and bow at the Gospel, another to keep the priest's hands warm enough to celebrate the Mass on bitter mornings in northern winters. He preserves these as he thinks them out: afterwards, turning over the leaves with a friend, or in his old age, he makes his comments and adds his reminiscences. An admirable plan was that which he and Peter of Corbie worked out for vaulting the double ambulatory.

Peter of Corbie

So when such men met, on the tramp, travelling for commissions or on pilgrimage, be sure the sketch-book came out, yielding much, acquiring more, as they sat each with other, through the long hours of dark, *inter se disputando*.

All along the Pilgrim Way you may see where they have been. Desirous merely of finding out, at first, what evidence exists for these French claims and these Spanish disclaimers, I have followed step by step the route laid down by Aymery

Picaud in the twelfth century, for the pilgrims going to S. James. Precisely there, on the main-travelled road, if anywhere, the proofs would lie. What this book records was learned from looking, and from books of history. Also at times are quoted the conclusions of Sr. Gómez Moreno, sometime of Granada, of D. Rafael Altamira who is an historian, of D. Vicente Lampérez who is a working architect, versed in the learning of his craft, for these three are men of approved sobriety, reasonable in their postulates, liberal in their admissions, well established in their inferences, but even here, as in the case of personal judgements, in the propounding is distinguished whatever is matter of opinion. I have rung the changes on *belike* and *peradventure*, *it seems*, and *it well may be*, till the reader doubtless is heartily sick of them all. I owe the scruple to the original intent, which was simply, I repeat, to disengage and present evidence. Everything believed at the outset was abandoned long ago; and, out of examination and comparison and perpetual returns to view old matter under

Sres. Altamira, Moreno and Lampérez

a new light, has been built up a theory, not new, but not before, perhaps, just so applied, of the importance of the *chantier*.

Aymery Picaud

Half by accident, at the outset, was Aymery Picaud taken for guide. In an earlier piece of work, editing Street's great book on *Gothic Architecture in Spain*, the main lines of French penetration into Spain were marked and approved. Before the breaking out of the War I had hoped to follow those ancient roads across France, and pause with the pilgrims at Vézelay and S. Gilles, at Limoges and Saintes and Toulouse; to see Saumur, and Parthenay-le-Vieux, the home of Aymery, and Blaye, where Roland lies buried and beside him Oliver, and Oliver's sister who died of sorrow, "*Aude au vis cler*." I had hoped from among winding riverside poplars, or on the huge domes of the volcanic land, or by S. Gilles, beside the great waters of the glimmering meres, to look up on August nights and see how ran the starry track, straight south-westward to Compostella. Personal disappointment, the imperfection of a little piece of work, is

not so much as to be uttered where the sacred name of France is invoked today. Acquaintance from of old with much that was best in France, *la douce France*, made the first plan not impossible though modified perforce: but the close study of the *Camino francês* has been commenced and ended inside the Spanish frontier.

La douce France

The intention, as the reader will see, has grown long since from a mere pedantic exercise in architecture, to a very pilgrimage, to following ardently along the ancient way where all the centuries have gone. The kings of Spain had built a highway to assist pilgrims in the twelfth century: but the road was there already. The Romans had built a military road as sign and condition of their domination: but the road was there already. Palaeolithic man had moved along it, and the stations of a living devotion today, he had frequented; there he made his magic, and felt vague awe before the abyss of an antiquity unfathomed. Along that way the winds impel, the waters guide, earth draws the feet. The very sky allures and insists. "*Commo se de-*

The Road

mostróu á Calrros as estrelas enno ceo," commences the Gallegan version of Turpin the Archbishop, "how the stars in the sky revealed themselves to Charlemagne." "It signifies that you shall go into Galicia at the head of a great host, and after you all peoples shall come in pilgrimage, even to the end of time," thus the vision spoke to the Emperor: and the vision said to Bernardette: "A chapel shall be built here; I mean that people shall come in processions to it, . . . so that all peoples shall come in processions from all places in the world," multitudes and multitudes, forever.

Angelorum agmine sepe visitatur

The known facts of geography, though edifying, cannot wholly explain this matter of the elder sanctuaries, nor tell why, though religions come and go, men set their feet eternally toward a certain hilltop, there to lift up their hearts. *Sursum corda!* the attitude is old as humanity, the emotion is strong as death. At S. Michel du Péril the Druids held their assemblies in the place of those they had supplanted. At S. Michele in Gargano the bull of Mithras still lurks in the cave, wounded

Underground waters

for the timeless sacrifice. An awe broods even over the Protestant's and the Puritan's line, when he comes to "the great vision of the Guarded Mount." In the lonely shrine of the Madonna del Parto, Piero della Francesca paused to paint a strange figure, older than the Maiden, older than the Romans' homely gods of hearth and garth, for Piero, mountain-born, could hear the noises that travel along the earth and over frozen seas. That sound of underground waters, which we call folk-lore, murmurs through all his inscrutable art; and his figure is worshipped there as from of old, the earth goddess invoked by women about to bring forth.

Mystics can tell how journeys to such shrines are made: *The way is opened before you, and closed behind you.* Simple, that: believe it or not, it happens. So with Compostella: to those grey granite hills, ringed round with higher, the blind longings are drawn, the restless feet are guided. It is not a place to live, *triste*, grey, quite dead; nor even a place to love, not beautiful, not sympathetic; but when

Emperor asked, "Lord, who art thou?" he answered, "I am James the Apostle, Christ's servant, Zebedee's son, John Evangelist's brother, elect by God's grace to preach His law, whom Herod slew: look you, my body is in Galicia but no man knoweth where, and the Saracens oppress the land. Therefore God sends you to retake the road that leads to my tomb and the land wherein I rest. The starry way that you saw in the sky signifies that you shall go into Galicia at the head of a great host, and after you all peoples shall come in pilgrimage, even till the end of time. Go then; I will be your helper: and as guerdon of your travails I will get you from God a crown in heaven, and your name shall abide in the memory of man until the Day of Judgement." *In saecula saeculorum, Amen*—the promise rolls like thunder among the reverberating centuries.

A road to a grave

So Charlemagne makes three expeditions into Spain. In the first he pushes as far as Compostella and beyond, riding into the sea and sticking there his lance in sign of his dominion even to the ends of the

earth. In the great church he establishes a Bishop and Canons under the rule of S. Isidore, bestows those bells that Almanzor was to carry away. In the course of the second foray he builds a church and founds an abbey hard by Cea bank, where Sahagún is situate. In the third invasion he holds a Council at Compostella and confers such privileges as Rome could never enforce for herself — every house in Spain must pay four pence a year, every plough-land recovered, a measure of wheat and a measure of wine; bishops must come thither for investiture and kings for coronation. Compostella he makes the metropolitan see of Spain, co-equal with Rome the seat of Peter, and Ephesus the burial-place of John. On the way home he takes Saragossa and in the mountains his rear-guard is beset by Saracens. Roland and his twenty thousand good knights are slain, and buried by the Emperor at Blaye and Belin, Bordeaux and Les Alyscamps. He calls a Council at S. Denis to dower that abbey like S. James's and at Aix he paints the history of the Spanish wars

Compostella, Rome, and Ephesus

upon his palace walls. Finally, when he is dead, and the deeds of all his life lie in the balance, and that is insecure, a Gallegan without a head throws in the stones of all the churches that he built, and thus redeems the promise of his early apparition. This ends the Chronicle of Turpin. The same crisis, it will be remembered, occurred in the case of the good King Dagobert and also in that of the German Emperor Henry who lies now sainted in Bamberg, thanks to prompt action by S. Michael.

The Epical Legends

The latest contribution to letters of M. Bédier has been to show how all this is related by action and reaction to the great pilgrimage, and how the incidents which have sprung up along its route contribute to its success. He goes so far as to say that the whole *Book of S. James*, the Codex called of Pope Calixt, of which this of Turpin is a part, was compiled, probably by a French monk, in the middle of the twelfth century, and was intended precisely as an instrument of propaganda, in other words, an advertising scheme for the pilgrimage. As the pseudo-Calixtus

The first Knights of Santiago

asked of clerks notes on the saints of their churches, so the pseudo-Turpin asked of professional jongleurs notes on the persons in their romances. Charlemagne and his peers are Pilgrims of S. James, they are the first Knights of Santiago. The idea gives occasion to M. Bédier's ripe and poetic genius for *une belle page* that may be detached without much more damage than a flowering hawthorn bough:

. . . e começon moyto de chorar sobre el

> L'idée est belle de grouper dans les Landes de Bordeaux les héros de toutes les gestes, appelés des quatre coins de l'horizon poétique, de les acheminer tous, épris d'un même désir, vers le tombeau de Galice, et de les ramener par Roncevaux, afin que l'apôtre, à cette dernière étape de leur pèlerinage, leur donne tous à la fois leur récompense, la joie d'être martyrs. L'idée est belle de ce crépuscule des héros, qui renaissent ensemble à la lumière éternelle. L'idée est belle de distribuer leurs dépouilles, leurs reliques, sur les routes de Compostelle, pour qu'ils en soient les gardiens, pour qu'ils protègent, eux les pèlerins triomphants, ceux de l'Eglise souffrante:

ils sont leurs modèles sur ces routes, leurs patrons, leurs intercesseurs.

Idée recente, dit-on. Sans doute, puisque la vieille *Chanson de Roland*, celle du manuscript d'Oxford, l'ignore. Mais idée qui procède pourtant de la vieille *Chanson de Roland*. Charlemagne et ses pairs chevaliers de S. Jacques, c'est l'invention nouvelle; mais déjà, dans la vieille chanson, ils étaient les chevaliers de Dieu. Ils meurent à Roncevaux au retour du pèlerinage de Galice, c'est l'invention nouvelle; mais la donné est ancienne, héritée, qu'ils meurent à Roncevaux, au retour d'une croisade, et déjà la vieille *Chanson de Roland* est, à de certains égards, une Passion de martyrs. . . .[1]

enton Rulan martere de Jhesu-Cristo. . .

Certain *chansons de geste* show an exact knowledge of the long way and the stopping places on it. Even in the *Entrée d'Espagne*,[2] though the Paduan poet who composed it in the fourteenth century depended but little on the pseudo-Turpin, the Pilgrimage is the necessary antecedent, and the background, of the action. Composed in honour of Charlemagne, it is perpetually

L'Entrée d'Espagne

Out-landers' geography

preoccupied with S. James. The business of the warriors is not so much to deliver the Apostle from the Saracens in occupation, as to keep the road open. Of the Way the Paduan has only hearsay knowledge—he knows of Nájera, and the bridge at Nájera, and sets his great battle there, but we must suppose he brings in his army not by the pass of Roncevaux but by the sea-shore route, otherwise they could never have got to Nájera before Pampeluna. He knows of Estella, about which lies much of the action, Astorga, and Carrion: on the other hand, he puts Belin close to Pampeluna, and if Orthez is to be identified with Nobles, then he makes a like mistake there again. Not knowing the mountain passes, he takes a safe course and makes the entry vaguely by Port d'Espagne.[3] Burgos is merely Bors d'Espagne, a place from which came one of four kings, the others ruling in Logroño, Estella, and Sant Mart. Now Santas Martas is a tiny sanctuary on the *Camino francês* that no one would ever remember unless he happened to sleep there.[4] Nothing could be more significant

than this information, concrete and inexact, about the places familiar to the pilgrims.

La Prise de Pampelune

On the other hand, the *Prise de Pampelune*[5] is as exact in its itinerary as *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. Charlemagne takes a town, baptizes the people, and moves on to another; takes it, baptizes it, and treks. The man who first planned this poem, not necessarily Nicholas of Verona, for some of the incidents of it lie in the dim backward and abysm behind the *Chanson de Roland*, — either had made himself the journey from Pampeluna to Compostella, or had taken notes from the talk of a pilgrim who had made it, or else, conceivably, he had access to a better and fuller *Guide* than Aymery Picaud's,[6] and his public knew as much as he. This is in the situation of *The Road in Tuscany*, of *A Note-Book in Northern Spain:* half the interest lies in the presentation on the one hand, recognition on the other, of matter familiar to both and by both felt romantically. While Saragossa, Cordova, and Toledo are vaguely envisaged, the westering

road runs straight and plain, by Pampeluna, Estella, and Logroño.

> Sus le cemin seint Jaques somes sens gaberise,
> Veés là Charion,—[7]

and after Carrion we see Sahagún, Masele, which will be Mansilla de las Mulas, Leon, and Astorga, where was once, as still at Compostella there is, a Porta Francigena.

> Ver la porte che veit ver Françe e ver Bertagne[8]

Roland spurs, and the episode ends with a movement westward

> A la porte che veit ver Seint Jaques tutour.[9]

Anseis de Carthage

Another long and very readable poem, composed in the thirteenth century, *Anseis of Carthage*,[10] draws not only from the pseudo-Turpin but also from the legendary store of Spain. Spanish and French critics are agreed that Anseis, the old Councillor Ysoré and his daughter

Lentierra, owe their being to Roderick, Count Julian, and the unhappy lady called *la Cava*. The morale of it is different; the young king is shown as pretty nearly unable to help himself in the false position that the lady has contrived, the father as a renegade hell-ripe, and the countess, remanded to a convent, gets off too easily with a knightly young son to intercede for her and to succeed her. The Saracen princess Gandeira, whom Anseis intended all along to marry, comes out as the conventional good wife of chivalry. It is not really necessary to suppose much more borrowing from Count Julian than from Paris of Troy: where likeness exists, the story is common enough in history, in romantic poetry, and in life. But the geography is rich and responsible. Taking place up and down the Way, all over the Way, the action is a little, in places, like a battle in Shakespeare, and in others, like the page which good Baedeker consecrates to an all-day journey. Anseis, beset by Saracens, falls back from somewhere beyond Astorga making one desperate stand after another, as far as

Count Julian

Hornillos del Camino and Castrojeriz, and thence sends messengers along the whole route up through France to the court of Charlemagne: the emperor marches, stage by stage, reconquers Spain, and finally goes home and gives thanks: the reader also, having now been over the road three times. If Pierrot du Ries wrote the poem, not merely copied it, then Pierrot had himself once skirted wood, descended painfully into a valley, forded the stream at the bottom, breasted the hill beyond the Orbigo and had the sudden vision of Astorga in the plain adobe-walled, crested with huge towers where it stands yet like the ivory elephant on a chess-board and —

Astorga in the plain

Droit ver Luiserne tout I antiu cemin,[11]

he too had gone with Franchois.

This same city of Luiserne, with its story out of the *Arabian Nights*, had long intrigued scholars, and to M. Bédier belongs the praise for having found it, at last, simply by following the path. Here too, the main concern of everyone in the poem is:

Le cemin ke tu as Dieu promis
Del bon apostle.

This art, moreover, has its roots in the soil. First was the station, then the story, as M. Bédier points out. Some of the stations may be older than he reckons: as night mist lies late in mountain hollows. The memory of innumerable dead broods on certain fields from before the dawn of history. The prehistoric bones in the Rhineland about Cologne were so multitudinous as to give the seat, and possibly the occasion, of two legends at least: that of S. Ursula, with her eleven thousand maidens shot to death with arrows by the German barbarians from further north and east; and that of the Theban Legion who, having received corporate baptism and given their pledge to the Wonderful, the Everlasting, the Prince of Peace, then sooner than fight the battles of the Empire elected to die where they stood, non-resistant. The dead of Roncevaux all lie with their fathers far back. At Bordeaux, a great Gallo-Roman necropolis surrounded the

The Innumerable Martyrs

shrine and tomb of S. Seurin; at Blaye it would seem S. Romain (*ob.* 384) found some such an one when he rebuilt the famous temple in a field of sepulchres: at Alyscamps the Romans had buried in the burial place of those they overcame. Where lie the tombs of the dead, where pass the feet of the living, there the little flames of the holy story burn brightly, and the ancestral ghosts are worshipped as martyrs and intercessors.

The little flames

S. Roland and S. Charlemagne were not fantastic titles to the Middle Age.[12] In the cathedral of Chartres they enjoy a window of their own, like S. Stephen and S. Eustace and S. Magdalen.

With Chartres, in truth, though the way is long, Compostella has more than one curious connexion. The famous Codex named of Pope Calixt, which contains the Chronicle of Turpin and the Itinerary of Aymery, contains also a sort of liturgical mystery play, dealing with the Mass, that was written by Fulbert of Chartres. A clerk of Santiago who knew the great Bishop, or one visiting, may have brought it, or a

pious pilgrim, long after, made of it a sweet offering, or the chapter came by it through some ecclesiastical intermediary: at any rate, there you handle the MS. and music of Bishop Fulbert's composition, as the owner laid it up in the Codex among other precious things. There were plenty of possible intermediaries, for instance that Bernard of Angers who wrote the Book of the Miracles of S. Faith and dedicated it to Fulbert while he was yet alive:[13] now the sanctuary of S. Faith in Rouergue was specially recommended to pilgrims on the Way. The Codex was compiled, as most students agree, before 1150; at the close of that same century or very shortly thereafter a workman from the *chantier* at Chartres, passing on the *Camino francês*, stopped at Sangüesa, and carved six figures on the door-jambs of S. Mary's Church, three of them queens, poor relations of the great figures in La Beauce. They stand there yet in Sangüesa. In the thirteenth century the glass-painters of Chartres portrayed a window of the eastern ambulatory with the history of SS. Charlemagne and Roland, after

The Miracles from Conques

Three Queens from Chartres

and S. Ferdinand

the versions of Turpin and Vincent of Beauvais.

That window is flanked, there in the eastern aisle, by the legend of S. Vincent of Saragossa on one hand, and on the other, by that of S. James, Spaniards both, in a little Spanish *reunión:* and in a clerestory window above still rides, as donor, in the glowing rose, S. Ferdinand.

III

THE BOOK OF S. JAMES

Nay more—where is the third? — Calixt?
— Villon.

THE codex called of Pope Calixtus has nothing of him but the name. Seeing that he was in the world Count Guy of Burgundy, born brother to Count Raymond, Queen Urraca's husband, and thereafter Archbishop of Vienne, he made a plausible *parrain* for the MS. which was written under the influence of the great Archbishop his friend, Diego Gelmírez, if not in his day. It consists of five books, described as follows by a monk of Ripoll, Arnaut del Monte,[1] who saw it in 1173: Calixtus II

I. De scriptis sanctorum patrum, Augustini, videlicet, Ambrosii, Hieronymi, Leonis, Maximi et Bede . . .

(aliaque) scripta aliorum quorundam sanctorum, in festivitatibus predicti apostoli et ad laudem illius per totum annum legenda, cum responsoriis, antiphonis, prefationibus, et orationibus ad idem pertinentibus quam plurimis.

II. Apostoli miracula.

III. Translatio apostoli ab Hierosolymis ad Hyspanias.

IV. Qualiter Karolus Magnus domuerit et subjugaverit jugo Christi Hyspanias.

V. Varia.

Carmina Compostellana

In the first Book or part occurs the Mass with a Farse or dramatic and musical liturgy credited usually to Fulbert, but retouched perhaps a little at Compostella. Among the Hymns and Tropes many are attributed to great names, Fulbert of Chartres, the Patriarch William of Jerusalem, S. Fortunatus; or others lesser but still historical, Bishop Hatto of Troyes, Joscelin of Vierzy Bishop of Soissons, Alberic of Rheims, Master Airard of Vézelay. Others are offered as the composition of Magister Johannis Legalis, of

Pope Leo and Master Panicha, of Albert of Paris, in whom one would fain see a humbler precursor of Albertus Magnus; and one as a Prayer of Master G., whom Fr. Dreves,[2] probably with reason, would identify with Master Gautier of Castel Renaud, elsewhere presented as composing music—Magister Gauterius de Castello Rainardi. A good many in the collection may be of this kind, which is indeed the same kind as *Hymns Ancient and Modern;* a little one of Master Anselm's, two or three named of Pope Calixt, and, also charged to the last-named, a quaint set of macaronic verses in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. Of Calixtus it must be admitted that there is a very ancient tradition at Santiago that he came thither.[3] Not here, but after the Guide, along with some of those already enumerated, occur the poems of Aymery Picaud, the two hymns and a third in unrhymed quantitative verse, in Sapphics of a sort, which the original editor annotates with touching pride. But the best in the collection is the superb drama of the Mass, intended

¿De dónde eres peregrino?

The Drama of the Mass

for antiphonal choirs, at least two great solo voices, and a chorus that included, along with masses of trained singers, at times the entire congregation of the crowded church. Only to read it, you hear the bellowing of the bull-voiced mimes and the roar of *Amen* and *Eleison:* of this composition more will be said elsewhere in the proper place. The Hymns and Responsions in prose, with musical notation arranged usually for two or three voices, in the Appendix that follows the Itinerary, differ from the rest only in the date of transcription; some are repetitions from the earlier part, one is dated 1190; all are in another hand from the Codex proper. There is no more reason to doubt the good faith of the collector than to believe in the authenticity of these vague and traditional attributions—it is enough that Aymery believed them.

The bull-voiced mimes

The second Book contains a choice of twenty-odd miracles or Ensamples, mostly contemporary:[4] about such a collection as you would find at Lourdes. Of these the second belongs to the time of Bishop

Ensamples

Theodomir and is credited to Bede; the third befell in 1108; the fourth is told on the faith of Master Hubert, the pious canon of the church of S. Mary Magdalen of Vézelay; the sixth and seventeenth are credited to S. Anselm, and the eighteenth befell a Count of S. Gilles "not long since." All the rest, with some of these, belong to the lifetime, and most to the episcopate, of the great Archbishop. Arnold of Ripoll adds two more that he found elsewhere in the Codex, in one of which figures Abbot Alberic of Vézelay (1138–43), a member of the household of Cluny. He copied out parts for those at home, some of which might be read in church and some at dinner, some parts, that is, being doctrine and others pious opinion.[5]

Miracles of S. James

The third book, which tells the journey of S. James's body, Mgr. Duchesne has examined in the finest critical spirit, beside which seem dull and doubtful the patient labours of Fr. Fidel Fita to reconcile nonsense and make forgery plausible. The fourth is the Chronicle of Turpin,

already summarized; the fifth, the Pilgrim's Guide of Aymery Picaud, liegeman of Vézelay and clerk in orders—to which we shall come shortly.[6]

A *Spicilegium*

The core of the MS., then, is a sort of offertory, compiled, in the better parts, of what the pilgrims brought, though forgeries are arranged behind and before and on either hand, to make all secure. It was intended to increase devotion and promote the pilgrimage.[7] It succeeded; pilgrims waited their turn to make extracts and copies. But it is something more, a *Spicilegium*, a true and faithful gathering of the legends told along the way. The whole *Book of S. James* is seen to be, in this light, a book and not a miscellany. It gathers up the tales along the roadside, sometimes saintly legends, sometimes epical. It begins with the history of the Apostle, continues with Charlemagne, and ends with a choice of contemporary miracles.

The legend of S. James is told, in its essentials, about as follows—in the Codex, in the *Golden Legend*, and in the *Recuerdos*

de un viage that Fr. Fidel Fita made in the year of grace 1880:

The Golden Legend

James the apostle, son of Zebedee, preached after the ascension of our Lord in the Jewry and Samaria, and after, he was sent into Spain for to sow there the word of Jesu Christ. But when he was there he profited but little, for he had converted unto Christ's law but nine disciples, of whom he left two there, for to preach the word of God, and took the other seven with him and returned again into Judea.

When the blessed S. James was beheaded, his disciples took the body away by night for fear of the Jews, and brought it into a ship, and committed unto the will of our Lord the sepulture of it, and went withal into the ship without sail or rudder. And by the conduct of the angel of our Lord they arrived in Galicia in the realm of Lupa. There was in Spain a queen that had to name, and also by deserving of her life, Lupa, which is as much to say in English as a she-wolf. And then the disciples of S. James took out his body and laid it upon

a great stone. And anon the stone received the body into it as it had been soft wax, and made to the body a stone as it were a sepulchre. Then the disciples went to Lupa the queen, and said to her: Our Lord Jesu Christ hath sent to thee the body of his disciple, so that him that thou wouldest not receive alive thou shalt receive dead, and then they recited to her the miracle by order; how they were come without any governaile of the ship and required of her place convenable for his holy sepulture. And when the queen heard this, she sent them unto a right cruel man, by treachery and by guile, as Master Beleth saith, and some say it was to the king of Spain, for to have his consent of this matter, and he took them and put them in prison. And when he was at dinner the angel of our Lord opened the prison and let them escape away all free. And when he knew it, he hastily sent knights after, for to take them, and as these knights passed to go over a bridge, the bridge brake and overthrew, and they fell in the water and were drowned. And when he heard that he repented him and doubted for

Lupa, by interpretation a she-wolf

himself and for his people, and sent after them, praying them for to return, and that he would do like as they would themselves. And then they returned and converted the people of that city unto the faith of God. And when Lupa the queen heard this, she was much sorrowful, and when they came again to her they told to her the agreement of the king. She answered: Take the oxen that I have in yonder mountain, and join ye and yoke them to my cart or chariot, and bring ye then the body of your master, and build ye for him such a place as ye will, and this she said to them in guile and mockage, for she knew well that there were no oxen but wild bulls, and supposed that they should never join them to her chariot, and if they were so joined and yoked to the chariot, they would run hither and thither, and should break the chariot, and throw down the body and slay them. But there is no wisdom against God. And then they, that knew nothing of the evil courage of the queen, went up on the mountain, and found there a dragon casting fire at them, and ran on them.

and wild bulls

And they made the sign of the cross and he brake on two pieces. And then they made the sign of the cross upon the bulls, and anon they were meek as lambs. Then they took them and yoked them to the chariot, and took the body of S. James with the stone that they had laid it on, and laid on the chariot, and the wild bulls without governing or driving of anybody drew it forth into the middle of the palace of the queen Lupa. And when she saw this she was abashed and believed and was christened, and delivered to them all that they demanded, and dedicated her palace into a church and endowed it greatly, and after ended her life in good works.[8]

From Colchis' strand

Some of this seems to come too near to Colchis' strand, and the devout of today have quietly dropped overboard the dragon. It must be said in fairness, that the dragon has as good a right there as the bulls: for the twelfth century as for the fifteenth, they would sink or swim together. After this, the disciples set out on the Roman road that runs from Padrón to Betanzos,[9] and buried S. James in a fair marble

S. James: From Berruguete's Tomb of Cardinal Tavera

sepulchre, which they may have found there disused, or which a convert and his family might offer as once Nicodemus did; Moors came, and the memory of it was lost even in Galicia. *Arca marmorea*

About the beginning of the ninth century, in 830 or 813, perhaps, a hermit named Pelayo lived among the rocks of a steep hillside; by night he watched the stars, and once he saw one burning strangely low and strangely bright. There is another version, however, by which many little lights were seen hovering and flickering above the spot. The villagers near by saw it as well, the Bishop Theodomir was apprized: excavations revealed the tombs of the Apostle and his followers, and Alfonso the Chaste in person beheld and adored. Remain only the episodes when S. James appeared again and showed himself, like Castor, on a huge white horse. At the battle of Clavijo, in the Rioja near Nájera, to the cry of "Santiago, Cierra España!" he swept the field clear of the Hagarenes: this was in 845. At Simancas, in 939, with mitre and crozier he was manifested along with S. *The little lights*

The White Horsemen

In all, 38 apparitions

Millán, the two together, "white horsemen that ride on white horses, the Knights of God."[10] He appeared at Baeza before 1149, and helped in the winning of Estremadura, at Ciudad Rodrigo and Merida, and elsewhere, and in America, though at times the credit was transferred to others.

Two traits, rich in human nature, belong, if anywhere, here. M. Paul Claudel, a Neo-Catholic man of letters sometime resident in Paris, of the most excessive and unctuous piety, is persuaded that S. James suffered martyrdom in Spain. In brief, though his theme is *The Year of God*, he does not know the first thing about the Apostle:

> S. Jacques à la fin de Juillet a pêri en Espagne par l'épée:
> Entre les deux mois ardents il gît, la tête coupée.[11]

On the other hand, Father Fita, a very learned Jesuit, believing what he is told, yet saves and reserves his scholar's wit and his Spanish humour. Apropos of the eldest altar of S. James and an inscription on it, he writes:—"The monks believed

aright, if they thought the disciples of S. James made an altar with these stones over the grave of the Apostle, after the most ancient use of the church: but they believed not well, if they imagined that with the holy body from Jerusalem came along a Celto Hispanic column and tablet!"[12]

The Pillar

Because some Neo-Catholics love to suffuse with emotion their ignorance; and because even scholarly Jesuits sometimes are bound to twist and turn the impossible in the hope of making something credible—which is the task of making ropes of sand—there must be no pause before presenting another sort of priest, of the kind not uncommon in France, who loving their God with heart and mind have thought to serve Him by blowing up old lies and making plain the way of truth. Mgr. Duchesne of the French School in Rome, at Brussels in 1894[13] and at Bordeaux in 1900 squarely encountered this huge mass of legend, in the light of learning, and cleared the ground. He did to his church son's duty and knight's service. His reward is in the *Index*.[14]

A French priest

Follows a very brief abstract of his argument,[15] omitting points that seem of pure scholarship,—as, for instance, the true history of the *arcae marmoricae:*

S. James never in Spain

S. James's journey to Spain is not mentioned by Prudentius: no references to it have been found in the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries. Orosius of Braga, Idaeus, Bishop of Aquae Flaviae, S. Martin of Braga, Visigothic ecclesiastical writers, S. Isidore of Seville, etc., all are silent in their authentic writings. So also in Gaul: for instance, Gregory of Tours, with all his knowledge of the sanctuaries of Spain, makes no reference; Fortunatus, even, in an epistle to S. Martin of Braga, writes: "It is to S. Martin the Elder that Gaul owes the light of the Gospel, it is to the new Martin that Galicia owes the same benefit. In his person she enjoys the virtue of Peter, the doctrine of Paul, the help of James and John." In the collection of apostolic histories known under the name of Abdias, although there is plenty of legend, "apocryphal and fabulous accounts," there is not a word

of the journey of S. James to Galicia or of his burial there. Pope Innocent's letter, 416, denies any apostle but S. Peter in Italy, the Gauls, Spain, Africa, Sicily, and the adjacent isles. This may be for reasons of his own, and indeed he is insisting on acceptance of the Roman use. To be sure, S. Jerome has a passage about nets and fishers of men, Jerusalem, Spain, and Illyria, but the geographical choice of names is rhetorical rather than historical.

Apostolic Catalogues

The so-called *Apostolic Catalogues* are hopelessly apocryphal, and entirely discredited; this was settled in 1894. Aldhelm, Bishop of Malmesbury, used the legend found in one of these, in composing an altar-inscription, at the end of the seventh century: S. Julian of Toledo had used the same compilation as early as 686 but he made S. James preach to the Jews, at Jerusalem, and deliberately omitted the Spanish episode. It is worth noting that Archbishop Rodrigo Ximénez of Toledo, in the thirteenth century, treated it as an old wives' tale.

Old Mozarabic liturgies before the

Mozarabic liturgies

twelfth century take no particular interest in S. James. The feast of July 25 came into Spain very late: it is lacking from many calendars of the tenth and the eleventh century.

Before the eleventh century the Spanish apostolate of S. James, then, is mentioned only in a Latin version of the Byzantine *Apostolic Catalogue*, and in books which depend on this version. Neither this *Catalogue* in its original Greek text, nor the additions which characterize the Latin recensions, have any title to represent an authentic tradition: certainly not a Spanish tradition. S. Julian of Toledo knowing their assertion, as we have seen, left it out. The *Catalogue* moreover does not bury him in Spain. The oldest uncontested document is the *Martyrology* of Adon, c. 860: "Hujus beatissimi apostoli sacra ossa ad Hispanias translata et in ultimis earum finibus, videlicet contra mare Britannicum condita, celeberrima illarum gentium veneratione excoluntur."

Long before this, Spain was restless, insubmissive, independently disposed in

relation to Rome. Galicia was the stronghold of Priscillians; the invasion of the Suevi, 409, alone saved the bishops from wholesale eviction; as late as 561 they were still strong in the north-west corner of the province; i. e. in the very diocese of Iria Flavia. The heresy disappeared in the seventh and eighth century and the Suevian church was absorbed by the Visigothic. The fall of the Visigoths and the Moslem invasion touched the north-west lightly and not for long. Charters of Alfonso II the Chaste, 829, Ramiro I, 844, and Ordoño I, 859, are highly to the point, but they are not universally admitted as authentic. They say that the body of S. James was revealed during the reign of Alfonso, in the time of Bishop Theodomir of Iria Flavia: — that is all, just "revealed," down to the end of the ninth century. The *Chronicon Sebastiani* and the *Chronicon Albeldense* have not a word of it. Adon probably echoed some enthusiastic pilgrim who had picked up the story on the spot. Almanzor took Compostella twice, in 988 and in 994, and

Priscillians, Friends of God

sacked and burned it. By 1078 the great church still standing, was begun, and the pilgrimage was in full blast.

The Codex as authority

The two great books on which, after this, all hangs, are the *Historia Compostellana* and the Codex called "of Calixtus II" (called here *The Book of St. James*). The former deals chiefly with contemporary events, down to 1139, and is virtually a history of Bishop Diego Gelmírez; the second contains (as mentioned before) *The Translation of S. James from Jerusalem to Spain*, a letter of S. Leo the pope, the Miracles of S. James, collected, nominally, by Calixtus II, the Passion of S. Eutropius of Saintes, the history of Charlemagne by the pseudo-Turpin, and an apocryphal letter of Innocent II authenticating the whole.

The *Translatio* is a clear plagiarism from the History of the Seven Spanish Bishops martyred in the south of Spain, at Acci, now Guadix, near Granada. That story, which includes the seven disciples, the Lady Luparia, with the bridge that breaks down, and the Monte Sagro, was known in Italy and France by the ninth century.

Pope Leo's letter

The letter of Pope Leo (possibly meant for Leo III, 795–816) does not attest the discovery of the relics, only their translation — that the body of S. James was brought by his disciples from Jerusalem into Galicia. Three redactions of this letter exist: the oldest from a MS. of S. Martial of Limoges, in Visigothic writing of the tenth century, added on a blank page. Another, from a MS. in the Escorial, was published by Fita and Guerra in *Recuerdos de un viaje a Santiago de Compostela*. The third is that of the *Liber Calixtinus*. The first depends on the *Translatio* and the Apostolic Catalogues; the second on the work of Adon; the third, quite different, depends on the *Translatio* and on the *Passio S. Jacobi* in the pseudo-Abdias. The shrine being by this time troubled by competition in other places that claim some portion of the relics of S. James, this version insists on "integrum corpus," separates itself from the legend of the Seven Spanish Bishops, and makes the two disciples who escorted the body, Athanasius and Theodore. On this ver-

sion depends (1139) the *Historia Compostellana*. It may have been known in 1077, if we may so conclude from an act of that year between Bishop Diego Peláez and Fagild, abbot of the monastery of Antealtares. At any rate, it belongs to the rebuilding of the church.[16] The work was begun in 1082 (so Mgr. Duchesne) and it is quite possible that they looked at the crypt, discovered that therein were only three bodies, therefore revised the legend.

The third recension

Fita and Guerra give no reason for saying precisely that the crypt under the church is of the first years of the Christian era. One can only admit that it is Roman. Probably a great Roman tomb was really discovered in the first third of the ninth century.

In summing up, Mgr. Duchêsne says—

Conclusions

1. The belief goes back to a Latin recension of the *Apostolic Catalogues*, in no sense traditional documents or trustworthy.

2. About 830 an antique tomb was found, which was considered S. James's; the cult is attested by Adon in France within thirty years.

3. About this time, the middle of the ninth century, was compiled an account of the Translation. A body brought by the Seven Saints from near Granada, presupposes the preaching of S. James in Spain during his life.

4. At the end of the ninth century was forged a letter of Pope Leo (*any* Leo) stated a contemporary of S. James.

5. Nearer the end of the ninth century, or early in the tenth, the letter was revised; the Seven Bishops were left out and the two disciples put in.

6. In 1136 the *Historia Compostellana* fixed the tradition.

7. All that remains is the Galician cult, from the first third of the ninth century.

Mgr. Duchesne leaves in a footnote the recognition of the relics which had been removed in 1589 (when Drake went to Corunna sworn to burn and disperse them), and were recovered in 1879, — ratified in 1884.

Call him up the deep sea...

IV

THE STATIONS OF THE WAY

Airiños, airiños, aires,
Airiños da miña terra,
Airiños, airiños, aires,
Airiños, levaime a ela.

AYMERY PICAUD, Poitevin and clerk in orders of Parthenay-le-Vieux, came to Compostella with a Flemish dame called Girberga, and probably her husband, Oliver of Iscan, vassal of land dependent on S. Mary Magdalen of Vézelay; and for the redemption of their souls they made a gift of the Codex, the *Book of S. James*, to the apostle. The Latin text here is a little difficult, through some corruption: it is possible that Aymery was travelling with Girberga as her secretary or even as her husband, though the Council of Rheims had again forbidden the clergy to marry. In

that case Oliver would be Aymery's name, Parthenay his birthplace and Vézelay his suzerain, and in truth, he copies out a miracle on the faith of an abbot of Vézelay, like one concerned, though he also transcribes the Passion of S. Eutropius of Saintes, and a passage about him from S. Gregory of Tours, being a good Poitevin. We must be content probably to know little more about him except that he was a poet, and wrote a rousing good marching-song which starts off to the tune of *Gaudeamus Igitur*, and a longer poem, also rhymed, summarizing the current miracles.[1] These will be found in the *Appendix*. Furthermore, it is generally held that he was not probably the same with the Aymery who was chancellor of Santiago, from 1130 to 1141.[2] Of this I am not quite sure, as will presently appear. He is not in any circumstances to be confused with Aymerico de Anteiaco, who was treasurer of the cathedral of Santiago in 1326, wrote the manuscript called *Tumbo B*, and probably the Latin Chronicle of Archbishop Berenguel.[3] This was the Arch-

The Poitevin

IV, V

Bishop Berenguel's *Legenda*

bishop who, a Frenchman from Rodez in the south of France and a Dominican,[4] liked but ill the account of Jacobus a Varagine (whom we know better as Jacques de Voragine) and ordered Bernardus Guidonis to write something more to the purpose:[5]

> . . . ut Legendam alteram ex sincerioribus actis colligeret et ederet, quod et fecit, quod tamen non impedivit ne Legenda Jacobi de Voragine sua brevitate commoda passim ab omnibus conquireretur et avide legeretur.

The fifth book of the Codex that he gave, is the *Pilgrims' Guide*, written avowedly in part by Aymery, and by him attributed in part to Pope Calixt, whose endorsement is prefixed. "There are moreover many yet living," he says, "who can testify to the truth of what is writ therein."

Since upon the approximate date within the twelfth century scholars are in complete disagreement, a word of common sense may be permitted. The only positive date which occurs in the Codex as a *terminus a quo* is in that difficult passage about the

deaths of kings, quoted and discussed later in another connexion, which reckons from the beginning of the cathedral works as fifty-nine years to the death of Alfonso of Aragon (1134), sixty-two to the death of Henry of England, and fully sixty-three to the death of Louis the Fat of France, which occurred in 1138. Common sense suggests that these three events, not very important to Santiago except in the case of *Alfonso el Batallador*, must have been recent.

Deaths of Kings

Supposing for a moment that Aymery who gave the book wrote it and the three hymns that bear his name, then (1) since he knew the men working on the roads in 1120, he went by that year; (2) since chapter xxi in Turpin's Chronicle relates how Charlemagne gave to Santiago all the rights of Primacy, it would be most useful at the time (1120–1124) when Archbishop Diego was trying for that rank; (3) the style of chapter ix of the *Guide*, written avowedly by Aymery the chancellor, is precisely like that of all the others, so there is evidence for supposing a single author — and

Hypotheses

if Aymery came to Santiago as a poor clerk in 1120 he could still rise to be chancellor by 1130, D. Diego had done as well as that or better; (4) the attributions of the other Hymns in the Codex are plausible though not convincing: one comes from Poitiers, one from Vézelay, the Patriarch William of Jerusalem was a fellow-countryman of Dame Girberga's. There seems a fair presumption of Aymery's good faith, and a probability that the date should be set in the eleven-thirties, where for his own reasons Gaston Paris put it half a century ago.[6]

Not forgery but politics: compare Vol. III., p. 127

The forged authentication of Innocent II, on which, by the way, we depend for all we know of Aymery Picaud, is the only piece in a different handwriting: it proves on examination not so bare-faced as recent scholars would have you think. Of the signatures, only two profess to be autograph: one, and it is the first, that of Aymery the chancellor, who says the book is authentic and true, and sets his hand thereto. The next signer, Gerard, Cardinal of S. Croce, calls it precious and with his own

pen signs; the following five endorse the Pope or praise the book, no more; and lastly, Alberic, Bishop of Ostia (sometime abbot of Vézelay) approves, as "legalem et carissimum et per omnia laudabilem fore."[7] The known historical dates of the personages will fix the intended date of this document as between 1134 and 1140, which corresponds with all that can be known or inferred about the state of the building as therein described. Dr. Friedel, a competent palaeographer,[8] has conjectured that the hand in which the whole Codex is written (he makes no allusion to the changed script that Fr. Fita noted but judged to be still contemporary) belongs rather to the first than the second half of the century. If Aymery the poor scholar brought the kernel in 1120 when he came with Dame Girberga—and here the kernel includes all but Book V, the account of the journey—and while he was yet chancellor had the fair copy made, bringing the account of the church up to date, then the original compilation would have come from France, have been compiled in the interest

What testimony

Perhaps good faith

of the pilgrimage, would belong to the first third of the twelfth century, and Aymery's good faith would be safe from suspicion. Indeed the attacks upon it have been mostly copied from book to book without examination of evidence. The character of Aymery is my chief concern, as Turpin's Chronicle was that of Gaston Paris, and M. Bedier's was the *Chansons de Gestes* (while Dr. Friedel's I cannot make out),—for I have kept company with him too long, and found his testimony too good, not to owe him at least a presumption of good faith.

These are the chapters:

The Guide

I. Of the Ways to S. James the Apostle.
II. Of the Stages of the Way of S. James by Pope Calixt.
III. Of the Names of Cities on the Way of S. James.
IV. Of the Three Hospices of the world.
V. Of the Names of those who repaired the Way of S. James, by Aymery.

VI. Of Good and Bad Rivers which are on the Way of S. James, by Pope Calixt.
VII. Of the Names of the Lands and the Sorts of People, that there be on the Way of S. James.
VIII. Of the Bodies of the Saints that Rest upon the Way of S. James which are to be Visited by Pilgrims.
IX. Of the City and Church of S. James the Apostle of Galicia by Calixt the Pope and Aymery the Chancellor.
X. Of the Number of the Canons.
XI. Of how Pilgrims are to be Received.

Leaving the itinerary on one side for a moment, we may consider briefly the substance of these chapters. After telling over the principal stopping-places on the way, with indications what they are like, and some repetition, as though Chapter ii and the original of Chapter vi might indeed have fallen into his hands as information already prepared, the clerk pauses and praises God for the three pillars that sustain God's poor in the world, which are

Evidence of two recensions

Hospices and rivers

three hospices, one at Jerusalem, one on the Mount of Joy,[9] and, third, that of S. Cristina in the Port of Aspe. He recites a litany of praise:—Holy spot, house of God, refreshment of saints, repose of pilgrims, comfort of the needy, health of the sick, succour of the quick and the dead! Next he relates the names of those who took care of the road from Rabanal to Puerto Marín in 1120, which affords the probable date for his famous pilgrimage, and adds a prayer that their souls may have rest and peace. The good rivers and bad he carefully reviews. Chapter iii was simply an enlarged and revised version of ii; in vi, on the other hand, the earlier notes (if such there once were) have dropped out, leaving what corresponds to iii, that tells what water is fit to drink and what is deadly, naming towns not elsewhere mentioned, like Torres and Castro de los Judíos, which preserves still a tomb dated in the year 1100: lastly a river a couple of miles from S. James, in a woody place, which is called *Lavamentula* because the pilgrims there wash their clothes and themselves. This is

in Aymery's best vein, and most characteristic. He concludes: "I have described the rivers that pilgrims going to S. James should study to avoid drinking the deadly and be able to choose those which are fit to drink." Then he frees his mind about all the folk amongst whom he passed on the journey: the Poitevins are heroes and warriors: men of Saintonge speak a patois but men of Bordeaux a worse: Gascons are vain of speech, ragged, drunken, and gluttonous. To the Basques he gives an entire treatise, and of their language, which sounds like the barking of dogs, nearly a score of necessary words. Once through Navarre and past the wood of Oca, the traveller comes out on Castile and the Campo, the north of the province of Valladolid. This happy land he loves for its foison of gold and silver, its stately houses and strong horses, provision for all seasons, bread and wine, meat and fish, milk and honey; but yet the woods are desolate.

Natives

In the eighth chapter he deals with the saints along the way. Now the great saints who were travellers have always

To Saints be thanks

been good to great travellers, and the present writer owes debts not alone to S. James in particular, and in general to S. Raphael, S. Roque, and S. Christopher, but also to S. Hilary for valuable information at a critical time, and to S. Julian of the North for harbourage in bitter cold. Therefore of their honours not one shall be omitted:

I. To be revered by those who come through S. Gilles: S. Trophime at Arles, and S. Caesar, B. and M., S. Honorat B., at the Alyscamps: also S. Ginès, [the player]. Also, all the blessed dead, more than a thousand, in the Alyscamps. Item, S. Giles himself, in his glorious sanctuary, [whose shrine is described at full length, for the imagination to figure what were the treasures of Romanesque art]. Four saints there are whose relics may not in any wise be moved [and they are all found upon this journey] — to wit, S. James, the son of Zebedee, S. Martin of Tours, S. Leonard of Limoges, and S. Giles. [Here also was preserved another *Farse* of Fulbert's.]

II. By those who come through Toulouse: S. William who was a Count of

Charlemagne's: SS. Modestus and Florentia, S. Saturninus.

III. For Burgundians and Germans, coming by Le Puy, the most sacred body is S. Faith's, V. M., at Conques.

and honour paid at their shrines

IV. The way by S. Leonard's begins really at S. Mary Magdalen's at Vézelay; thereafter S. Leonard is glorified at great length: and S. Front at Périgueux.

V. Pilgrims from Tours will revere in Orleans the True Cross and the Shrine of Bishop Evurcius: then S. Martin, S. Hilary, S. John the Baptist, [who has left his name to S. Jean d'Angély but the Jesuits have left to his sanctuary only one arch and a buttress to hold it up]. Saintes, next, gives occasion for the long story of the Passion of S. Eutropius. At Blaye lies the Blessed Roland; at Bordeaux, S. Seurin; and in the Landes of Bordeaux at Belin, four peers of Charlemagne, Galdelbode of Frisia and Otger of Dacier, Arastagne of Britain and Garin of Lorraine.

VI. The Spanish saints we shall encounter in due course:—S. Domingo de la Calzada, SS. Facundus and Primitivus, S. Isidore, and above all, S. James.

So he ends with a prayer that their merits and their intercession may avail for us, and with a rolling Gloria, *per infinita saecula saeculorum, Amen!*

The Lord's house at the journey's end

The chapter which follows describes the church as Aymery saw it: this, by great luck for us, was before the addition of Master Matthew's porch. These sections are reserved for consideration with the history of the fabric. Then the author enumerates relics and treasures, with the same intent as his phrases of Basque:—just as the Picard Manier copied out the inventory and preserved his own collection of Spanish words made for use at need. Plainly, this sort of literature constitutes a *genre* by itself, established and self-perpetuating long before Murray was born or Baedecker dreamed of.

The closing chapter enforces the obligations of evangelical hospitality, by a string of miracles that punished those who refused it. At Nantes a surly weaver saw his web miraculously rent; at Villeneuve, for a woman who denied that she had bread, her store was turned to stone. In

the case of two Frenchmen begging their way home, at Poitiers, close to S. Porchaire, all the street that refused a lodging was burned, but the fire stayed at the house which took them in. On this testimony ends Book V: *Ipsum scribenti sit gloria sitque legenti.*

To the roads, then, we return:—

Examination of the road-book

Chapter I. Of the Ways to S. James the Apostle:

There are four ways which, leading to Santiago, come into one at Puente la Reyna in Spain. One goes by S. Gilles, Montpellier, Toulouse and the Port of Aspe: another by S. Mary of Le Puy and S. Faith of Conques and S. Peter of Moissac: another by S. Mary Magdalen of Vézelay and S. Leonard of Limoges and the city of Périgueux: another by S. Martin of Tours and S. Hilary of Poitiers and S. John of Angély and S. Eutropius of Saintes and the City of Bordeaux.

Those by S. Faith, S. Leonard and S. Martin join at Ostabal and passing the Port de Cize, at Puente la Reyna join the way that comes by the Port of Aspe. And one way thenceforth goes on to S. James.

Alquimia de la experiencia

In the second chapter, that gives the stages and the time required, Aymery repeats apparently what was told to him. From the Port d'Aspe (between Pau and Jaca) to Puente la Reyna is estimated as three short days' journeys: from the Port de Cize (by Roncevaux, between S. Jean Pied-du-Port and Pampeluna) to S. James takes thirteen days, some not long, some so long that they must be done on horseback. The *Guide* was written, of a truth, chiefly for those who go afoot. None of my mules or men, nor myself, of a truth, was able to push ahead of this itinerary, yet I am assured by one who knows that good walkers in training can do thirty miles a day on a long stretch, and that exceeds considerably the estimate of Murray's Ford for a well-used horse. From general experience I should say the stages are all possible, those indicated for horseback, from Estella to Nájera and thence to Burgos, being the hardest, and the last three coinciding exactly with the personal recommendations of D. Ángel del Castillo, who has walked all over Galicia.

The third chapter, Aymery's own, names and discusses the towns, indicates hospices, bridges and the like, with a memorial, for instance, of the spot where victor's lances burgeoned in green leaves, and a note on the cairns at Mountjoy. For these he accounts by the pilgrims' custom of picking up a piece of lime-stone at Triacastela and carrying it to Castañola to make mortar for the building of Santiago. He explains that he has given these indications in order that intending pilgrims may calculate their expenses beforehand. Cairns

His comment on the towns will be found generally along with the present author's and the complete tabulation of the route, according to the *Book of S. James*, among the *Appendices* in the last volume. There, XIV, 1 that the curious reader may perceive how little the way has changed in eight centuries, are draughted some typical records of the stations: first Aymery's, that of the Chevalier de Caumont, who went to Compostella in 1417, and one from an English poem of about 1425: the broadside that Columbus's son bought

Itineraries

in the fair of Leon for twopence in 1535, which is entitled *Le Chemin de Paris a Sanct Jaques en Galice, dit Compostille, et combien il y a de lieues de ville en ville.* Follows that from the *Reportorio de todos los Caminos*, of Juan Villuga, Valencian, printed in 1547, for the assistance of those who have an appetite to travel—"for all," says he, "who come into this life are travellers"—and though, as a Spanish proverb affirms, "Quien lengua ha, a Roma va,"[10] yet delay and fatigue are inevitable where one misses the way even a little, and time and discomfort are saved by a previous knowledge of the certain and true road. Finally, he indicates the pilgrimages most in repute—to the Six Angelical Houses, Monserrat, the Pilar, *Nuestra Señora la Blanca* at Burgos (whom I do not otherwise know), *Nuestra Señora del Sagrario* at Toledo, and Her of Guadelupe, and Her of Peña de Francia—that he may profit by the users' prayers and acquire merit through their gratitude.

The *Nouvelle Guide* of French Pilgrims

of 1583, reprinted by the Baron Bonnault d'Houët, adds little even to the fantastic disguises that place-names take for an alien ear. The route of the Picard pilgrim Manier of Noyon, who made the journey in 1726, comes next in order: he, like the fantastical *Pelegrino curioso* in the seventeenth century, offers entertainment by the way and figures in the chapters which follow: an *Itinerary of Spain* dated at Alcalá, 1798, completes the series. The reader will see, having perused this volume as well, how little the journeys varied: how Estella, praised for bread and wine and all manner of good victuals in the twelfth century, still stirs regretful longings today; and how the eels of the Miño that were lauded by the Licentiate Luis de Molina at Puerto Marín, were served in a noble pasty to the traveller who now testifies.

and itinerants

The road never changes. The English route from *Purchas his Pilgrims* is found in an early fifteenth century poem which Purchas took out of a MS. of Sir Robert Cotton's: it is most vile doggerel and contains seventeen hundred and fifty-four lines. It is headed:

Purchas his Pilgrims

> Here beginneth the way that is marked and made with Mountjoies from the Land of England into Sent James in Galis, and from thence to Rome, and from thence to Jerusalem, and so again into England; and the names of all the cities by their way, and names of their silver that they use by all these ways.[11]

The account is excessively confused in places, but I have thought well to reprint and discuss the itinerary because it shows already in circulation the travellers' tales of a cleft in the mountain out of which come grievous cryings and groanings.

Pilgrims' Songs

In *Chansons des Pèlerins de S. Jacques*, which was reprinted by the Abbé Camille Daux from sources which are none of them earlier, I believe, than broadsides printed at Toulouse in 1615, Valenciennes 1616, and Troyes in 1718 (permitted, there, because already of great age) the data are probably much older than the form. Here you find, at the Mont-Étuves, in Asturias, the same terror, with cruel cold; and a *Pont qui Tremble*, before which the pilgrims said, one to another, "Comrade,

you go first." The songs, while they go to different airs, are much alike in substance and in tone; plaintive, interminable, strung out with the itinerary of the journey, wailing on like the endless litanies that children's shrill voices sing on hot summer evenings, or like the *Canticle of Lourdes* with its sixty odd verses:

and Canticle of Lourdes

Parmi les monts et praieries
Nous chantions la Litanie,
Ou quelque bonne chanson;
Et racontions à l'envie
Ce que nous sçavions de bon.

This was in the seventeenth century: already since the fifteenth the old rough ways by Pyrenean passes were commonly disused, that by the Port of Aspe and that by the Valley of Roncevaux; and replaced by the coast road which runs by Bayonne, Irun, Vitoria, and then, through the defile of Pancorbo, turns aside in the mountains of Oca and comes out at Burgos. A great détour which they include is that to S. Salvador of Oviedo, one much recommended. A Spanish proverb says that to

The Bridge of Dread

visit S. James and omit S. Saviour is to call on the servant and neglect the master. It is here, in the mountains of Asturias and on the Cantabrian shore, that they place the more than half legendary Mont-Étuves and *Pont qui Tremble.* The latter Manier describes in his practical Picard literality: it is the name given to a sort of ferry where at one point the road crosses an estuary, and pilgrims and animals are conveyed together in what the railways call a "barge," big enough to take fifty at a time. The spray and the noise of the waves are alarming, hence—by reason of the danger you are in (he explains) it is called *Pont qui Tremble.*

Of this route from Oviedo to Compostella Sr. Villa-amil[12] says that the old highway between Villalba and Oviedo is still in good repair up to within four kilometres of Mondoñedo. Also, ten kilometres to the south was an *albergaría* which was already old in 1257. Beyond Mondoñedo it continued by Villanueva de Lorenzana (formerly Villa de Ponte): for this he cites the record of gifts and sales, one of 1578

and the other 1571, which mentions by name the *Camino francés* where runs the modern road to Foz and Ribadeo. The Franciscan monastery of S. Martín de Villarente or *de los Picos* was in the fourteenth century a place to which came many pilgrims and *romeros* of those who go to the Apostle S. James. From Mondoñedo it goes by Goilán to the parish church of S. María de Vián, at which forks the old road from Mondoñedo to Castroverde and Lugo. Beside S. Mary of the Crossways, here, was the much frequented chapel of the Trinity, and here, not long ago, was found a gold piece of Matthias Corvinus, lost by some pilgrim. From the first, thinks Sr. Villa-amil, the old Way ran to the north of Lugo, leaving what is now the province of Lugo by the Bridge of García Rodríguez and by Puentedeume. Alfonso IX and S. Ferdinand often travelled on it. Only a few years before his writing (in 1878) there was not a road in the region, between the Madrid-Corunna highway and the coast, except those used by pilgrims first and now by Maragatos.

Our Lady of the Crossways

Southerly route from Zamora

There are traces, also, of another road that came in perhaps from the south, passed through Incio and reached Puerto Marín. Dozy[13] quotes a gloss from the *Poem of the Cid* that runs a line through Benavente: and López Ferreiro publishes an itinerary[14] that comes up by Verín, Allariz, Orense, Lalín and so to Santiago by the coach-road.

The question of the Roman roads cannot here be ignored, though it is more difficult than would appear to the classical scholar. Such roads exist still in Spain, long stretches of them in places. With sudden picturesqueness Quadrado, writing of Roman remains in the Vierzo, calls up one as he has seen it:

> Two and a half miles from Bergido, he says, on the military road that went to Lugo, in the skirts of a mountain, there survives an arch, and remains of buildings mark the site of an ancient village close to the junction of the Cabrera and the Sil, near the Bridge of Domingo Flórez; but the Roman power is chiefly shown in the remains of the

magnificent "street" [*calzada*] that may still be followed by the eye from afar, across the scrub, like the silvery wake of a ship on the broad sea.[15]

Imperial Itineraries

There is, of course, the *Antonine Itinerary*, but until lately that has remained for most of Europe in the hands of mere schoolmen, creatures of pen and paper. The various authorities cited in the old edition, disagree rather fantastically about the actual places represented by the Roman names. It means very little to a German scholar that Interamnio Flavio may be Bembibre or may be Ponferrada, that Aquis Originis may be Cháves or may be Baños de Bande, that Brigantium may be Betanzos or may be Ferrol, but if a man would look out the places on a large-scale map to draw lines between them, he might be annoyed by the divergent possibilities. It would matter a good deal to an engineer trying to survey, or to a traveller wanting somewhere to sleep and to put up his tired horse. When after Ad Duos Pontes, possibly Pontevedra, the next station, Grandimiro, is offered alternatively as

Road-mapping in the study

Camariñas on the Atlantic seaboard, or Mondoñedo in the Cantabrian hills, even the purblind pedant might be shocked into a query, and into some faint recognition that the two towns are in opposite quarters of the ancient kingdom of Galicia.[16]

Hitherto, then, the scholars have not shown up well beside the poets of the *Chansons de Gestes* or even the homely pilgrims and those who wrote down their stages for them. In 1892, however, Sr. D. Antonio Blásquez published a *Nuevo Estudio sobre el Itinerario de Antonino*,[17] which is plausible and recognizes the geography of the peninsula. Suffice it to note here that he identifies Lacobriga with Carrión de los Condes, and Interamnio Flavio with Onamiol (a village too small to figure on Stieler's map); puts Roboretum in the Sierra de Roboredo, and sets down Brevis for Mellid. The one conviction that the mere student formed over the dusty book is not altered by this article, viz., a certainty that the Pilgrim road in Spain, unlike that to Canterbury, was not built on Roman foundations, except

in a few great segments, — from Sahagún past Leon to Astorga, for sure, and through the pass of Roncevaux to Pampeluna probably, and perhaps a bit through the mountains of Oca, toward Nájera and eastward.

A German's vagaries

The immense work of Konrad Miller, *Itineraria Romana*, which represents the labour of more than thirty years, and met long and anxious expectation at last in 1916, is not so satisfactory to consult as the cosmopolitan spirit could wish. Besides the crabbed and arid style, besides the tiresome affectations of German pedantry, which irritate and arrest the reader at every step, the plentiful lack of punctuation, the abuse of abbreviations and superabundance of conventional symbols, the contraction into unintelligibility of every word likely to recur often, so that the effect of the whole is as illegible and unprofitable as that of an undergraduate's notes, the author has had the happy thought of putting the names of Spanish towns, and indeed all modern place-names, on all the maps, in a German form and in German script.

Three Ways

The traveller today has three different lines to trace, the Roman "street," the *Camino francés*, and the King's highway, the modern and admirable *Camino real*. They cross and part, coincide and diverge, in ways impossible to predict and not always explicable on the map. But on the spot all is plain: where the new road was built longer to run easier, or was turned aside to a new town, or wanted to tap the railway line. In a few places the old way is quite disused, in most it still persists as a short cut, sometimes foot-path, usually possible to the small-footed silken-skinned mules. At times it is a mere track across somebody's meadow, cut off by gates at either end; at times it is only a conjectural one among half a dozen trails that cross a moor. Some one, however, is always travelling on it: women who sit sideways as Queen Elizabeth rode, men who trot hard with long stirrup-leathers, like Don Quixote. Some one is always to be met, to give a direction or to pass a question on. The ways fill up with tiny moving figures on the days of cattle fair, or of the monthly

feria conceded by some dead king seven centuries or more ago. You have but to narrow your lids, and watch the pilgrims moving easily, not too slow, as they have always moved.

The pilgrims set out from home at nightfall, "circa noctis crepuscula . . . peregrinantium more": that made the first stage an easy one, and besides the practical, there may have been a symbolic reason. The *Grande Chanson* says:

Twilight leave-taking

Quand nous partîmes
Pour aller a S. Jacques,
Pour faire pénitence,
Confessés avons nos pechés.
Avant que de partir de France,
De nos curés, prîmes licence,
Avant de sortir du lieu
Nous ont donné pour pénitence,
Un chapelet pour prier Dieu.
Prions Jesus-Christ par sa grâce.
Que nous puissions voir face à face
La Vierge et Sainct-Jacques le Grand.

Conformably, in earlier centuries, either before they set out, or at a monastery the first night, the pilgrims confessed, made

Gifts at parting

their wills, deposited their valuables and received, apparently as a gift from the monastery, staff and scrip, blessed by the abbot. The rich abbey of *La Grande Sauve*, in Gascony, used to give a horse or a donkey. They had also to carry credentials of some sort from home: in 1671 Louis XIV required that the bishop should recommend the pilgrim and that the passport should be signed and countersigned by the king and a secretary of State. At Santiago the pilgrims confessed again, and communicated, and got other papers, for which they had to pay. For the return journey they set out in the morning, and some went then to Oviedo, some to the great southern shrines, some to Monserrat. Many, like the young Manier, pushed on to Rome, before they saw home again.

V

ROMEROS EN ROMERÍA

Encore le voient li pèlerin assez
Qui a S. Jacque ont le chemin tourné.
— Guillaume au Court Nez.

In a decree of a Spanish council, dated 676, cited by the Abbé Pardiac, certain limits are defined as follows:—"one boundary runs to Futa and Alarzón, by the road which goes to S. James." The value of this reference would depend partly on the authenticity of the act, partly on the question what church of S. James might be intended. It seems not likely to have been that at Iria. Compostella was still in its original estate of a field under the stars—"qua beati Jacobi corpus tunc temporis latebat incognitum." Granting that the pilgrimage to S. James commenced only in the ninth century, yet there were

pilgrims a plenty in Spain by the seventh and places famed for their resort. The Deacon Paul of Merida refers to many in the sixth century, and in 629, S. Fructuosus wrote, when founding the monastery of S. Martin de Sande: "Vobis fratribus nostris . . . concedimus reditus de Lusisino, in elemosinas et sustentationem hospitum et peregrinorum." The habit of pilgrimage in a sense is innate; in another sense, possibly it came out of the East, like so many folk-tales, to the troubled Europe of the early Middle Age. S. John Chrysostom says: "Qualem mercedem habet qui propter Deum peregrinatur, talem habet, qui suscepit peregrinantem; et fiunt ambo equales." The Council of Rheims in 625 decrees: "quicumque peregrinari volunt illam (Eucharistiam) da viaticum suscipiant." In short, pilgrimage was common to all Europe: three special pilgrimages outgrew the others—that of Jerusalem, that of Rome, and that of Compostella. English readers will recall how similarly, among those to Walsingham,[1] Glastonbury, and a thousand wells, caves

Gándara. *Cisne Occidental*, II, 258

and isles, that of Canterbury outstripped the rest by far. Chaucer, who sent his Knight on the Way of S. James, like Raoul de Cambrai and many another, put his finger on the motive in a passage so fragrant of the mounting sap, so musical with the returning birds, that it breathes still as fresh as April airs:

"Whanne that Aprile . . ."

Then longen folk to gon on pilgrimages
And palmeres for to seken straunge strondes
To ſerve halwes couthe in sondry londes.

The precise date fixed by a Pastoral of the Archbishop of Santiago, in 1898, for the Invention of the Relics, is 813. "Charlemagne," says the Gallegan version of Turpin's Chronicle,[2] "went on a pilgrimage to the Monument of S. James, and thence to Padrón. And he flung his lance into the sea" at Finisterre — Paul the Deacon has the same story of a Lombard Duke at Reggio,[3] "and said that thence man could not further go. And the Gallegans, that were all turned to belief in God by the preaching of S. James

and his two disciples, and that had turned afterwards to the sect of the Moors, were baptized by the hands of Archbishop Turpin: and those who would not be baptized he put to the sword, or into the power of the christened. And this time the king conquered Spain from sea to sea," a profitable pilgrimage, not to be matched in times less fabulous.

The plough-land tax

In recognition of the victory of Clavijo, Ramiro gave, in 872, to Compostella, for every measure of land recovered from the Moors, a measure of wheat and a measure of wine. In 1102, every yoke of oxen from Río Pisuergo to the sea, paid a tax to S. James. I do not know how much this tax is still enforced. It was abolished in the great years of reform, in 1812 and again in 1835; but I have seen, at the feast of the Apostle, the King of Spain or his representative, offering treasure still before the altar, in a church thronged with pilgrims, among whom he moved as one Spaniard among others.

It is hard to know precisely when, out of all the tangled pilgrimages, that to S. Mil-

lán for instance and that to the *Santos Domnos* at Sahagún, the journey to S. James attained a separate and higher importance. The early donations of Ramiros and Ordoños to S. Facundo, to ensure the care of pilgrims, mean probably pilgrims that did not pass beyond. But Abbot Julian of Sahagún established, later, a hospice in his monastery purely for pilgrims of Santiago. Italians, and in particular Lombards, were protected during pilgrimages by a Capitulary of King Pepin, dated 782; "De advenis et peregrinis qui in Dei servitio Roma vel per alia sanctorum festinant corpora, ut salvi vadant et revertantur sub nostra defencione." This, again, is general. Alfonso III gave to the church of Orense, in 886, a donation for the receipt of pilgrims.

Royal protection

The earliest reference unambiguous and authentic, that I know, to Santiago, is a casual one of Dozy's.[4] Abderraman II sent Al-Ghazal on an embassy to the King of the Normans not long after 844 and on his way home the Arab poet and diplomat turned aside to visit S. James, in company with the Norman ambassador, and fur-

Arab testimony

nished with a letter from the king to the lord of the land. He stayed there two months, very well treated, until the pilgrim season was over. Dozy has not apparently understood this, for he renders "jusqu' à la fin de leur pèlerinage," but it can only mean the other. He then went back into Castile with returning pilgrims, thence to Toledo, and finally reached home after an absence of twenty months.

It is recorded that as early as 893 Pope Formosus made the pilgrimage to Santiago and also visited S. Julian of Brioude. By the end of the century it is not uncommon. Alfonso III the Great (866–910) came with all his family. In the early tenth century S. Genadius came: he that founded S. Pedro de Montes, and was plucked from his wilderness to administer the see of Astorga, and when he had done his day's work, fled back to the mountain again. Almaccari says that in the tenth century, to Compostella and Iria, came in pilgrimage Christians from Egypt and Nubia.[5] About that time, in 951, Godescalcus, Bishop of Le Puy, left his diocese to go and implore

afar the suffrage of S. James, and stopped going and coming at the Monastery of Albelda, where he had copied out in French S. Isidore's treatise on the *Perfect Virginity of Mary.*[6] In 961 Raymond II, Count of Rouergue, was killed on the road to Compostella, as is written in the *Book of the Miracles of S. Faith.* S. Abbon, Abbot (988–1000) of Fleury, S. Benoît-sur-Loire, raised an altar to S. James. In his convent, immediately after his death (in 1005) was written the *Great Legend of S. James*, possibly by the monk Aymoin, his friend and pupil. It is more than likely that he had made the journey, since there is no record of relics acquired which would explain otherwise the especial devotion to that Apostle. The cities which claimed to possess relics are: Toulouse, Arras, Liége, Venice, Pistoja and Burgos.

French devotion

By the eleventh century a great movement was well begun. In the first half of it, S. William of Vercelli, at the age of fourteen, walked barefoot in his shirt to Santiago, S. Simeon the hermit, also; and S. Theobald quitted his home and with a

single fellow made the pilgrimage unshod. Under Ferdinand I (1033–1065), says Morales,[7] the pilgrimage was quite established, and miracles were happening all along the road. Don Sancho el Mayor, says the Silense, built roads for the pilgrims going to Santiago, in 1032, and opened a road in 1035 from the top of the Pyrenees to Nájera:[8] and Alfonso VI, says Pelagio, in the *Chronicle of the Kings of Leon*, "studuit facere omnes pontes qui sunt a Lucronio usque ad Sanctum Jacobum."[9]

Road-menders

Building of bridges and mending of ways were good enough work, in the Middle Age, for the best of men. More than one saint broke stone on the roads. To this day the *peones camineros*, in Spain, are heritors of that great and noble labour; they are housed like soldiers; they wear a uniform and carry a number, like police; they work well, and look you in the eye, and will do you a kindness; they are in Government employment, unabashed. A Lombard Capitulary of 803 recalls to the clergy their duty in building and keeping up bridges, which is their peculiar work

"per justam et antiquam consuetudinem." Eudes III, Count of Touraine, in 1030 built a bridge over the Loire that led to the Tomb of S. Martin. In 1164 S. Benet the Less, S. Bénézet,[10] founded the order of *Hospitaliers Pontifes*, and his own little cell and shrine still stands on the ruined bridge over the Rhone, where they no longer dance "sur le pont d'Avignon." There were also *Hospitaliers de S. Jacques du Haut Pas*, who must have lent their name to a church and street in Paris and who received a legacy in 1360,[11] and others, Hospitaliers of Lucca, in Italy, whose business was with bridges. Peter the Pilgrim, on the fifth of October, 1126, received a privilege from Alfonso VII to keep him while rebuilding the bridge over the Miño with the help of God and good souls.[12] We have from Aymery the list of those who at one time consecrated themselves to working on the road of Santiago between Rabanal and Puerto Marín: — Andrew, Robert, Alvito, Fortis, Arnald, Stephen, and Peter — the last is Peter called the Pilgrim.[13] S. Domingo de la Calzada got his name from

S. Benet the Less

the work he did, and after his death S. Juan de Ortega carried it on, and ended in a chapel on a mountain pass, watching the ways.

Order of Santiago

The order of Santiago was founded in 1172 and confirmed by a Bull of Alexander III in 1175, but it grew out of earlier use. The prior and canons of Loyo had, near Leon, on the *Camino francés*, a hospital called S. Marcos for the pilgrims of S. James. Always a canon of Loyo was in residence, to administer the hospital and give alms to pilgrims that passed by there. In time the institution declined and on petition was reformed, and again declined and they tried a prior and canons from Ucclés. The original donation, with bridge and a good endowment, was made to the Bishop and Chapter of Leon by Doña Cristina Lainez and provided for a hospice and church for pilgrims. The convent was further enriched by the body of the founder and the first master of the order of Santiago, D. Pedro Fernández, in 1184. The epitaph reads:

Rule of S. Loy

who shod the supernatural hórse

Mens pia, larga manus, os prudens, hace tria clarum,

Fecerunt Caelo, et mundo te Petre Fernandi.
Militiae Jacobi stitor Rectorque fuisti.
Sie te pro meritis ditavit gratia Christi.[14]

So *Militia Dei*

Like the other Spanish military orders, this one fast outgrew its original intentions. Lastly, Ferdinand of Aragon took to himself the Grand Mastership of this along with the other orders, and today it serves merely to lengthen the list of honours of rich gentlemen in Madrid and to dress out plump and handsome canons of Compostella in white, red-crossed, on feast-days.

Nearly half a century earlier, Alfonso VI (1073), in taking possession of Leon and Castile, said that, in order to do a good thing for his subjects and for other people, not only of Spain but of Germany, France and Italy, who by motive of religion were journeying to Santiago, he would suppress the tolls at Valcarcel:

A King's benefaction

In the port of Monte Valcarcel there was a castle where all passers by paid toll, called S. María de Auctares,

and this supplied an occasion to molest and rob travellers, which had been the custom from the reign of his predecessors, whence resulted grave grievances for all who passed by that port, such, [said D. Alonso] that they cried to heaven, and in especial the pilgrims who went to Santiago, who were never heard in the Kingdom of Leon without maledictions and indignation against this intolerable custom. He abolished the toll forever, that all, of whatsoever condition, could pass freely and without annoyance or inquietude, in such wise that this road to Santiago should be entirely free to pilgrims and even to those who carried merchandise, or went on any other business whatsoever.[15]

A Gallegan bishop

He makes the offering by the hands of D. Pelayo, Bishop of Leon, to the honour and glory of God and the Virgin Mary and the Apostle S. James, "In cujus ditione terra vel regimen consistit totius Hispaniae." Is it worth noticing that Bishop Pelayo was born and bred in Galicia? There were changes with changing times, belike, and some give and take, for in 1094 Bishop

Pedro leaves to Leon money for altar lights, and four pounds of incense for the altar of S. John Baptist, charged upon the revenues that the see had in Aguilar, in the bridge of Ardon, in Villela and in the church which was on the *Camino francés*.[16]

The Council of Palencia, in 1129, protected by identical penalties clerks, monks, travellers, merchants, women, and pilgrims — all persons going peacefully and unprotected about their business. The *Fuero* of Daroca, 1142, grants a year's delay of any partition in which a pilgrim might be involved: — "si in peregrinatione fuerit per annum expectatur"; and another law secures their goods: — "bona peregrinorum non poseunt capi pro reprisaliis." The old use by which what a pilgrim had upon him fell to the town he might die in, was altered by the *Siete Partidas*, which charged the bishop with searching out his heirs. The *Siete Partidas* are full of provisions for pilgrims — against money-changers and innkeepers, mayors of towns and lords of lands, robbers, and wars. The Church at the Council of Valladolid, in 1322, orders

Fueros and *Siete Partidas*

Canons and Constitutions

rector and parish priests to receive charitably the poor religious and the pilgrims, and where there are special houses provided for that use, to make sure that they are prepared conveniently to fulfill the hospitality for which they were designed. One other enviable privilege should not be overlooked: the Constitutions of the University of Salamanca, in 1422, declare that a lawful cause for which a professor may be excused from *reading* (i. e. giving his courses), is that of "peregrinationis ad limina Sancti Jacobi."

Ferdinand I, Alfonso VI and the Cid all went on that road. Of the first, the Chronicler of Silos says, "he loved the poor pilgrims, and took great care to harbour them." An old painting of the Cid in Burgos showed him with the cockle-shell at his girdle. Murguía affirms[17] that the Archives of Santiago possess, unpublished and even to scholars unknown, a circumstantial account of the journey made by Pope Calixtus II to Spain in order to visit the body of the saint. This visit has been denied by scholars hitherto.

In the second third of the twelfth century the *Maestrescuela* of Compostella, Ramiro, writing to his friend S. Aton, Bishop of Pistoja, begs him to reply promptly, sending either by the Easter pilgrims, or else by those of the Ascension. These scraps of old letters will convey, perhaps, more than any studied episode, the sense of the magnitude of the pilgrimage. The Roman priest who was a Cardinal of Santiago, Deusdedit, writes the same recommendation in the matter of a chasuble: it will be sent best by the Easter pilgrims.

Ramiro the Maestrescuela

When Ali-ben-Yussuf, the Almoravide, sent an embassy to Doña Urraca about 1121, the ambassadors were amazed at the throngs of pilgrims who choked the road. They asked the subaltern detailed to escort and assist them, the Centurion Peter, as the Latin Chronicle calls him: "Who is this the Christians so revered, for whom so great a multitude comes and goes, from this side and the other of the Pyrenees, so that the road is scarcely cleared for us?" And Peter answered with a fine gesture: "He who deserves such reverence is S. James,

Peter the Centurion

whose body there is buried, revered as patron and protector by Gaul and England, the Latin and the German land and all Christian parts."

Quercy to Braga

Toward the end of the eleventh century a noble of Quercy, who was a Benedictine monk in the abbey of Moissac, was fetched by Archbishop Bernard to Toledo, made *chantre* and then Archbishop of Braga, still, at that date, metropolitan of Santiago, finally martyred in 1109. He constitutes another tie between Santiago and Languedoc, if such were needed. William V of Aquitaine made every year the pilgrimage to Rome and to Compostella. It is said in the Chronicle of Normandy that the horse which William the Bastard rode at Hastings had been brought to him from Spain by a knight, a pilgrim of Santiago.

The Lion-hearted

Matilda the Empress, the daughter of Henry I of England, visited the shrine in 1125 and took back to England with her S. James's hand. Richard I the Lion-hearted, in 1178 pushed an expedition[18] into the Port of Cize to punish the rustics who violated travellers and pilgrims. The

city of La Réole, where pilgrims crossed the Garonne, was an especial residence of his: it had an hospital and a street of S. James. To S. James was dedicated the principal church of Bergerac. Bordeaux has a *rue S. James*, existent since 1152: it is the sole vestige in Bordeaux of English dominion in Aquitaine.

Rue S. James

The father of Eleanore of Guienne, William X of Aquitaine, being converted by S. Bernard at Parthenay in 1133, founded outside Bordeaux, in the Clos-Moron (now rue du Mirail) the Hospital of S. James for pilgrims. The chapel stands yet. He went on the pilgrimage in Lent of 1137, expired while the Passion was sung, and was buried before the altar. According to other accounts this funeral was a pious sham; he went to Rome and Jerusalem and ended as a hermit on Mount Lebanon twenty years after. Murguía publishes a rather lovely Gallegan romance, taken down from the lips of the living, which seems to refer to the blessed death of this William before the altar. The old man, who has not strength to finish the journey, whose feet

William of Aquitaine

are bleeding, whose beard is so long and so white, whose eyes are so soft, so veiled, so like a lion's, green as sea water,—he meets a soldier on the road. The soldier is of course the great S. James, who cheers him and assists him, and brings him at last where he would be.[19] In the Cartulary of S. Père de Chartres is recorded a gift in the middle of the twelfth century, "dono patris sui qui in itinere sancti Jacobi defunctus extulit." Hugues IV, Duke of Burgundy, had just ended the pilgrimage when he died in 1272. In 1217 some Frisians, a people always very devoted to S. James, who were bound on the Crusade in three hundred ships, touched at Lisbon and on the petition of bishops, Templars and Knights of S. John, they besieged the citadel of Alkacer, and encountered four Saracen kings and a hundred thousand fighting-men. By adverse winds they were forced to put in to Corunna, and almost all struck out for Santiago on foot; as the ships were held there nine days before the wind changed, they had time enough for what the Dutch historian calls "their superstition."

Frisians

Louis IX had as great devotion—Joinville, I think it is, reports—to Monseigneur S. Jacques as to Madame S. Geneviève, and when dying said over his prayer *Esto Domine:* "Keep, Lord, Thy people, and sanctify them, that fortified by the help of Thy Apostle S. James, they may please Thee in their works and serve Thee with a quiet heart. Amen." Louis VII of France, who had married Constance, the daughter of Alfonso VIII, had made the pilgrimage in 1157, after he had been on a crusade and to the shrine of *Notre Dame du Puy.* Luke of Tuy makes the story another of the Miracles of S. James, splendid like a reliquary with coloured gems and bossy with wrought gold. In brief, it stands thus:

Collect of S. James

> Louis, King of France, thinking his wife Elizabeth [she is usually called Constance] a concubine's child, and her father Alonso [Alfonso VII the Emperor] a man of no moment in any but his own estimation, denies her his bed. So on pretext of a pilgrimage to S. James he comes to Spain, and D. Alonso meets him with the King of Navarre, and the Count

Vindication of a French Queen

of Barcelona, and so great a train that King Louis and his Franks marvelled, and they all go to Santiago and thence through Spanish cities to Toledo. There the kings of the Barbarians and princes of the Christians kiss his hand, till Louis cries: "By God I swear there is no glory like this in all the world"; and the tents and the plays were past numbering, and they all offered gifts, gold, silver, precious stones, silk, vestments, and horses, to King Louis, him and his, so that the very number wore them out. Then Alonso says that Elizabeth is the daughter of his empress Berenguela, the daughter of Raymond of Barcelona there present, and he comes up, glorious in apparel, and remarks that it were well to honour and reverence her, for otherwise the Catalans are marching on Paris. Louis thanks God and is content: nor will he take any other gift but a great emerald — which King Zafadola had given to King Alonso — and so he went home joyfully and gave the emerald to S. Denis, and loved his wife Elizabeth very tenderly and honoured her in every possible way.[20]

Ferdinand III, Ferdinand IV and John of Brienne, King of Jerusalem and later Emperor of Constantinople, went to the shrine of S. Martin in preparation for that of S. James: at the same time, in Tours were the Archbishop of Nineveh and various bishops of Little Armenia coming back from Compostella. These are they who brought into Europe the notion of the Wandering Jew.[21] The Blessed Raymond Lull visited Rocamadour and Compostella. S. Francis is said to have come with some companions, including Brother Bernard, in 1214. I can find no sound evidence that he, or S. Dominic either — though the latter was a Spaniard — ever set foot in Santiago. Guido Cavalcanti set out, but on account of the Lady Mandetta in Toulouse he never finished the journey. Sordello, however, is said to have gone thither, and the trobador Romieu de Villeneuve, that Dante met in Paradise, where he saw the lights shining in the shining pearl, who lived at the court of Count Raymond Berengar of Toulouse for a while and being falsely accused, wandered away again:

The Wandering Jew

Romieu de Villeneuve

There came to his [Raymond Berengar's] court a certain Romeo, who was returning from S. James's, and hearing the goodness of Count Raymond abode in his court, and was so wise and valorous, and came so much into favour with the Count, that he made him master and steward of all that he had. . . . Four daughters had the Count and no male child. By prudence and care the good Romeo first married the eldest for him to the good King Louis of France by giving money with her, saying to the Count, 'Leave it to me, and do not grudge the cost, for if thou marriest the first well thou wilt marry all the others the better for the sake of her kinship and at less cost.' And so it came to pass; for straightway the King of England, to be of kin to the King of France, took the second with little money; afterwards his carnal brother, being the king elect of the Romans, after the same manner took the third; the fourth being still to marry the good Romeo said: 'For this one I desire that thou shouldst have a brave man for thy son, who may be thine heir,'—and so he did. Finding

Charles, Count of Anjou, brother of King Louis of France, he said, 'Give her to him for he is like to be the best man in the world,' prophesying of him: and this was done. And it came to pass afterwards through envy, which destroys all good, that the barons of Provence accused the good Romeo that he had managed the Count's treasure ill, and they called upon him to give an account. The worthy Romeo said, 'Count, I have served thee long while, and raised thy estate from small to great, and for this, through the false counsel of thy people, thou art little grateful: I came to thy court a poor pilgrim, and I have lived virtuously here; give me back my mule, my staff, and my scrip, as I came here, and I renounce thy service.' The Count would not that he should depart; but, for nought that he could do would he remain; and, as he came so he departed, and no one knew whence he came or whither he went. But many held that he was a sainted soul.[22]

falsely accused

In 1253 the Friar Minor William Rubroques met in the depths of Tartary a Nes-

The Greek Bishop

torian Monk who spoke of setting out for S. James of Galicia. Under Ferdinand the Great a Greek Bishop named Stephen was so happy when he came at last to the Apostle's shrine, that he gave up home and see and stayed there till he died. The ends of Europe were drawn together. There in 1254 was the wronged Christina of Norway, the daughter of Haakon IV, who though she married the prince D. Philip, yet breathed away like a snow wreath and died untimely. Thither also went S. Bridget of Sweden, S. Elizabeth of Portugal, Raymond VII of Toulouse in 1246, and Henry II of Trastamara, the bastard who killed his brother.

The cost of war

Studying the influx from abroad, Sr. Villa-amil unearthed a curious item bearing on the cost of war and who pays it. In an agreement drawn up in 1345 between the Dean and Chapter of Lugo, on the one hand, and a canon called Juan Díaz on the other, about the rent of an altar in the cathedral church, for the sum of 700 maravedis, payable at Lady-Day, it is expressly stipulated that if the King of

France and the King of England go to war this year between Candlemas and May Day, there shall be deducted from the rent an hundred maravedis.

Many churches are dedicated to the saint of wayfarers in Flanders and Picardy, especially in the neighbourhood of Havre, Dieppe and Compiègne. By a curious coincidence, while the two former towns are sea-faring places, the last grew into a great nucleus of railways. Frisia dedicated the gates of cities.

Traveller's towns

Slavonians had a special devotion to the pilgrimage: after three trips, a man might live exempt from taxation. They gave their name, in Spanish and English alike, to the long, waterproof pilgrim's coat, the *slaveyn*. Ojea recorded, in 1600, that they came the end of April, so as to be at the sanctuary on May Day, and immediately reported to the superior clergy and obtained certificates from them. The third year they put garlands on their heads and went in solemn procession that day, in sign that they had fulfilled their devotion and the requirements of

. . . Their hats were of the brake . . .

the law, in order to enjoy its exemptions thereafter.[23]

Sir Walter Manny's end

In the fourteenth century the practice was at its height. Froissart tells how Sir Walter Manny was evilly killed as he came home from S. James.[24] It is known that in 1361 Messire Jehan de Chartres and Pierre de Montferrand, going on the pilgrimage, took three jongleurs with them: and an English minstrel named Walter was in Compostella about this time.[25] It had become an element in politics. For instance, on the fourth of September, 1316, a contract between Robert and the cities of Flanders, and Philip, Regent of France, stipulated that "If Count Robert can, he shall go over sea with him who shall be King of France, when he shall go. He will go, and his sons, in one year or two (unless his father or he be ill), once or more to S. James in Galicia, to *Notre Dame de Roche-Mador*, to *Notre Dame de Vauvert*, to S. Gilles in Provence, to *Notre Dame du Puy*." A treaty signed on Christmas Eve at Arcques (near S. Omer) 1326, between the King of France, Count Louis of Flanders, and the

Flemish cities, stipulates that three hundred persons of Bruges and Cambrai must go on pilgrimage, one hundred to S. James, one hundred to S. Giles, and one hundred to Rocamadour. Before this, in 1284, the two sons of Herbert called the Scrivener, for having ill-used Girart the Butcher, of Compiègne, were condemned to make the pilgrimage to Compostella. They were the first of their townsmen to go.

Penitential pilgrimages

A decree of the Parliament of Champagne dated January 9, 1367, and preserved at Rheims, supplies another instance. Margaret, wife of the Viscount Ponsard Larrabis, petitions that a certain Stephen who had called her names and beaten her (*ratione injuriarum et verberationum*) shall be condemned to make public satisfaction and to go in pilgrimage first to S. Thomas of Canterbury and after to S. James of Galicia, living in each place a year at his own expense, and bringing back letters which show that he has done it.

As early as 1115 the Council of Oviedo had prescribed for certain offences against the Church that the criminal should become

Creating the tramp

either a Benedictine monk, or an anchorite, or a church serf, or a perpetual pilgrim — for all the days of his life. The penitentials of Bede and of Theodore both contemplate this penalty, of temporary or perpetual pilgrimage, according to the offence, and Rabanus Maurus disallows it. In the Capitularies of Charlemagne likewise it is forbidden, because it ruins the man: it creates the tramp. The Inquisitors of the South of France often imposed annual pilgrimages at fixed dates, called Visitations, which worked like reporting periodically to a Probation Officer. On the other hand, in the twelfth century the Archbishop Hildebert wrote to Foulques, Count of Anjou and Maine, who wished to set out on the pilgrimage:

> Among the talents that the master of the house divides among his servants, no doctor has ever counted that of gadding abroad; and S. Hilarion, being near to Jerusalem, went thither one time lest he should seem to despise the holy places, but only once. . . . You will say to me perhaps, I have made a vow, and not to

keep it were a sin. But consider that you yourself bound yourself by this vow, but God laid on you the charge of governing your peoples: see if the good fruits this journey will yield, can make up for the loss of duties left undone. If the latter good is beyond comparison the greater, as cannot be denied, then stay in your palace, live for your state, do justice, protect the poor and churches.[26]

Condition to inheritance

In England, a pilgrimage to S. James was not infrequently a necessary condition to the inheritance of property. The poem, however, that the Early English Text Society reprints, has little to do with S. James beyond the first couplet. The rest is devoted to sea-sickness and the discomforts of ocean travel.[27] But the English came, notwithstanding. Out of ten selected years, running from 1397 to 1456, D. José Corinde makes up a total of 130 ships, and 7907 pilgrims arriving in Galicia. The inspiration of this great volume of travel was in part, at least, commercial, just as economic reasons underlay the change when in the following century we read, instead,

of Drake's raid on Corunna, or "The True Relation of a Brave English Stratagem practiced lately upon a sea town in Galicia, one of the Kingdoms of Spain; and most valiantly and successfully performed by one English ship alone of thirty tons, with no more than thirty-five men in her."[28]

The Licenciate Luis de Molina, in his *Description of the Kingdom of Galicia*, which he printed in Mondoñedo in 1550, relishes highly the long roll of countries represented, reciting them with a reminiscence of the Pentecostal miracle:

Roll-call

Visítale Albania, Normandos, Gascones,
Mallorca, Menorca, Cerdeña, y Cecilia,
Efesios, Corintios, Dalmacia, y Panfilia,
Vascos, Chiprianos, tambien Esclauones,
De Ponto, y Tesalia, y acá los Saxones,
Polonia, Noruega, Yrlanda, y Escocia,
De Egypto, de Siria, tambien Capadocia,
De Jerusalen, con otras naciones.

Visítale Francia, Ytalia, Alemania,
Ungria, Boemia, gran parte de Grecia,
Los Negros Etiopes, Ybernia, Suecia,
Caldea, Fenecia, ni Arabia se extraña,

Y mas Ynglaterra, con Flándes, Bretaña,
Del gran Preste Juan, de Armenia, y de Frisia
Teniendo tal cuenta con esta Galicia
Los quales afrentan á nos los de España.

The pilgrimage could be made by proxy, or by delegates. Barcelona, in 1465, when the plague was there, sent Fray Miguel Capeller and Fray Leonardo de Gratia: in 1475 from Palma de Mallorca came two chaplains of the church of S. María del Mar. Kings sent ambassadors. The English King, Henry II, asks once rather impatiently for a safe conduct for the journey, or if he cannot have that for his proper person, then one for ambassadors of his. After the death of Louis XI, Martillon came to Santiago to make the offerings provided by the King's will, and brought with him founders to make goodly bells. As representative, later, of Philip IV of Spain and Margaret his Queen, came Bishop Diego de Guzmán, who was to be Archbishop of Seville. His offerings were chiefly in kind, Florentine textiles of unparalleled magnificence, and wrought silver. Proxy

It was possible, also, to go for the dead. In the year 1403, Juan Fernández de Guermeces signed a very devout will in which, after ordering a certain number of masses to be said, and leaving divers alms to the convents, hospitals and asylums situate in various streets and houses of Burgos, he directed that two men should go on pilgrimages on his account, one to the Sepulchre of S. James and the other to the shrine of Our Lady of Guadelupe. It is not far from this possibility of a journey for the dead, to the belief that the dead themselves may go. In the Asturian Romance of *El Alma en Pena*, among those collected by D. José Menéndez Pidal, the poor soul itself fulfills the pilgrimage.

The Soul as Pilgrim

On the way of Santiago went a pilgrim soul: the night was starless, the earth was shaken. A *caballero* comes to the window: — "If thou be of evil, I conjure thee to depart, if thou be of this world, tell me what is wanted." The sinful soul has come to running water, and cannot cross, — "Trust to the rosaries said in life." — "Alas, I said none." — "Trust to the fasts." —

The Soul as Pilgrim

(*From a Miniature of the Fifteenth Century*)

"I never fasted." —"To the alms."—"I gave none." Then the *caballero* lights consecrated tapers at the window and on the ray of light they cast, the soul crossed the running water and went on: and returned the same night singing: "Blessed the *caballero*, who has saved his soul and mine."[29] As this condensed version gives no notion of the touching loveliness of the poem, I have reprinted it in the *Appendix* along with an English ballad that shows some curious divergence in the midst of likeness.

Running Water

XI

X

In another of Sr. Menéndez Pidal's Romances, the pilgrim who passes on her way taller than a pine-tree, so charms the eye and draws the desire of the King that he lays out the finest bread and wine, the richest clothing, the warmest cloak, and sends a page to fetch her; she is under an olive tree, combing out her blond hair silken-fine: she will not be bribed by his offers, for she is queen in heaven, she is the blessed Magdalen.[30] In yet another, she is Mary Queen. Very little abashed, he renounces seduction and betakes him to supplication: she hears him graciously.

Messengers in slaveyn

The pilgrim who is not a pilgrim but some one else in disguise, is a commonplace of the *Chansons de Gestes*. In *Guy de Bourgoyne* the venerable Charlemagne thus disguises himself: in *Anseis of Carthage*, by this device the King's messengers get through to France, just as this is the array in which those of Gelmírez try to reach the Pope, in the *Historia Compostellana*, which is truth written by eye-witnesses. In the *Cantar de Garci Fernandez*, the Countess Argentina was first carried off, like Bernardo del Carpio's mother, while *en romería a Santiago*, and afterwards she was greatly taken with a count of her own land who *yva en romería* in his turn: and the end of all these persons is in the tragedy of blood. In the *Poem of Fernán González* it is a knight bowne to S. James from somewhere in Lombardy who brings word to the King's daughter that the good knight lies in prison, and again it is she, disguised as a *romera*, who contrives his escape, in a famous romance that Lockhart has translated. The latest editor of *Flores y Blancaflor*,[31] the fifteenth-

century Spanish novel, wants to have the whole exquisite romance, with all its French and Italian forms as well, fall into line simply as another of the Miracles of S. James. His argument is not quite weighty enough, but the setting, at least, of the orient gem he shows to be the cult of the Apostle: with the pilgrimage to Santiago the action begins, by an unaccountable miracle the dénouement is contrived, and with another pilgrimage to Rome the whole ends.

Flores y Blancaflor

The incident lay always ready at hand, plausible, symbolic, romantic, for history, epic, or allegory. The miracles that happened along the road are of all sorts, but mostly quite practical, and they seem to have happened over and over again. From Ozanam's *Pèlerinage au Pays du Cid* I have gathered one, fragrant as the rosemary of the Pyrenees, that perfumes all the day.[32]

. . . Far out at sea, says Howell

It is told of S. Bona of Pisa, who with a company of pilgrims came to a torrent where the bridge was ruinous. As the party stood about wondering what to do, Christ appeared to her and said: "Raise

S. Bona of Pisa

your arms, and pass." The company cried out as she started, but a multitude of saints came down from heaven, popes and bishops in cope and mitre, and stood in the stream on both sides of the bridge. She passed in safety. Then Christ said: "Call your companions; not one of them shall perish if you keep your hands raised all the time they are crossing," and at last she coaxed them all across. One man saw the popes and bishops as he passed.

Usually, however, S. James took care of the miracles. There is the story of the stolen cup and the pious German pilgrim, falsely accused by a maid-servant he had rebuffed:[33] he was hanged, and his parents went on, but when they came back he was yet alive, for S. James had held him up so that the rope did not strangle. This is told of Toulouse.

Que cantó la gallina asada

At S. Domingo de la Calzada they still keep, caged, above the transept arch, a pair of white chickens of the breed that got up, under the carving knife, and crew, to confute a judge who in a like case had pronounced sentence and seen it executed.

Navagero saw them, and I. You remember the story: have seen it painted on a chapel wall at Forlì: the parents shaken by the conflict of long grief and new-born hope, the judge who says, "That man was dead as these roast chickens," and the cock who claps his wings and stretches his throat to testify that the saint can protect his own.

At Forlì by the Adriatic

Another story is not without edification, that of a pilgrim from Barcelona who prayed never to be a captive. He was taken by the Saracens and sold thirteen times, but the chain always broke on his limbs. In the end, however, the apostle suggested to him that the chains of sin were worse and his prayer would have been better directed upon the spiritual side.

There is a touching history of a boy, a good lad of Lorraine, who when one of the party fell ill by the way in Gascony stayed with him while the rest went on, nursed, and at last buried him. This was in the year 1080. Then he resumed the wallet and staff to go on alone, but a rider overtook and picked him up on a great white horse that devoured the miles, that gal-

. . . *le bon Lorrain*

On the white horse

loped up mountains and down them again, splashed streams an instant and was far on in the dust, till the trees whizzed by and the sun was left behind. At nightfall the boy found himself set down on the Mount of Joy, in view of the cathedral towers, just a pace ahead of all his friends with whom he had set out from home.

The Venerable Guibert de S. Marie of Nogent-sous-Coucy, in the diocese of Laon, tells of a young man who made the journey girt with the girdle of his mistress. The devil, seeing him so far on the road to salvation, made a furious assault, flung him into despair, and persuaded him to suicide, which meant, of course, damnation. S. James interceded for him in heaven, restored his soul to earth long enough for penitence and absolution, and took it back with him into Paradise.

Need was there, after all, on the long road, of miracles, for it was a hard road, and of great saints to take care of little souls, for not all who went came home again. I have the story, in a private letter, of a French gentlemen, my cor-

respondent's ancestor, who setting out on the pilgrimage in the fifteenth century, arranged his affairs and provided that if he should die on the way, his bones might be brought back to rest in France; or if the money upon him should not suffice, then, at least, be brought so far as possible. There you feel, for an instant, the home-sick, the exile, as in the words which Dante uttered prophesying, for he knew not yet what way he should die:—"These pilgrims seem to me to be from a far country and I believe that they have not even heard speak of my lady and know naught of her; rather their thoughts are of other things than of these here; for perchance they are thinking of their distant friends whom we know not . . . The wide sense, in so far as whoever is outside his fatherland is a pilgrim: in the narrow sense, none is called a pilgrim save him who is journeying towards the sanctuary of S. James, or is returning. They are called *palmers*, in so far as they journey over the sea, there, whence many times they bring back palm branches; they are called *pilgrims* in so

Dante in the *Vita Nuova*

far as they journey to the sanctuary of Galicia, because the tomb of S. James was farther from his own country than that of any other apostle."[34]

Graves by the way

Very many who set forth, came not home at the long last: by the side of the road are their graves, in parish churches, in forgotten sanctuaries. The bishop who had been all the way to Jerusalem and had got him a precious relic of S. Andrew to bring home, lies yet in Estella. The Knights who were surprised as they slept by Cea bank, yet sleep there still. Every hospice or its site, along the way, has more graves than names of pilgrims to tell over. Urged by more than mortal desire, through the centuries, they pressed on, "for they seek a better country, that is, an heavenly."

Vous qui allez a Sainct Iacques,
Je vous prie humblement
Que n'ayez point de haste:
Allez tout bellement.
Las! que les pauvres malades
Sont en grand desconfort!
Car maints hommes et femmes
Par les chemins sont morts.

BOOK TWO
THE WAY

A-t-il ceint ses reins pour le voyage de Compostelle ou pour celui de la Mecque? S'est-il embarqué dans un pieux pèlerinage archéologique? A-t-il pris le besace et le bâton du Juif errant? A-t-il été de monument en monument, de relique en relique, de porte en porte, se recommandant à tous les saints ou à tous les prophètes du Paradis, mendier fièrement sur les grands chemins, à la sueur de son front, le pain de la vérité.

—Courajod.

I

SETTING OUT

"Nous étions bien bonne compagnie de gens studieux amateurs de pèrégrinité."

THE cypress, it seems, grows in Languedoc along with the poplar, the poplar of northern France with the Italian cypress, side by side. The country was gilded with ripening wheat, and the sun was in the sign of the Lion. From thick green banks blew into the train the scent of elder; there bloomed eglantine and the pink wild rose together. When Jehane came back after coffee at a station, she found the carriage pleasantly populous with irresponsibles, — old women, babies, and a priest: two sickly children with their sickly mother in cheap ready-made clothes, two handsome, wholesome grandmothers *en bonnet*, and the

The Sun in Leo

priest's the most beautiful woman's face of all. Jehane is long and brown and deceptively gentle, children gravitate to her very luggage; with difficulty we kept our seats at the window and our attention on the thick slow waters and strong vegetation without. We had met, by appointment, in Toulouse on Midsummer Day, Jehane coming from Italy and the other from farther, following the starry track, both firmly purposing to go into Spain by the mountain road. Where the railway ended we should take a diligence, or, if there were none, a carriage; where wheels did not go we should take mules; where rocks were too steep, we should essay them on foot. We had corded up our boxes and left them with the landlord; we had strapped up our bags and put them in the carriage; and had taken our tickets for Pau and thence *au delà*. We knew it lay somewhere beyond Pau, to which city, English-haunted, we had letters that we hoped never to present; that it lay somewhere beyond Oloron where the portal of S. Mary's church looks already more Span-

Crest of the Pyrenees

ish than then we knew. Bedous was the present terminus.

The last part of the way was stirring. We had left the soggy plain, with its water-channels and its dark green stuff, all irrigated. The pale far crests of the Pyrenees, and their blue gulfs in between, we had lost from sight in the approach: — say, at Lourdes, or shortly thereafter. There everyone else had got down, for there was the end of their pilgrimage. About the train, as it halts, the hills rise kindly, a little river winds clean and pure below, the rock still stands, with a living spring beneath — all the ancient site where celts and arrow-heads are still dug up, where earliest man and thereafter his sons came worshipping, before any history had begun. Between the great flanks of the mountains lie valleys blue like the calm blue that sleeps in a horse's eye; in an hour the train had burrowed among the red and tawny rocks of them, and through the cold air of torrents it climbed and twisted, through the scent of dark fir trees; and when the laborious panting engine was quiet a

Lourdes

Bedous

moment, the green stream below roared into stillness. Twilight closed in upon the glimmering rapids, among the dark tree trunks, and in the pale strip of sky some pale stars shook, before the line suddenly stopped, as though it too were only halting for the night or for a week, while the great building of the railway went on incessantly. Having asked a few questions at Oloron, and knowing beforehand that wherever engineers could sleep, there could we, with thankfulness we undid the bags in an interval and took out the ultimate indispensables for a night; then, at Bedous, abandoning the rest in a corner of the station, walked out into the dark of a village street behind a friendly railway employee. We need have no fear, he assured us, for the man who drove the daily motor omnibus would put up that night at the inn. There was no porter, for nobody was expected by the evening train, but he carried the little sack as well as the post bags, and guided us, stopping for various matters on the way, down the whole straggling white-faced village to the

inn. When we got there at last, no room remained; the landlady was honestly sorry, not so we, for the men eating and drinking looked in the candlelight noisily disposed. There was, it came out, another inn, to which the maidservant kindly took us, "though it is not like ours," she said proudly. They were all so honest and proud, in Bedous,—the new landlady, again, in her offer to send out and buy meat at that hour of the night. We supped contentedly, after a homely fashion, and went to bed above the mules in a room big enough for town meeting. One end opened above the little street of houses that recalled the Engadine, stuccoed and iron-barred, the other on a wooden gallery above a garden that smelt of lilies and roses under the dew-fall, and at the end of every opening and above the crest of every building rose into the filmy moonlight the vast back of mountains.

A Pyrenean village

Next morning, when the yellow motor omnibus backed out of a hangar and circled up to the station, for passengers arriving or awaiting, we sought out the driver

A river-road

and bribed him with a small fee over and above the extra fare, to allow us on the seat beside him, whereby the other man in corduroys who took up fares and handed down bundles, and the like, travelled most of the forty miles to Jaca on the step, holding fast by the dashboard. Including all stops, and the customs examination at Canfranc, we ran those forty miles in four hours, along the little river valley. Everywhere it was lovely, but not so romantic as that of the night before: a perfect road, hard and white, ran easily, for the most part almost by the water side; and now above it, now below, sometimes even on the other side of the stream, ran the railway that should carry back and forth, between France and Spain, where once the pilgrims passed. Being born and bred to railways, one could admire the building, so skilful that it looked easy, done in accord with the modern admission that the Indians' way was the right one—the way of the makers of trails, who expend less strength going around an object than climbing over it, and bend the path if a tree falls or a rock

topples. On that summer day the men expected that two years more would see it done: the two years are passed and much, belike, has been undone, and the rest remains untouched, but the road yet runs. So there it ran, now white and winding above the river bottom, now grey and barred with shadows where a village flanked it on either side. Dogs fled, children were snatched back, the glare of mountain light was tempered for a brief space, and then grey hillsides drew away again and grey stucco lay far behind. In the first hour the houses, square and colour-washed, their windows square and barred, still recalled the Engadine, as indeed do, a little, the mountains, in their large lassitude, so un-Alpine. Then one was aware of small iron balconies more frequent, and the slope of the roofs unfamiliar and alien. The river is left suddenly below, to burrow like the railway through the international barrier, but the highway climbs in many loops a vast mountainous bulk, set there as if ordained for a barrier, though it has never stopped

and Engadine houses

Visigothic king or French bishop, Charlemagne or Bonaparte.

The fort of Urdos is a mere rocky boss in the midst of rock, crowning a wooded spur, and the granite way zigzagging up to it is walled and loopholed; the very granite mass of the mountain is loopholed and fortified. Then green trees, the light-leaved sort, were left.

Somewhere here a shapeless rocky mass, of weather-worn stones that once were hewn, marks the site of the Hospice of S. Cristina. From the time of the Goths[1] existed on the crest of the Pyrenees above Jaca, a shelter where various monks took care of pilgrims that passed that Port. Aymery Picaud praised it before all:—*hospitale S. Christinae, unum de tribus hospitalibus cosmi.*[2] Gaston IV of Béarn, a hero of the first Crusade, founded and Gaston V in 1216 refounded the hospice above Somport,[3] and the name of that town is *summo portu*, the pitch of the pass. He dowered it with various revenues in Aragon and gave it to canons of S. Augustine. King Alfonso of Aragon, great lords of

Summo portu

Spain, Gascony, Hungary, and Bohemia, contributed to its foundation, and built in their domains hospices depending on it. It lasted till 1558 and then, like so many other ancient and pious works, it was removed to the capital.[4] Possibly the monks preferred living in town: certainly the crown preferred their keeping within reach.

When Leonore of England, the daughter of Eleanore of Poitou and the sister of Cœur-de-Lion, came into Spain to marry Alfonso VIII, five Spanish bishops met her at Bordeaux, and with them "the most exquisite flower of the nobility of both Castiles,"[5] white monks and black, Cistercian and Benedictine, and especially the great dignitaries of the Religious Orders. With them came back by the Port of Aspe, by Somport and Canfranc, a noble escort of her own people: the archbishop of Bordeaux, the bishops of Agen, Poitiers, Angoulême, Saintes, Périgord, and Béziers, and a host of lords and knights, English, Gascon, Breton, and Norman. They rode together as far as Tarazona, escorted by Alfonso of Aragon, to be met there by her spouse, his

A Queen's progress

namesake of Castile, with all the prelates and nobles left in Spain, it would seem; and thence the visitors turned back again in July weather, heavy horse and sleek mule, steel-armed knight and frieze-cowled monk, velvet cloak and silken cope, climbing the brilliant dusty steeps, filling the pass with the heat and murmur of a moving multitude.

The Kingdom's limits

The still upland heights were open, rocky, heathy, pasturable, when we reached the plain stone column that marks the limits of a kingdom: just before the last boundary post a beautiful range opened up to reveal beds of snow and crests of carven rock. There the car stopped an instant, the man in corduroy running to the roadside to receive from a goatherd waiting a knotted kerchief full of curds. This he hung on the front of the car, for whey to splash and spatter and yield him in Jaca a goodly lump of cheese.

The frontier is at the top but the customs at the bottom: we coasted down to find a pair of the neatest, smallest, civilest Spanish soldiers imaginable, in their sum-

A Pyrenean Village

mer uniform of white with a grey hair-line, just pulling on clean white cotton gloves in which to examine our luggage. The wonder was how they got so much courtesy into so brief a matter. In the little towns now men wore *alpargatas* and flat caps; they had lost the candid French look. One hundred years of *liberté* and *égalité* have given some meaning to the word *fraternité*, and when you cross a frontier into France you know it in the eyes that meet your own so friendly and frank. The French look says, you are good as I; the Spanish, I am as good as you—usually, better. Of quite plain people this is meant.

I, as good as you

Another river was running beside the road, between the rocks. The landscape was widening, with an indefinably Spanish look in the colours and contours, the brown dust and palisaded cliffs. The impression yields to one of a dusty plain, white with dust, immense within the blue enclosing heights; of an arid heat that intoxicates and blinds; then two lines of river-bordering trees that converge; and lastly, the dusty brown walls of Jaca and towers within them.

II

HEART OF ARAGON

De esta nobleza que es gozar de libertad mas goza el noble Aragon que todos los reinos, porque hasta sus villanos faze ser mas nobles que los nobles mas nobles de las otras provincias del mundo. Cá nazen tan libres, viven tan francos, son tan esentos los villanos de Aragon!—Fray Guaberto Fabricio.

THE city still keeps a kind of state, the houses are built of stone, their façades adorned not merely with monstrous rococo coats-of-arms but with Romanesque mouldings and Gothic traceries, not frittered away in glass galleries; the streets straight and well paven, the cathedral dominant.

Muy noble, muy leal, y vencedora

La muy noble, muy leal, y vencedora, Jaca

was already great in Roman days, strong in Visigothic; was the last to yield to the Arab conqueror Ayub (as late as 715) and the first to rise and support the struggle of Count Aznar (758–795). Court of the counts of Aragon, and seat and stronghold of the kings their successors, from the first Ramiro down, it holds the type pure, in the figures of the brown small men, the spare swift grace of the women, the strong Romanesque forms of the cathedral. Though the fairs of Jaca in the latter Middle Age drew merchants from Aragon, France, and Navarre, these brought no changes with them; and like the coinage that fixed the standard of the realm, those *sueldos jaqueses* that kings on their coronation swore to maintain undebased, so the temper of the people kept the one image and superscription.

Last to yield, first to rise

How unlike is Aragon to Castile, we were to feel later more strongly, most aware now of the entirely Spanish quality of it all. The boy in *alpargatas*, with his swift soundless movements, entering on a message, with his snowy linen shirt, and velvet jacket

El Gracioso

worn over one shoulder, with his bold eyes and fine teeth, was just the *gracioso* of the old comedy. He was all one golden tone, the sunburnt dress, hair, and fine skin, relieved by the shadow on his upper lip and the deeper shadow of his eyelashes. Unhappily, when hired to pose for a photograph, he looked silly enough, but once released, his comment, I make no doubt, was in the antique vein, spiced and seasoned, and sent up in good Castilian.

Don Quixote you remember was a Castilian, so indeed were the Cid and Alfonso the Wise; Jaime I *el Conquistador* and D. Martin the Humane were of Aragon; but the distinction is easier to apprehend than to make plain. Aragon is more European, Castile more Peninsular; the one presents the ideal Romantic of chivalry and humanism, Mediterranean, almost Frank, almost Latin; the other cherishes the quintessential, the Iberian, condensed, insistent, the self-centered, self-judged, and self-approved.

In the kingdom of Aragon alone was

there anything of the feudal system, and, from the very beginning of the Reconquest, something in the way of a Parliament, with right of election and recall. The *fueros* of Jaca in the twelfth century supplied a model for those of Castile, Navarre, and elsewhere. The famous haughty formula will bear quoting again: "*Nos*"—the nobles say to their king new-crowned,—"*Nos que valemos tanto como vos y podemos mas que vos, os elijimos rey con tal que gardareis nuestros fueros y libertades, y entre vos y nos uno que manda mas que vos: si no, no!*"[1]

Fueros

The pride of the nobles gave their vassals liberty, and the need of the king gave the cities rights. King and *Cortes* are mutually dependent—"For neither the king without the kingdom, nor the kingdom without the king, may severally make a law of the land nor alter that agreed to once, but all united must conjoin in making new laws and providing for the weal and regiment of all: and the more that is done without admixture of any force, cautel or deceit, by so much the more is it more estimable, stabler,

Constitutionalism

and diviner."[2] Thus the *Chronicle of Aragon*, which breaks out elsewhere, to proclaim in a droll passion of constitutionalism, "that it is greater grandeur and majesty to be king of kings than king of caytiffs,—that those who rule kings are (and all the more those who rule well) like the Aragonese, who may make no law without a common accord and have place and power to say what best to them beseems in respect of the regiment of the realm, that greater king there may not be than the king who rules such kings and lords as the men of Aragon be."

Individuality of this metal does not take easily a strange stamp, and there are no foreign traces on the cathedral here. Jaca was the mountain capital when the plain yet lay in power of the Hagarenes.[3] In the eleventh century the bishop of Aragon, whose seat was in Jaca, exercised jurisdiction not only over the Christians of the Mountain, but over the *Mozárabes* of Huesca. In Saragossa they had their own Bishop and possibly also in Tarrazona.[4]

Jaca: the Cathedral.

There still, although the world autumnal be and pale,
Still in their golden vesture the old saints prevail;
Alone with Christ, desolate else, left by mankind.

Architectonics

The quality named architectonic, seems alien to the Spanish genius. This appears in many ways, some of them very curious: in excessive formalism in the Spanish drama, for instance, as if the author could not move himself without the steel and buckram of theatrical convention, and in the interminable assonances which every poetry but the Spanish outgrew some centuries earlier; or, again, in the attitudinizing formulae of Berruguete's choir-stalls; but nowhere so much as in the architecture. The average Spanish church has no particular shape, when you look at it. Barring the great cathedrals built by foreign inspiration and under foreign direction, they are too often mere lumps. The king's daughter

lilium inter spinas

is all glorious within, but outside she looks like a fat market-wife. Yet as the butter-woman was once a trim milk-maid, Jaca cathedral was a fine sight once. From the cloister garth, amid the rose of Sharon, the *lilium inter spinas*, rusty fir tree, and potted bamboo, you may make out above the built-up cloister face the gable of the transept roof, the low tower to mark the crossing, the bold round-headed windows of the aisle, quite blocked now. Then, crossing the beautiful and dim interior, you may pass by way of a market square to a glimpse of one remaining side apse with its own noble round-arched window richly moulded, its billet-moulded cornice carried on splendid and fantastic corbels, where the spaces between these, and the under face of the cornice, are carved with foliage, rosettes, and other luxuriant and highly developed forms, all this, however, hidden behind a ten-foot wall overflowing with eglantine and fragrant leafage.

Within, it is wonderfully little spoiled. The stone that turned brown as iron under

the suns of Aragon is a graver grey in the quiet indoor light, almost a silvery in the sculptures of tomb and retable. Enter from the blazing square; the light is cool and grave, the vista lofty and noble. There are cathedrals which have been erected from parish churches; there are others built express which might as well have been that; this is none of them. Not large, it is yet princely.

Where light is silent

The kingdom of Sobrarbe was founded in the seventh century, and this see in the ninth, but not a stone is earlier than that church of the eleventh (commenced A.D. 1040) where nine Bishops attended a council and after consecrating the new edifice (*i. e.*, probably apses and transepts) signed a document which survives. This was in 1063. The transepts and apses alone can belong to this date: to the end of that century the enclosing walls, the west door, and the beginning of the western tower: to the close of the twelfth the aisles of the nave: to the fifteenth their rib-vaulting, sexpartite, and the elaborate sexpartite vaults of the nave that, leaving the fabric

The original church

below practically untouched, descend upon consoles to a sort of cornice under the clerestory windows, at about the springing of the original great barrel vault.[1] Then the eighteenth century overhauled generally. It is easy for the imagination to construct the original Romanesque church, of which the barrel-vaulted transepts give the scale, and the great cruciform piers, that alternate with cylindrical columns, suggest the mass: many capitals have lasted on from this, some historied and some of strong stiff leafage, and a billet moulding at the springing of the vault and semi-dome.

There were four bays to the great nave, and the piers carried just such transverse arches as may still be seen on the four openings of the crossing and against the end walls of the transepts. On them rested the strong barrel vault, windowless, the light coming from the lofty aisles vaulted in a plain quadripartite form, unribbed, for which the alternate columns of the nave sufficed. The eastern end had three parallel apses, the central one very deep;

it opened directly from the transept, and the central portion of this is covered by an octagonal dome under a low lantern, vaulted on ribs that spring from the centre of each of the cardinal sides and from arches thrown across the corners—*i.e.*, squinches. In this same way the vault is turned in the apsidal chapels at Las Huelgas, in the Constable's at Burgos, and under the lantern at Irache, and it is a Spanish builder's way.[2] At a time when the builders of Auvergne were opening the first tribunes of their dark naves, and those of Languedoc were turning the first ambulatory around their lofty apses, the king's men here had carried a form, simpler indeed, to a greater perfection. D. José María Quadradro quotes from a parchment in the cathedral archives, the prescription of Ramiro's foundation:

a Spanish builder's

> . . . Quod ejus tectum fiat et perficiatur de crota lapidea sive boalta per omnes tres naves sive longitudines incipientes ab introitu magne porte usque ad altaria majora que sunt in capite ipsius ecclesie, et una turris supra dictam portam ubi jam incepimus eam hedificare pro cam-

panali cum octo campanis, quatuor magnis et duabus mediocris, et duabus parvis, cum quibus Dominus noster pius Pater excelsus laudari et universus populus evocari possit, cuius tegumen volumus etiam fieri de lapide firmo.[3]

Lights and incense

Then he continues with provisions for eight lamps to burn continually and incense to smoke upward at all hours of day and night. This is rather an exercise in rhetoric than a builder's instruction, and the king is more concerned with the bells and lights and incense of his daily worship than with the fabric already going up, but from it we make out the Spanish vaulted type unmodified. In the time of his son Sancho Ramírez the rule of Cluny was introduced into the convent of S. Juan de la Peña and some other royal houses of the north,[4] but there is no evidence that builders were fetched during this reform, nor is it likely that the princely bishop of Jaca would have borrowed any from the proud abbot of S. Juan. Relations were strained: at the Council of Jaca the said abbot had affixed his signature

before any of the bishops present, and in 1076 the bishop of Jaca, D. García, Infant of Aragon, opposed the undertakings and exemptions of the abbot.[5]

Bishop and Infant of Aragon

The western narthex, below the tower, was already commenced at the dedication: it was three bays in depth and possibly once more than one in breadth, but not probably. The square projection westward is characteristic of Asturian and Visigothic churches, and the narthex at S. Martial of Limoges[6] and at S. Benoît-sur-Loire, which might have afforded models of a close-pillared Galilee, were not yet builded, for they both must be referred to the height of the twelfth century. The low chamber here, with storied capitals and tympanum sculptured with the labarum, is elder. The sacred symbol is treated like eight rays or spokes, with roses in between, and flanked by a pair of symbolic and rather oriental lions, the one respecting a fallen man, which signifies that God's judgements are disarmed by contrition, the other trampling on human heads, in sign of Christ taking empire over death.

God's judgements disarmed

The south porch

The beautiful and airy portico on the south flank, while Romanesque, is of the latest and most perfect period. That side porch is not peculiar to Spanish churches, but it is very common among them. Only a few leagues away, at Tiermas, the parish church has another, just such, except that it is quite formless. Transept portals in purely Spanish building are rare, even when conditions seem to exact them, as at Las Huelgas: instead, you get the opening in the flank. If the two fine portals at Estella may pass as imposed by the fall of the ground, this cannot be urged of S. Vincent at Avila or S. Martin or S. Millan at Segovia. Neither of these last churches has a proper transept, which also is characteristic. There seems to be an elder Romanesque tradition, which appears in France at S. Benoît-sur-Loire, for instance, and Notre-Dame-la-Grande of Poitiers, and S. Seurin of Bordeaux, which explains the early and precious portal of Bordeaux cathedral, and determines the side door in the rather archaic cathedral of Avila. It is this which is invoked to

explain the symbolism of the wounds of Christ in the five doorways of the church, and the Spanish practice may possibly be determined by the greater glory of His wounded Side.

S. Juan de la Peña.

Fundamenta ejus in montibus sanctis; gloriosa dicta sunt de te.

At three o'clock the *gracioso* called up from the street under Jehane's balcony, and before four we were driving in a purple starlight, that deepened and blanched, along the river Aragon, fringed like all Spanish waters with green linden and plane-trees. A ray shot up and the mountains turned to the purple of heather; the primrose brightness grew and they turned blue; lastly came up a white-hot mass and they were vaporous. By the water-side grew wild iris, and on the other side of the road wild rose and hawthorn. We passed that shrine of Our Lady of Victo- Dawn

ries which commemorates the wives and daughters who could not stay idle in Jaca while their men made a stand against the Moors. In the white mantles and veils of their sheltered life they made a sudden sally and turned the day and helped the slaughter.[1] At a grange called Esculabolsas where men were piling logs by the roadside, we waited while two mules were fetched and a guide, and with them a lame dog who looked like a wolf, yellow and elderly; with these we struck up toward the mountain through stony lanes almost like the English, along a brookside. Logs were dragging down the brook, each at a horse's heels, and the high bank of the lane was often musical with water-channels and flashing where the runnel spilled over into a terraced field. For a long time a sort of doubtful tower rose ahead.

Esculabolsas

At the very head of this valley stands S. Cruz de la Serós,[2] of the Sisterhood, a convent abandoned when the nuns, feeling it lonesome in the country, moved into town in 1552. The convent has fallen away into ruins, but the church is fairly intact.

S. Cruz de la Serós

Just a minute upstream from the poor little village, it lifts well above the willows and alders of the high bank a series of high and heavy masses. The great tower, crowned by a low octagon and pierced by pairs of windows in the upper stages, stands above the south transept, of which the walls are incorporate with it and from which projects one of the two shallow, square-faced structures that enclose the lateral apses. Between them the vast central apse, semicircular, divided by attached columns, adorned with moulded windows, round-headed and shafted in the jambs, is crowned by a cornice on corbels and a low roof. The face of the east wall is continued up a long way, and roofed by a sort of low pyramid, the church having above the crossing a true lantern, thus disguised on the outside and hidden on the inside by a vaulted bay. Approaching from the north, the effect is odd: above and beyond the flat end wall of the transept you see a high square structure sustaining a low broad octagon and behind this again, not much higher, another square, octagon-topped. The tiny nave runs off, absurdly

Auvergne

low. The apse appears in strong profile; and all these square contours, while not structurally so connected, as S. María at Tarrasa is really, perhaps, related—yet do a little recall the characteristic architecture of Auvergne. That is almost the only hint of the sort, however, here in the heart of Aragon.

The nave will have been low always, and at present a number of steps lead down into it. The portal looks like Benedictine work of the twelfth century: it is enclosed by a strong billet and adorned by a superb roll moulding, and then by balls disposed at regular intervals in a hollow—an ugly motive too frequent in twelfth century work; which was to be revived with fatal enthusiasm by Torquemada and the Catholic kings. Quadrado,[3] publishing a sketch that shows ruins now disappeared, copies also three lines of Latin verse about the doorway and a fourth in the cornice:

Janua sum praepes: per me transite, fideles.
Fons ego sum vitae; plus me quam vina sitite,

virgines hoc templum quisque penetrare beatum.
Corrige te primum, valeas quo poscere Xristum.

The low lunette of the tympanum, carved with the chrism and a pair of lions, is copied from that of Jaca, but a daisy or sunflower is unexpectedly dropped into the space below one of these. Of two shafts on which the great torus descends, the right-hand is transitional; under true volutes you find a sheath curling over a ball (rather than a bud); the left-hand has, also under volutes, a pair of lions and other beasts more Lombard-looking than those above, with the same brutal heaviness as some of the monstrous things at the Seo de Urgell. Benedictine, twelfth century, regional — that is the conclusion of the whole matter, exception made of the sunflower. Benedictines

Inside, the western gallery rests on one fantastic shaft, which the holy-water stoup encircles. There are three bays of barrel vault, out of which open the transepts without occupy-

Exotic traits

ing the whole of it; the apse is preceded by a shallow bay and occupies no more than a third of a circle. That you could never divine the lantern, strongly suggests that it was an exotic idea. The transept arms are cross-ribbed, with a very domical vault; a billet moulding runs along the top of the wall and lunettes fill the space below the vaulting — another suggestive trait. The side apses are of course very shallow, lighted by a single window, now half blocked up, at the central line where the square outer face of the mass is tangential to their curve.

Anatolian and Provençal

M. de Lasteyrie says this is frequent in Byzantine architecture. I should have thought it came either from Asia Minor or from Rome. Apses in this form are found in the undated churches on the Anatolian plateau; and, later, in Provence, in the crypt of Montmajour and at Maguelonne. Now the bishops of Maguelonne figure frequently in the ecclesiology of this region, and Bishop Godfrey went along this road when S. Juan de la Peña was consecrated.

A narrow and steep staircase leads up from the nave, in the thickness of the wall. The lantern consists of a superb vaulted chamber with four ribs, moulded, supported on four shafts in the centre of the sides, and deep niches in the corners. The stones of the vault are laid horizontally, like a dome, both here and in the upper chamber of the tower, but not in the transepts below, as they were, for instance, in the domical vaulting of the Old Cathedral of Salamanca. The bases of the shafts are cusped; three of the capitals are historied and the fourth uses the motive of the pine cone (found at Vézelay and at the Pantheon of S. Isidore at Leon), very rich: in late Roman mysticism, the pine cone stood for immortality. The tower chamber, just referred to, which is reached through this room, is roofed with a sort of dome on squinches: *ajimez* windows, in the four faces, have three capitals apiece but the shafts have perished and the openings are walled up where they should be. These capitals anticipate Gothic, like one at the door, with volutes

somewhat as at Cuenca

"topped with a cypress cone"

at the corners and a strong curl below, sometimes a human head.

Toulouse and Provence

The convent was founded perhaps in 987 or 992 by King Sancho of Navarre and his wife, Urraca Fernández, who left eighteen villages to the *sorores* or sisters of S. Cross. The great benefactors were however the family of Ramiro I, who in 1061 recommended it in his will to his daughter. Urraca was professed there and so between 1076 and 1096, were her widowed sisters, Sancha, Countess of Toulouse and Teresa, Countess of Provence. The church was built in their day, the transept vaults belonging to a reconstruction not later than the twelfth century. The wonder is, on the whole, that Toulouse and Provence had not even more to say in the matter; but, as observed already, there are as many reminiscences of northern Auvergne; and the rest are apparently of the nearest cathedral. Briz Martínez,[4] writing the history of S. Juan de la Peña, speaks of this convent as a daughter house, filled with kings' daughters and those of the great nobles and principal persons of the realm,

and adds that the widowed queens passed their lives there. By a decree of the Council of Toledo, widowed Gothic queens might not marry again, and they either took the veil, or took a house near a convent though not bound to the community life.

Wife of one husband

In the poor little village the parish church keeps a Romanesque apse, arcaded, and one house an *ajimez* window of late Gothic in an ogee curve, also rude sculptures on the lintel of eagles, bells, sunflowers, and in the centre a cross. About contemporary with this house is a treasure that the nuns left when they moved into town, and that still graces with its tarnished golds and faded reds the deserted church. The Gothic retable, dated 1490, shows on the left side the Annunciation, Epiphany, and Ascension; on the right the Nativity, Resurrection, and Pentecost; in the centre, flanking a niche, four angels; above, Calvary and the Dormition of the B. V. M. In the Predella a *soi-disant* Coronation is really a scene of the Spouse embracing the Beloved, both on one bench, both crowned, with angels making music: this

is followed by the Presentation of the B. V. in the Temple, and on the other side of the tabernacle, by the Visitation and Candlemas. The figures of the Old Covenant wear octagonal haloes. The drawing everywhere is bad and the scenes quaint rather than powerful, but the time-worn colour is pleasant and this little offshoot of the early school of Aragon would grace a gentleman's collection and doubtless will.

The road runs up-hill

Beyond S. Cruz the path, quitting the walnuts of the brook-side, turns up across the great red flank of the Sierra, where crumbling soil is sparsely overgrown with aromatic plants, cistus and juniper and the wild lavender. The lame dog raced ahead, the mules followed the man, and the landscape slowly widened to northward over the white levels of the Aragon until shoulder above shoulder the Pyrenean heights heaved up and snow-wreaths pied their grey. Along a shelf the road was following a gorge and was constructed of loose stones, any size from a man's fist to a man's torso. Rocks bigger than that, the road-menders had cloven into two or three.

all the way

Some were of pink marble, others of grey and purple, and the ocherous soil was beset with flowers of Alpine loveliness, hawthorn and wild rose and many unknown: like the rue-anemone, but pink; like the cowslip, but purple; and a white flattish blossom that persisted very high. Going up thus among the hills was like going up the map: the northern plants appeared, and we came out at last, on the crown, through thick pine woods into what might have been a clearing in the Adirondacks, where the pines stood more openly in a meadow of tall grass starred with white daisies. There is situated the new convent, red as the mountain side, of little interest, the seventeenth-century church decently kept with a Sunday mass; the range of conventional buildings reduced to a single dwelling habitable for the caretakers, shepherds, and who not. We were urged to rest and eat or drink. One asked, by mischance, for the single thing that taxed the woman's kindness, a drink of water. Wine they had and pressed upon us, but the water had been fetched from far, and was not

with wild flowers

and grasses

fresh, and the mistress must be consulted before the maid would pour a drop. In the dark cool kitchen we watched them preparing the family dinner, with a piece of meat as big as your palm. The mistress arriving with keys and water, we set out for another mile, rather to the ill-content of all the assistants, to find the ancient church. Through the meadow and down a green valley on the other side filled with wild iris we straggled, and feet were suddenly stayed as, across the tree-tops and the thick brushwood, we saw a fringe of pines against the sky, a mighty rock, and a little clump of buildings niched under it like a child's playhouse.

purple iris

and pine

One Vico went hunting the deer in the great forest, it is said, and followed hard upon a stag till it went over the cliff, and the horse, reined up, hung there on the verge by miraculous intervention till the prince could throw himself off and crawl down over the rough jutting face. At the bottom he found the game dead, before a cavern, and a dead hermit within waiting for burial, his name written beside

him. Vico devoutly thanked the good Baptist who, himself acquainted with wildernesses, had stood by him that day, and after burying the hermit assumed his place. A brother joined him, and to them came from time to time the Christian chieftains; before them was made a league and a covenant of the fellows and the followers of Pedro Atares: in their sanctuary was founded, it may be, the kingdom of Sobrarbe, which was to bring forth the kingdom of Aragon. What Covadonga is in the west, that in the east is S. Juan de la Peña, and the venerable church is a place of pilgrimage still, sanctified not only by bones of martyrs, but by dust of kings.

Bones of martyrs

and dust of kings

It is still, in spite of all, homely and lonely, a hermitage and no more. A mighty abbey rose, and fell apart again, and the shrine under the rock abides. In the entrance court the tombs of powerful feudatories were adorned seven hundred years ago with such patterns, of panther and griffin, as cheap workmen at Jeypore enamel in brass for the tourist to-day. The low little church, without aisles, barrel-

La Peña

vaulted, is of no particular style or age, it is mere building, no more. About the twelfth-century cloister, which disdains a vault, for the hugeous rock overhangs it, are set the chapels that devout ages have shapen; one of lovely late Gothic, the arch cusped within and crocketed above; another in the stately beauty of the late Renaissance, with column and cornice, pediment and orb; and the cloister itself barbarously carven with Scripture history after a fashion strictly its own.

S. Juan de la Peña is building of the same sort as S. Cruz, modified in part, first, by survivals of the earlier hermitage, secondly by directly oriental motives, thirdly by its remote inaccessibility, its neighborhood to Jaca, and the presence probably of a body of workmen continuously engaged about the great abbey, who would gradually create a style of their own,—that is to say by a *chantier*. This I have thought to recognize elsewhere, sometimes. It remained an hermitage, occupied by anchorites, till the time of Sancho Garcés I, who organized them as monks cenobite, with an

S. James and Pilgrim, from S. Cernin, Pamplona

abbot under the rule of S. Benedict.[5] At the end of the tenth century the Abbot Paterno, or, according to some, García, called from France by Sancho *el Mayor*, introduced the discipline of Cluny; the monastery, however, was never subject to Cluny, and was in some measure under the authority of the Bishop. When Abbot García died the king called a Mozarabic hermit, S. Íñigo,[6] from his cave in the mountains of Jaca. The dignity of the abbot began humbly, but came to be magistral, or equal to episcopal, and could once compete with the greatest in Spain. He was a great lord not only in the church but in the kingdom. Sixty-five monasteries depended on his, and these not only priories but lesser abbeys as well. There were likewise numbered a hundred and twenty-six secular churches, among them S. Pedro la Rua of Estella, of which the prior was a professed monk of S. Juan.

The history

The tombs in the atrium, while mostly of the thirteenth century, have among them dates like 1089, 1091, 1123. In the cloister, one dated 983 can hardly be original: here

too the inscriptions commemorate abbots mainly of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Sancho Ramírez, we know, rebuilt the monastery and church in the end of the eleventh century; in 1094 Peter I left the siege of Huesca to attend the consecration and, among others, went to it, as said, Bishop Godfrey of Maguelonne.

The aspect

The body of the little church, as you come upon it descending the glen, looks like no more than a transept, with high, formless wall on either side, enclosing, northward, the atrium and whatever remains of monastic building, and southward the cloister and its chapels; the whole niched under the vast rock and smothered in boskage.

The tiny shrine is roofed with a simple barrel vault and ends at the east in a wide sanctuary cut off by three semicircular arches. This is primitive arrangement, Asturian and Mozarabic. There is little to see; rebuildings and repairs have added nothing new but have left nothing marked.

Horseshoe arches

The crypt below, however, is divided down the centre by a row of piers on which rest true horseshoe arches, and the door which

opens from the church upon the cloister is of horseshoe form, and of masonry different from the wall around. These are remnants of the original cenobium founded in the ninth century by Sancho Garcés. On the other hand, the cloister was not finished until the twelfth.

It lies there, four square, without a vault and without a garden. Of the arcade, two sides are still quite perfect, one has perished completely and been built up with simple brick piers and arches, and into the fourth, that next the church, have been built a couple of capitals quite different in style and half a century later. One of these shows a tangle of creepers and creatures, and the other, griffins carrying off sheep. These are in the same style as the capitals of S. Domingo de Silos, but certainly not by the same hand as that, nor yet as those at Estella, sometimes referred to the work at Silos. The themes are worth recording; they run as follows:

Rock-roofed and ancient in the sun

1. On the farthest corner begins a Scripture history with the Creation of Adam,

Capitals

and Adam and Eve. These corners, with four shafts clustered against the outer faces of a pier, are very fine; of the rest, the shafts are sometimes double, sometimes single, under a large capital. The history goes on:

2. The serpent tempting, Adam and Eve abashed, God rebuking them. Adam ploughs with two horses, like the men on the mountain below, while Eve spins. The sacrifice of Cain and Abel.

3. The Annunciation, Visitation, Nativity, Announcement to the Shepherds.

4. Angelic warning to Joseph in slumber. Flight into Egypt. Joseph carries scrip and cloak over his shoulder, people look out above an arched gateway not in the form of a horseshoe but one very familiar throughout Spain, in which the abacus projects and the circular arch is set back as far as the line of the jambs below.

5. Epiphany; the Three Kings; Herod's soldiers; doctors pointing out places on the scroll they are consulting.

6. Ruined: there was a castle with a king sitting in it: probably the Massacre of the Innocents.

7. Two kings:—for the rest, ruinous.
8. The Three Kings riding away.
9. Presentation.
10. Temptation.
11 and corner: Two scenes of boats; Christ walking on the water.

The next, the north side, bears on the corner:

1. The Miracle of Cana.
2. Christ and his disciples with staves, in talk, Mary entreating them. Wayfaring theme
3. The raising of Lazarus and the feast in the house of Simon.
4. Entry into Jerusalem, with the foal of the ass, Zacchaeus in the tree, and the gate of Salem.
5. The Last Supper, Washing of feet.
6. Betrayal: the Jews in high caps.

Then a corner, quite different: four saintly figures within scroll work, and on the other face, Christ in a mandorla between four angels with scrolls, whose wings meet and form the edge. Of course restorers have been here, but they were restricted. One may conjecture that the Old Testament series once filled one of the sides now destroyed, and the

Death and Resurrection of Christ, with possibly a suggestion of the Last Judgment, the other.

Characteristics

The work is curious, excessively barbarous, and quite individual. I am tempted to associate it with the more archaic portions of the other great work at Estella, the portico of S. Miguel, but only after a long interval. Here at S. Juan the modelling is done at times with little more than incised lines; the hands as well as the heads are too large for the figure, hair and beard are indicated by curving parallel lines. The high cheekbone is emphasized by a special line, and the eyes, in Scriptural phrase, "bung out," the socket deeply hollowed and the eyelid and pupil carefully worked on the bulging feature. In spite of all this, the scenes have not only dignity but feeling.

These, it is tempting to associate with the early Lombard sculptures, at Cremona and elsewhere.[7] There is likeness to the Ferrara figures on the door jambs, where Master Nicholas worked. It would be possible, of course, that the messengers

constantly going and coming between this powerful monastery and Rome, should have fetched a master workman as they returned through Lombardy. The relation was close. In the great struggle to suppress the Mozarabic use, that is to say the Hispanic, S. Juan played a great part. "The Roman use was introduced into Spain," says Sandoval,[8] "from S. Juan de la Peña, in March on S. Benedict's Day, era 1071 [that is, 1033 A.D.], the Roman legate fixing himself there." It is, indeed, more likely, on the whole, that the model should have come from Italy than that the lonely mountain abbey, where all the architecture, while sound and strong, is of the simplest and of the region, should have supplied masters to Lombardy and the Emilia. A *chantier* once established—and we have the opinion of Sr. Lampérez that the convent and its dependencies were building steadily from the middle of the eleventh to the middle of the twelfth century—the style would develop with little modification other than refinement and growing power to express beauty on the one hand, and a

of the *chantier*

constant approach to nature on the other. We may, provisionally, discuss this style as if it commenced where we find it first, at S. Juan.

Silos

The two capitals compared with those of S. Domingo de Silos must be treated apart. They are probably from another and a later cloister, the sole remains of it. The work is ruder and less lovely than that at Silos: for instance the locks of hair curled at the tip on the griffins' back are more summary, less oriental and exquisite than the lions' manes at Silos. There is a capital at S. Eutropius of Saintes, of birds pecking at monsters, which, though without *entrelacs*, is identical in the forms of the birds, and uses precisely the same detail to express respectively the long quills of the wing and the short feathers of the body and tail. The capitals of Aulnay are of the same sort: now the church of Aulnay (1135) lay on the pilgrim Road and S. Eutropius of Saintes (consecrated 1096) was one of the great shrines for veneration.

These capitals could have been, at best, oriental only at second or third remove,

but the tombs of the *ricos-ombres* in the outer court have devices directly borrowed from the East. The tombs are mere semi-circular pigeonholes in the bounding wall, hollowed to hold a few bones or a handful of dust; the arch of the upper range decorated with a chequer or billet, that of the lower with the hollow and ball that appeared at S. Cruz. Within this lunette a central disc is adorned with arms, or an elaborate cross, the chrism, a griffin enclosed by a twist, a lion or panther in a border decorated with eight spindles: these came directly from the East, and the daisy dropped at S. Cruz came with them.

Traits oriental

Here, then, in and near Jaca, we have a strong Romanesque style of building that appears as nearly as possible autocthonous, and a type of decoration that goes with it, developed in part, probably, from the Roman and, in part at least, drawn from the general stock-in-trade of Romanesque builders. In Jaca cathedral there is little else. At S. Cruz there is a hint of French masonry and an Eastern decorative motive. At S. Juan, superimposed upon the Spanish

and regional

building and possibly later than the Eastern trinkets, persist the remnants, scanty but sufficient, of work done in the

French manner of Aulnay and Saintes. I should add that the carving of the abaci throughout the cloister has the direct and vigorous forms of the French work cited, and not the more flowing and luxurious grace of those at S. Domingo. Finally, something

Italian Italian-seeming must be admitted.

The good woman jingled her keys, the guide expected us to remember that he had not breakfasted; we left the ancient walls, where decay has been just decently arrested, to their proper quietude and, recrossing the brook and climbing again the steep path through thickets, sat down in the convent orchard to eat the luncheon we had fetched and go to sleep, face down in the grass, thereafter.

When we awoke it was not much past noon, a storm-cloud was pouring over the farther mountain range, and the guide

Returning consented to start for home instead of waiting, as stipulated, till four o'clock. The kindness nearly cost him an apoplexy.

The heat was superb. There is no other word for that air of the Spanish noontide which is like brandy in your blood: dry, white, thrice distilled, you draw it in like a perfume, you absorb it like an intoxicant.

The mules, after their kind, walked among rolling stones on the extreme outer edge of the mountain side; the tree-tops danced below. The Pyrenees were vaporous. The intervening air boiled as above hot metal. The lame dog who looked like a wolf raced ahead, dug himself a cave under the shady side of some brow or knoll ot clay and lay in the cooler redder earth till we had gone well past, then dashed ahead again. After we repassed S. Cruz we found the horses again stepping and stumbling down the brook, each with a log banging at his heels: noonday rest was over. By the grange men were piling logs again: we drove back to Jaca in the dust that choked like soot and arrived in time for tea and a long sleep before the long dinner and the walk thereafter to a bit of park along the water-side.

the tides of the day

changed

Alfonso el Batallador.

While kings of eternal evil
Yet darken the hills about,
Thy part is, with broken sabre,
To rise on the last redoubt;

To fear not sensible failure,
Nor covert the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, driven against the wall!

García Íñiguez was ruling his kingdom of Sobrarbe when he took Pampeluna from the infidel. The county of Aragon lay between the two streams called by that name; one comes down from Canfranc and the Pyrenees, and runs on one side of Jaca; the other comes down from the Port of Hecha. The first count, D. Aznar, of great lineage, was serving under D. García at the siege of Pampeluna and was sent by him with some companies of men of that country to the city of Jaca. The Moors were not expecting attack and it fell as soon as Pampeluna, in the year 759. Others say that he came in from France with his vassals and took it, and then García, pleased with his valour and nobil-

Vive con noble osadia . . .

ity, gave him the title of Count of Aragon. Jaca is a city on the slope of the Pyrenees, in antiquity inferior to none in Spain. It was *muy venturosa*, more than any other in Spain. As it was the port and entry of France, the next year four kings and an immense army came up from Navarre and Sangüesa to retake it. Thanks to the women, they did not. The *fuero* of Jaca was probably given by Gelindo Aznar, the second count of Aragon: so given, because the Goths had prohibited the imperial (i.e., the Roman) code. Sancho Ramírez in 1073 did not change this in any wise: he kept the Gothic code, he did not impose the imperial: he owned no lord in the world but the Roman pontiff. That last clause will bear discounting — it was written by an ecclesiastic in the seventeenth century.[1] Actually, belike, the Roman pontiff got what was left after the Lion's share had been measured.

Jaca ancient and

muy venturosa

Alfonso Sánchez, his son, the second Alfonso, who was to be known as *el Batallador*, the lord of battles, was born at Hecha, in the mountains. There the lords of

The Happy Warrior

Aragon held always royal hunting lodges, and kings had their sons brought up there because the cold clear air, on the very peak of the Pyrenees, made them strong, robust, and soldierly. At the age of seven years, or possibly of ten, he was put in charge of a monk at S. Juan de la Peña; the abbot named for his tutor D. Galindo de Arbas, prior of S. Salvador de Puyo, who took Alfonso with him and taught him grammar and the other humanities. This the king recalls in a privilege dated 1108. He was to be, always, a great gentleman and a great soldier. He was crowned at Huesca, and on the same day a Grand Rabbi of the Jews there, was converted and baptised, the king standing godfather; in 1106 he stood godfather to a greater convert, that Petrus Alfonsus who composed the *Disciplina Clericalis*.

. . . parte muy principal

As his name reveals, he was born to be the Happy Warrior. Mariana calls him a great captain in soul, of valour and fortitude unparalleled, the glory and honour of Spain. He shared all his winnings with God; he was generous, pious after his kind,

and strong as his Pyrenean rocks. To the brother whom he succeeded, and to the brother who succeeded him, he was staunch and generous, giving all the service that they asked: fortunately, this lay in the line of right conduct, and their careers, if not unshadowed by personal grief and regret, by too early death, and a vocation renounced, yet never ran counter to the glory of religion and of Spain. To hold up Spain with a strong clasp, and to put the fear of God into the Moors, was D. Alfonso's concern: God gave power to his arm, and strength to his party. In the unhappy matter of his marriage with Doña Urraca, he seems to have acted like a gentleman and a king, never letting personal relations override political. The heiress of Galicia, Leon, and Castile, partly in her own right, partly in transmitting that right to an infant son, Doña Urraca had the same virile strength as Queen Blanche and Queen Berengaria in the next century; but she had not their austerities. Since she allowed herself the same liberties as a man, it is small wonder

de las glorias de España . .

so, Flórez

that her husband treated her with the same directness as a man. In the west her matrimonial difficulties were made the excuse for faction and rebellion: in the east, his matrimonial connexions gave a good ground for conquest and annexation. In the *Historia Compostellana* D. Alfonso is painted with horns and hoofs; in the *Chronicle of S. Juan de la Peña*, Doña Urraca is a scarlet woman.

Archbishop Roderick

Roderick of Toledo, who must have known some who had known him, has only good to say, calling him in the *Chronicle in Romance* "a very Catholic prince, a constant benefactor of the religious, who lived always in a fervid zeal to increase the faith of Jesus Christ and continue war against the infidel." No other king of Spain had conquered so many lands from the Moors, nor entered so many times in battle with them, and always triumphed. He took Valencia; he took Saragossa, esteemed impregnable since Charlemagne's vain exploit and tragical retreat. His brilliant raid into the south did, probably, all that he expected and more. We know, through the re-

luctant admissions of Ibn-aç-Çairafi of Granada, how the Christians called him down with the offer of twelve thousand warriors to help him, and among their names not one a boy's or an old man's.[2] Coming in September of 1125, he spent a year and six months harrying the fairest lands of the Hagarenes, along the east coast and throughout the south. His expedition supplied a kind of counterpart, a *revanche*, for that of Almanzor, in the north, a century and a half before. The Arabs

Queen Urraca had just died, in childing of a bastard, say some chroniclers, but she was to have her revenge of the husband she had so hated. It may be that the poison she brewed for him had done some work, had touched some cell in the brain or twisted some fibre. A curious unexplained incident recorded near Malaga is just tinged with the fantasticality that passes over into fatality. "He had a little boat built," says the Arab, "and caught fish which he ate." It seems to come straight out of the Third Calendar's tale in the *Arabian Nights*. Was it done for a vow, Fatality

or, as his enemy prompts, to be talked of afterwards? His wit and judgement had not failed: when they were passing the defiles of the river Salobreña he glanced up at the cliffs and said to one of his knights (a sheik of the country heard and reported): "What a tomb, if anyone above threw down sand on us!"

After conquering Saragossa, Tarragona, Calatayud, and Daroca, and generally speaking all beyond Ebro, he turned toward the confines of Catalonia. He took Alcobia and laid siege to Lérida, coming down the Ebro in galleys: for the Ebro used to be navigable, in Vespasian's day boats went as far as to Logroño; in the fifteenth century, they could still get up to Pampeluna. Lérida did not fall, and he threw himself into Mequineza; then in August of 1133, leaving that high-towered castle in good hands, he came out and attacked Fraga. Winter came, with great cold and excessive rain: he had to send the army home, every man to winter in his own house. Again he tried the siege in February and in April. Then Valencia

Roman galleys on coins already

was lost. Battle was joined on July 17th, and the king was killed. The Black Book of Santiago says, under the feast of SS. Justa and Rufina: "Era 1172 fuit interfectio Christianorum in Fraga." Compostella would be glad, for Galicia had, on the whole, backed Urraca, or at any rate regarded the recurrent difficulties with her like quarrels in the family. The great archbishop, out there, was dying like an old lion among jackals: the news must have struck on his heart. "But indeed," old Briz Martínez says,[3] "when he died it was as when a tree falls, any man can hack at it, however once prized." He had lived too long, and his star had over-watched the ascendant by an hour. That is the life of many men; perhaps, if truth were known, of all except the early dead. The wheel of fortune that turns so slowly and never stops turning, that brings a man to the topmost pitch, will swing him down again unless Death cuts him loose. The Happy Warrior is he full-armed and dead in the morning of battle. Men never found Alfonso's body, or his royal arms or a sure

When D. Alfonso died

sign of him: and there is another story of his end which belongs to S. Juan de la Peña.

Hither at the last, in September weather, had come *el Batallador* from the defeat at Fraga, to die. He had conquered Saragossa and Tudela and Bayonne, he had helped the Cid at Valencia; for thirty years he had been winning, and had taken many cities, and now the tide had turned. He got off his horse and went to his bed. On the morning of the seventh he bade close all the doors of the monastery, and so he died. What was the thought in all that bolting and barring before the end? Not against powers of this world, one fancies, but against elemental, and the powers of the rock and the air, and the prince of the powers of the air. Or was it the desperate determination not to die, to imprison still the escaping soul, and catch and cage it yet? By his will the kingdom was to be shared among ghostly warriors who were trained men-of-arms, knightly monks, who could count on having God behind them, the Order of the Temple, of S. John of Jerusalem, of the Holy Sepulchre.

Coronica General cap. 966, f. 261 v. Some say he lived on as pilgrim

So passed the grand fighter, but the memory of him stirs and wakes at times in Spain. Of such great figures of the Middle Age as this Alfonso, and Doña Urraca his spouse, Ferdinand the Saint, and Diego Gelmírez the prelate who so nearly was another pope, I can evoke only a cloudy and fleeting image, a flitting shape, a shadow on running water, But of their presence is ever aware the pilgrim in Spain. There is an ancient legend, told in many lands, of a traveller falling asleep in a plain or a valley or on a hillside where once was fought a battle: how in the night under the sailing moon he hears faint tramplings, the neighing of horses and trumpets blown, steel clanging, and heavy bodies falling, or he sees at such times the pale wraiths clash and strive and lose at the last all soundlessly. And when the sun is up again, the dew hangs strung on gossamers, in her quivering spires the lark trills, the tall seeded grasses wave in the freshening wind, yet unfallen.

Shadows of smoke

on running water

III

THE BATHS OF TIERMAS

D'ailleurs, voyage t'on en Espagne? Au fond on y fait plutôt des pèlerinages. — Gómez Carrillo.

At Jaca we watched the young nobility of Spain training boy scouts: we paced the grey flagged streets between the grey stone houses: we sat in the cathedral, early and late, but, though cool and grey, it is not so good as some for sitting in. The *Coro* takes up too much room. All the centuries have bedecked and bedraped it, not so ill neither, and it is a comely, friendly, experienced place, not moving or edifying. At the last we climbed a ladder and sat down on the top of another yellow motor-omnibus bound for Tiermas.

The road, tree-planted, follows the river

westward, all the way. The cities sit up on hills; you see them from far, and pass them, and see them far. Berdun, which is one of these, boasts a great church dedicated to S. Eulalia, but Aymery Picaud knows nothing of it, nor do I. The wide white plain is bounded by blue mountains that hardly change; the vast blue sky is strewn with white piles of cloud that sail and sail; the car climbs hills at full speed and swings around curves like a boy's sling, and you know that if it skidded you would be slung into the next kingdom like a boy's stone. When a shower passed over we pulled a rug over our two heads: the car sped through it and into blue again. In one place an old man in a wide hat was raking up and turning in the sun a square yard of daisy heads, curing them for I know not what *tisane*. Elsewhere two old men went down a road dangling empty wine flasks, their white shirt sleeves, their alpargatas and white socks and long black stockings, their broad black sashes and velvet vests, the dress of Aragon. The Sierra on the south approached, the river

Set on a hill

thermae

bed on the north widened; its sandy banks between the shallow pools were not more arid than the land on either side, just diversified with purple pebbly rock and grey aromatic shrubs, rosemary, juniper and cistus. The great back of a hill lifted a few grey houses against the windy blue, and around the curve of it we drew up at the Baths of Tiermas.

These *thermae* the Romans knew, and bequeathed a name and an old red porphyry tank, no more. The charm of Tiermas is older than they, is old as the elements. The landscape is like that of the Sistine *Creation of Adam*, but the ringing sky and the clear wind are older even than the rocks and marl, are ageless and immortal.

It is hard to tell another what we found in Tiermas to like it so. Not, surely, the sulphuretted hydrogen of the waters, which flavoured the drinking and the cooking. The very pillows and table-napkins tasted thereof. The inn at Jaca had been excellent after its kind, and that a kind which while entirely Peninsular was for goodness

almost European: we liked it well enough. I dare say if we had stayed, in Tiermas, at the new large hotel across the tiny square, we should have been merely bored and impatient with the wide shady hall and wicker furniture, with the private chapel for the convenience of priests stopping at the house, and the upper gallery, yet more private, therein, for the reserve of great ladies; with the airy dining room and its conventional little tables and conventional long meals. But after reading the tariff painted up on a board in plain view we crossed over to the Old Inn. They took us up, past the steaming stone tanks of the basement where you sat to soak in the very troughs of a thousand years ago, down long whitewashed corridors that recalled the Springs of the last century in Virginia, into a pair of huge bare rooms, scrubbed and empty and airy. You saw outside the windows a clean sky piled with white clouds, and the vast heave of a hill where a thread of road crept and wound and men and donkeys crawled up at nightfall to the ancient town and trotted

The Old Inn

piety later had erected and deformed with a baroque altar-piece. Considering the date and the general formlessness of the brick agglomeration, it was curious to see, notwithstanding, all the members of Jaca cathedral here: the open southern porch, the western tower, the shallow transepts and low square above the crossing; only here the apse is square-ended like the other terminations. Above the church porch, reached by a fine flight of steps, is a little apartment, inhabited. I have seen the same at S. Ciprián in Segovia, and at Fornells on the Catalonian frontier. Of the deliberate desolation of the town in the sixteenth century I spoke too hastily: one of the town gates does survive, built into a house, and through it the winds blow. In the view the Sierra de Leyre rises grandly, wooded chiefly with scrub-oak up the side and topped for uncounted miles by palisades like those along the Hudson.

A prophet's chamber

Another day we pushed up into this sierra in search of the venerable abbey of S. Salvador de Leyre, motoring for about an hour along the highway to Yesa, there

taking a couple of donkeys and old women and at the church dismissing them with half a notion of walking home across country. But we did not risk it, for that the way dipped down at least twice out of sight of landmarks, we could clearly perceive, and that the land was cut up with sheep tracks and the little foot-ways by which each man goes in the morning to work his own patch of mountain ground, the long plough lashed upon the donkey's back, and comes home at night with a stack of green fodder piled above it. Therefore we walked back as we had come, to Yesa, over stony land like monstrous pudding-stone, and disputed the way with a brook or two, and soaking springs. Awaiting the motor, we made friends with the men, who hardly at all mistrusted us; the women who gossiped, an hour at a time, with a water-pail like a churn borne easily on the head; the children who were dressed like old women and like them covered the hair, tying a kerchief under the chin. We saw trains of mules go through, and again loaded waggons, three or four

. . . And to his labour until the evening

together, and everything stopping at the toll house to pay according to its value. We sketched, I recall, an old wrought iron knocker, on a street door. The church had no interest to offer, in whitewashed nave or blunt tower. Not one house in the village possessed a pane of glass: wooden shutters closed the windows at need.

Protective colouring

These brown Spanish towns have the same trait as some birds and insects and even furry things, of protective colouring. Without contour or colour to distinguish them, they disappear into the landscape at even a little distance. Men were building that year a road for automobiles to go up to S. Salvador, so for those who read this there will be no more of grey donkeys and stony tracks.

Leyre.

Heureux qui voyage *On y prend passage*
En ces lieux bénis: *Pour le Paradis.*
— Hymn of Lourdes.

Many pilgrims must have visited the abbey, for it is very venerable and lies

only a few miles above the ancient track, yet none brought such gifts as they left in towns along the Way. In Navarre it lies, just over the frontier, but I find it called in old histories court and heart of the realm. At times it was the seat of the diocese now named of Pampeluna, and for long it held a right that the bishop should be selected from thence. It lasted for at least a thousand years; S. Eulogius visited it in 851, and it was not burned till 1835. The wealth was unspoiled until after the seventeenth century. The range of the eighteenth-century monastery, roofless and empty-windowed, dominates the plain front of the church for a long way up the road. A donation signed in 908 still exists, but the foundation is older, for Íñigo Arista we know restored it, and the present crypt, I am pretty sure, belongs to his restoration and therefore to the ninth century. Benedictines had been fetched to it, from Cluny, before 1022. In 1090 Sancho Ramírez conceded to it the exemptions of Cluny: he had then probably commenced the upper church, for under

A thousand years

but as yesterday

the reign and in the presence of Pedro Sánchez his son, Peter I, the consecration took place in 1098.[1]

The Bishop of Compostella

Present likewise was Bishop Diego of Santiago, his own church being well under way and the decoration in the hands of workmen of the same school. The work at Compostella is very different in quality from any here, that is to say, in beauty absolute; it is less archaic than some on this portal and purer and earlier than the rest. A chance such as this for the student to make comparison is precious as rare.

The church then consecrated must have consisted of three apses, circular, and quite plain without; and then two bays of barrel vaulting, the aisles excessively high and narrow. On the western face of the last pier are attached shafts, their capitals in the same style, as if in preparation for continuing a nave that was never to be built. Possibly this eleventh-century building had actually a nave, later to be pulled down: possibly the western door was commenced early and duly reared but the junction with the choir never effected.

In 1230 the Cistercians were introduced: "because of abuses," says a historian. Benedictines dislodged them from 1270 to 1273 only, then they returned for good, and some time thereafter built the present nave of a single great span. 'In style the building, says Sr. Lampérez,[2] is Poitevin of the most archaic, and it belongs to the eleventh century; the Cistercians lengthened, raised and vaulted it. This great span excels as a wonder that which at Gerona Guillermo Boffy planned in 1416, and precedes it by a generation if not two. The vaults are of the fourteenth century indisputably, and should be compared with those of the church of Ujué in Navarre.

Archaic Poitevin

The portal as it stands was put together, largely out of earlier material, in the fourteenth century. The grotesques, which certainly are not earlier than that, are curiously crude, not so much barbarous as puerile. Like *S. Juan de la Peña*, S. Salvador lay out of the world, out of the main stream, and there is danger of dating everything too early and mistaking archaism for age.

School of Toulouse

It is impossible, for instance, to admit that the figures in the tympanum belong to Carolingian times, that is to say, to Íñigo Arista's building. They are of the school of Toulouse, and they are provincial imitations of work accepted and mature. We have no dated work in Toulouse earlier than S. Sernin, consecrated 1098. The figures of Christ and the angels built into the choir enclosure there, show how that art began: these at Leyre show how it could end.

Similarly in the crypt the capitals are quite literally barbaric, carved chiefly with parallel grooves and spirals that may be intended to imitate the Ionic volute but curve the wrong way. Madrazo gives some drawings of these.[3] In France, I think the capitals cited by Courajod[4] without a date in some remote Breton churches, may be of the same kind; and those of the ninth century at Cruas, in the Ardèche, though better, suggest them.

The division into nave and aisles, in the lower church, is further complicated by a row of shafts and arches carried midway

down the nave and even through the apse of it; and another transverse row, which makes four bays in all from east to west. Owing to the fall of the ground, the apses of the crypt open well into the light, as at S. Martín de Unx, in Navarre, at Saintes and Auxerre in France and in so many other early Romanesque churches. The low arches, stilted, carry a barrel vault, and inside the arch of the main apse are cylindrical shafts of which the capital is merely a larger cylinder incised with a few lines.

Crypt

In the early part of the upper church the capitals, while primitive, do not lack grace. The arch of the aisles is very stilted and at the entrance to the apses stood a shaft under the arch; this was cut away at some period to accommodate retables now perished but luckily the capitals were left. The barrel vault of the aisles is much higher than the nave arcade, a curious trait which may be associated with the same relative lowness of the arches between nave and aisles in such pre-Romanesque churches as *S. Juan de Baños* and *S. Salvador de Val-de-*

and east end

French instances

Dios. At any rate, some account must be made out for it, considering the uncommon height, normally, of the nave arcade in those churches of Poitou which S. Salvador most recalls. The interior, if the nave as planned originally was ever done, would have looked like those of Chauvigny and S. Savin, or S. Hilaire of Poitiers which certainly was, after a fashion, completed, with the same exceeding height and exceeding narrowness, and with a timber roof, by the end of the eleventh century.[5] The great difference between the French churches and this lies in their acceptance of the ambulatory chapels: but the S. Hilaire consecrated in 1049 had a great apse and two small ones eastward of the transept, and the present arrangement belongs to a reconstruction in the twelfth century when the edifice was vaulted by an architect who seems accountable for the present absurd arrangement in the nave, as well as for an ambulatory with four chapels. The piers there are cruciform, a three-quarter column on each face, so also at Chauvigny, which lies on a frequented

road. Half way between there and Poitiers, S. Julian had a shrine. There was a straight way for builders to come, summoned or on the tramp.

The nave, only two steps lower than the older part, consists of three bays of fine ribbed vaulting and one, narrow and a trifle taller, at the western end. Like the Poitevin churches of a single nave, it has strong round lateral arches against the wall, and on the south, in the first bay, another great round arch, higher, that springs from about the springing of the present vault. In that same bay, on the north wall, is a good late-pointed window of two lights, cusped, under a cusped triangle, and this bay ends, on each side, with a shaft against a pilaster, as if there had been an intention while the walls were going up to continue the eastern part. In the next two bays a round-headed window comes just under the lateral arch on the south side, having one shaft in the jambs and beautiful fantastic capitals, one of birds with their necks interlaced. A similar transitional window in the west wall has, however, early Gothic

Nave

capitals. In the south wall a very beautiful little door that opens into a chapel led once to the cloister: the head of the round arch is strongly moulded, the tympanum carved on the outer face with the labarum in low relief; the capitals of the three shafts in each jamb are adorned with plant forms stylized without loss of feeling for the pine-tassel and cone, the young shoots of the vine, and others.

A long day

Of the portal I am entitled to speak in some detail, as to iconography and style both, for I spent the best part of a day in watching it. At the convenience of the motor omnibus we had set out in the sun-rise and were to return at dusk. We had inspected the church exhaustively, and the crypt and the capitals and the mouldings and the vaults. We had raised and laid again all the probabilities of date and provenance, and photographed everything accessible. Jehane has a nice sense for the look of a century, which she educated long ago at the Museum of the Trocadéro; her rough guess is always suggestive. The old women who had peered and lis-

tened after us went home again, and there was nothing to do but watch the portal and as the sun moved try another photograph. We lunched on potato omelette and cold breaded chops; Jehane slept on the grass and woke and consumed such of the chops as remained and wandered off to exchange amenities with the caretaker, her dog, and her donkey: I had nothing to do but look at the portal.

Windows that look into the sun

The convent of Leyre was planted on a spur of the great sierra which runs off at about half the height, on the very spine or ridge of it, so that eastward the windows of the crypt look into the sun over falling gullies and copsewood, and at the west a narrow terrace, well shaded with holm-oak and walnut, is sustained by a low wall of stone. Over this you may lean and, looking over plantations where once were forests, even into the kingdom of Aragon, rest at last upon the bare flanks of the Pyrenean outliers. Opposite the portal this wall swells into a hemicycle and receives a stone bench: lying there in the sun waiting while the shadows moved, in

The Abbot Viril

the quiet of a land inhabited, while the insects sang a tiny tune from which you missed the constant thrill ot the cicada, where danced the blue-mailed flies, the gossamer-winged gnats, while a dog barked far away, I thought of the abbot Viril.

In his day the whole mountain side was thick forest, and the tiny church which he knew, and the cluster of cells, was walled in, houses and herb-garden, against the wolves. From this station he looked out on the heaving top of a vast wood, that filled the valley except where the white road ran, and the river's course was marked by a brighter green. It is said that one evening at the hour of recreation, Viril went out the convent gate and down to a clear spring, under a rock, in the outskirts of the wood, pacing quietly, breathing the evening cool and the grassy sweets, but troubled in mind. If Heaven were indeed all music, eternally prolonged, he had an instant fear that one might, in the end, be bored. This was right Spanish, the ennui and the orthodoxy both. The shocking thought would not away, and the good

known also at Samos

old man was mightily perturbed. Above the spring a little brown bird on a bough sang and sang, now so softly, now so rapturously, that he stayed his walk. It sang, may be, three minutes and then spread wings and flew away, and the abbot turned back, for night was thickening under the trees. His sight was troubled in the dusk, for when he reached the convent gate he hardly knew it, nor yet the porter's face, and the brothers, coming in from recreation, looked unfamiliar. They stood about staring a little silently, and one said a word about calling the abbot, and Viril said, quite gently, that he conceived himself to be the abbot, and they fell silent again. One who had slipped away came back anon, bringing the abbot and the old, old monk with whom he had at the moment been engaged. This one it was who remembered in the puzzled talk that followed, to have heard long since how three hundred years ago an abbot Viril, going out at twilight, had never again come in: for the three minutes of the bird's song had been three hundred years.

"O grey-brown bird!"

Evensong

So Viril was assured of the joy of heaven and in three days, having received the sacraments, his soul passed thither and his body was buried beside the dust of his old monks.[6]

Three bright flies, in metallic armour of blue and green, hung in the sunlight. Yes, that is Spain, the thought went on, you listen to the magical bird's song, and the sound of it is never out of your ears again.

There is a poem by Sung Chih-Wên, I recalled, to the same effect: then *In the court of silent dreams* I lost myself again.

The Court of Silent Dreams

Little by little in the changing lights details became clearer, figures grew recognizable, intentions defined themselves. It is highly convenient to go to a place in your own automobile and when you have seen enough to go away again, but to stay there much longer than you like is more instructive.

The whole portal, seen from far, is merely a projection on the flat face of the church. Pious hands have screened the worn sculptures with a bit of penthouse roof, otherwise it is as the last rebuilding

left it, six hundred years ago. The rather low arch of the tympanum encloses six figures and the traces of a seventh that were made for some such place but are merely built in here. They are of the school of Toulouse, and represent Christ blessing, with a book, between SS. Mary and John, SS. Peter and James also blessing and with books, finally, in the left-hand corner, a little seated figure writing on a tablet with style in one hand and eraser in the other, as in the miniatures of manuscripts a scribe is figured. Unluckily his head is gone, and the whole of his mate at the left. Madrazo[7] would have these figures to represent, besides the Saviour and His mother, SS. Nunila and Alodia, VV. MM., on her right and His left, and SS. Viril and Marcián at the ends. The last two identifications may be right, the other figures, however, are not meant for women, but, one of them, for the Beloved Disciple beardless and bareheaded. Madrazo also says[8] that Ceán Bermúdez read on a stone on the north side, "Magister Fulcherius me fecit," but does not care to admit that it

SS. Peter, James, and John

Maître Foulques

could have been right since Fulcherius or Foulques would be a Frenchman. Therefore he would amend Fulcherius and let the unknown architect take his chance with a Roman name!

The archivolt includes three main sculptured orders with decorative moulding between, and a broad billet outside; of these, the innermost is decorated mainly with plant forms, the next two with grotesques based mainly on animal forms, lastly, a broader row no less grotesque, of which some details are masks and some are monsters but most are human. a man hugging his knees; and some musicians, one with fiddle, one with harp; likewise a man supping out of a pot with a long spoon, as the proverb says in certain circumstances you must. I conceive all of this, like a certain leaf or shell pattern (recalling the wild mallow of garden paths) which runs through the reconstruction, bordering the tympanum, for instance, and decorating the abacus of one of the jamb shafts, to be of the fourteenth century. On each of the flat buttress-pilasters that flank the

"—who sups with the devil —"

jambs, stands a saint, a lion above him and another under his feet. The lions are Lombard-looking, one eating a sheep; the figures Toulousan. So are the capitals, carved, two with birds, their necks interlaced, or with animals, one being early Gothic. Finally stretched across the top of the projecting mass of the portal, and filling the spandrels, are figures and parts of figures remotely Toulousan, left from an earlier façade. On the capital of the central shaft, which is formed by four seated men, the drapery is very finely worked and reminds me on the one hand of the seated Saviour at Avila, and on the other of the zodiacal figures at Toulouse. I conceive this capital to be a bit of repairing, done by a master passing who was familiar with Languedoc and Castile. Heads of the evangelical lion and ox jut out as if to support a lintel.

Avila and Languedoc

In the mass of sculptures built about this arch, not all are plain, but some are unmistakable: chief among these, in the left-hand spandrel, the great S. James with his staff and book. A head alongside seems

The Transfiguration

that of one dead or sleeping. Above, in the row of statues just under the cornice, you have, first, S. Michael (or possibly S. George) with the long triangular shield of the twelfth century, trampling upon the conquered dragon's scaly folds, then, blessing, the Christ of the Mount of Transfiguration, between the chosen apostles. Two of these have beards curled and parted, like those of Toulouse; the third, the Beloved, is again young and beardless, and points to his book. In a triangular space on either hand, near the summit of the arch, angels are trumpeting to Judgement through great olifaunts, and above them, next the young S. John, are, amongst others on a smaller scale than heretofore, a couple of women whom I take to be of the risen righteous, and a man in pilgrim cloak and sun-hat, in suppliant posture. On the northern half, which is the Saviour's left, you find hell-mouth, figured as a gigantic mask with eyes, ears, and ribbons dangling down from the lips: a devil points it out to a man. Jonah lies under his whale, which is curved like a dolphin.

Into the remaining space on this side the Annunciation and Visitation have been tucked away. In the former the angel, in accordance with Byzantine iconographic use, has one wing folded back over his shoulder like a cloak, and the other stretched out behind his outstretched hand which holds a cross — a beautiful bit of symbolism that I do not recall elsewhere. Over the Visitation broods the Holy Ghost.[9] The women wear hanging sleeves with a close wrinkled sleeve below, and veils drawn up about the face to form a wimple.

The Annunciation

Now for the interpretation of all this. The early church was Poitevin in style, as shown by the great height and narrowness of the aisles and the use and proportions of the longitudinal arches. Churches of this type have room for much sculpture on the façade, even for several distinct themes; *Notre-Dame-la-Grande* accommodates more figures, and more apparently confused but really coherent symbolism than this of Leyre could ever amount to. In a church dedicated to S. Saviour the patronal

The Key

feast is kept on August 6, the Feast of the Transfiguration, and the scene upon Mount Tabor belongs therefore among the sculptures. The reader may recall that at the cathedral of Santiago at Compostella, Aymery Picaud saw this same Transfiguration occupying the west doorway, whence it was displaced by Master Matthew's Apocalypse, and a motive somewhat similar in the face of the south transept above the doors, Christ and S. James, the cypress of the mountain and Abraham who awakens for he has seen the Day of the Lord. The head I noted here at Leyre, I take to be Abraham's.

The cypress

The theme of the Last Judgement was firmly established in the south by the middle of the twelfth century. At Beaulieu, at Autun, at Espalion, the angels are trumpeting and the dead are rising. Jonah appears here, fantastically indeed, but no more irregularly than on the pulpits in the south of Italy, to enforce the great mystery of the Resurrection. Lastly, somewhere among the innumerable arcades of this

The whale

style room was found, as at *Notre-Dame-la-Grande*, for the joyful mysteries of the Incarnation, the Angelic Salutation and the Magnificat. These all belong to that church of which just enough was finished for consecration in the last year of the eleventh century, to permit the daily Mass and the monastic office. It may be that the saint upon the south jamb, and his fellow, quite worn away, on the north, are a trifle later in date than the mass of the work, and that the figures in the tympanum are not only more archaic but actually elder. The same difference of date among statues of a single fabric is noticeable at Compostella. A.D. 1099

What I have shown is that the carven work here at Leyre may fairly be dated at the outset of the twelfth century,[10] may fairly be explained by comparison with that at Santiago and, being off the route of pilgrims, loses the advantage of that constant interchange of reminiscence and innovation, suggestion and combination, which was the making of a church like S. Mary's at Sangüesa. Off the track

Eunate

Sangüesa.

The City speaks:
Casada soy, rey Don Juan,
Casada soy, que no viuda;
El moro que á mí me tiene
Muy grande bien me quería.

The river Aragon

Sangüesa lies really not very far from Tiermas, though the river Aragon likes to turn and wind with many doublings in between, and the road which follows the river makes a great business of it. The motor omnibus does not follow at all, but strikes across northward and combines at another station with the good little electric line that runs around and about from Pampeluna into the remote valley of Roncal and, on another fork, half-way to Roncevaux. The ancient way, however, made but one stage from Jaca to Sangüesa that lies fair and lovely by the green water's side. Passing through the town, you climb a long hill and come out in a sort of upper world, with heights and valleys of its own and a great sweep of clean bright air through which you look across to a brown city lying on a brown hill-

side, like a rock on the sands: that is Sos, in Aragon. It is perhaps a good moment to name a peculiarity noted more than once hereabouts, how you may climb and climb, with long loops and windings of well-metalled road, and come up at last into, so to speak, Beanstalk-country, with its own hills and dales, from which you do not again descend. Above Sangüesa it would seem you could walk on forever in the bright fierce heat, and when you turn back and descend the long declining road that grows after a while into a street, you are in an equally valid world below, by the river. Not far from here lies Javier, where S. Francis Xavier was born, a seat of pious memories and Jesuit architecture.

The Beanstalk country

Sangüesa, called *la que nunca faltó*, was founded virtually by Alfonso *el Batallador*, who in 1132 gave exemptions and privileges to the free men of Sangüesa la Vieja, which was most likely Rocaforte, if they would settle on the plain below his castle. There was a ford and a bridge, there, and it was frontier, and on a main road, so the castle had to keep the way and the men had to

Ford and bridge

A palatine church

keep the castle. The year before, he had made a gift to the religious of S. John of Jerusalem of his palace which stood near the bridge and the church within it: *de la Iglesia de S. Maria que estaba dentro del patio del rey al principio del burgo nuevo.*[1] That cannot quite have been the present church. Unluckily the next useful date falls too late, being that of concessions made by Philip of Evreux, the spouse of Queen Jehane, counted as Philip III of Navarre, in 1330, when *por causa del diluvio de agua era perdida gran parte de la villa.*[2]

S. Mary the Royal is a noble transitional church of the late twelfth century with an octagonal dome of the early fourteenth carried on squinches: it has three apses arcaded round inside, high up, three aisles of two bays, but no transept, and a western gallery. The main arches are all pointed and a strong quadripartite vault, beautifully ribbed, descends upon clustered piers with two columns on each face and another in each corner to receive the ribs. The capitals are mainly of Romanesque form, developments of the acanthus or applica-

tions of the eagle; one pair shows griffins, elsewhere lions are eating a creature; all beautifully conceived and executed. The eastern capitals of the main arcade are early Gothic, the later, on a larger scale, are by a master. The design of a Nativity is like that of the Rood-screen at Chartres and the pulpit at Siena; the man riding on horseback belongs to a corresponding Epiphany, and the head of the following horse comes around the corner. The bases are high, with griffes in the corner. The west wall is chiefly occupied by an organ, the central apse by a monstrous retable.

The side portal

Probably by reason of some disposition of other buildings around the original patio, the portal occupies the first bay of the south face. We have seen, already, that Spanish architects took kindly to side portals. It was itself at some time rebuilt. In the upper part two rows of statues in round-headed arcades recall the southwest of France. In the lower half a great pointed doorway is set, with statues against the columns of the jambs; the tympanum being

Confusion or combination?

occupied by a Doom, and with the twelve apostles under arches and a Madonna and child; the archivolts filled with figures. The triangular spaces left on either side of these are crowded with sculptures, some left over from the earlier version of the portal, some carved in the Spanish style of the late twelfth century, for the places they now occupy, to fill up gaps. The upper part suggests the style of Poitou, the tympanum recalls Languedoc, the jamb statues are of the school of Chartres. M. Bertaux[3] thinks the whole portal was made at once in the thirteenth century, with its disproportion and confusion, as children make play-houses with shells and pebbles. He is probably mistaken: six leagues beyond Pampeluna on the other side, at Puente la Reyna, you will find a portal built all at once, and it comes out quite different. Sr. Lampérez suggests[4] that perhaps the church of Alfonso survives in the head (*i. e.*, the east end), the plan, with the portal up to the springing of the pointed arches, and the outer walls: the windows moreover and the vaults of

the apse and jambs of the door are in keeping with other Spanish work of the early twelfth century. In a restoration executed about a century later the piers and vaults of the nave will have been made, and the portal altered. The tympanum has been cut, he notices, to admit of a pointed arch, and in the face of the jambs the columns do not spring from the ground but commence rather high up, which shows that the earlier doorway lacked columns. Lastly, in the first quarter of the thirteenth century was built the lantern, of perfect early Gothic. The upper part of the tower is of the fourteenth or fifteenth century. Straightway thereafter, the distinguished architect adds that S. Mary's may have been completely rebuilt about 1200, using only scraps of the earlier church, and finishing the tower lantern in the first third of the thirteenth century. From this the reader may judge how difficult is Spanish archaeology. In remoter parts of Navarre, at Aybar, only an hour away, or at S. Martin de Unx, the contemporary style is quite different: heavy,

Alternative dates

Romanesque and hugeous. The present business, however, is not with dates so much as with sources, not with precedence so much as inter-relation. We have seen that at Leyre when the Cistercians rebuilt the nave they made the portal out of fragments of the old façade: we shall see that at Puente la Reyna when Knights of S. John built the church of the Crucified and the King built that of S. James, the form of the portal is logical, the sculptures keep appointed places, the order is plain as in Tuscany or Normandy. If then S. María was built and rebuilt, so to speak, before our eyes, we may recognize in the workmen who collaborated, and combined so strangely such alien elements, precisely those pilgrims who were passing incessantly along the road.

Foot-path wayfarers

In the Middle Age—it has been said already—craftsmen wandered about, and the builder's trade was less stationary than most; the parallel of the Comacine masters established a precedent halt a millennium before; the note-book of Villard de Honnecourt. is evidence that a man in the

thirteenth century was sketching in Champagne and Switzerland, in Artois and in Hungary. Here at Sangüesa appear (they have already been evoked) plain tokens that such workmen have come along and stopped a bit, left their handiwork and their teaching behind. Even when they came from very far, on their pilgrimage they had passed by the great shrines of the west of France, on the long Atlantic slope where English armies were already countermarching and destroying; or else they had come down through the high volcanic land midway between that and the immense river Rhone, where rocks were coloured like the skins of beasts and pied and banded churches broke up out of the ground, down into the soft luxurious plain of Languedoc, and always the ways of building and the forms ot ornament were fresh and living in their minds.

"... in Flandresin Artoys..."

As late as the fourteenth century churches were built, in the part of France represented by the departments of Vienne and Charente-Inférieure, with arcades across the upper part and statues under every

"... à Pont puis à Blaye"

arch, and they were begun at least as early as the eleventh. The church of Pérignac, near Pons,[5] on the road from Saintes to Bordeaux, illustrates such an arrangement with two rows of arcading, a large window in the centre of the upper row, a Madonna enthroned with the child in the centre of the lower. This sort served as a model for S. María at Sangüesa. Under a deep cornice, sustained by animal heads, heavy and very plain, run the two rows of double-shafted arches: six figures occupy the upper arcade and in an oblong space in the centre the Christ sits enthroned, blessing, between the four living things. The ox and lion at His feet are not treated symmetrically but face the same way, to the spectator's right, which is precisely the blunder a local workman would make in handling a theme unfamiliár; but the lion has the right Chinese smile, like that of Moissac. Two angels flank this and in the outermost arches are S. Peter and another saint: eight more saints, among whom S. James alone may be distinguished, leaning on his staff, occupy the lower range; they are

probably all apostles and with the two above and the human image which represents S. Matthew in the Tetramorph, make up the eleven. On the tympanum of the door, below, the lowest third (or something more) is occupied by what should fill a lintel if one there were, another arcade, round-headed, sustained by single shafts patterned over with the chevron, meander, spiral, etc., like that at La Charité-sur-Loire. The Virgin crowned and seated on a Roman chair holds the Child upon her left knee. Here is not the *Sedes Sapientiae*, the venerable Madonna of Majesty with its ancient unalterable frontality, but head and shoulders are turned a little eastward, the right arm is laid across the body, to hold the Child's, and the head is a little inclined. The portal of Cahors, now on the north side of the church but once at the west, puts into the lower part of the tympanum, above the lintel, a similar arcade. Above sits a gigantic Christ, with cross-marked nimbus, between four trumpeting angels: He has the mitre-crown of Moissac and the bare

La Charité-sur-Loire

Weighing Souls

shoulder and breast of Beaulieu but no wound. He blesses with two fingers and the thumb. On His right two rows of the blessed crowd towards Him; on His left the reprobate, above, are chained into a long gang; below, the angel weighs the souls, which is a French motive. Looking back over the whole length of the Way, I recall it in only two instances, here and at Estella, on parish churches, and on the two cathedrals of Burgos and Leon. Hell is a sprawling monster with horns, teeth, and tongue, but the fourteenth-century motive of the Jaws of Death has not yet appeared. On the other side of the angel, three charming women lean one against the other, and you divine that they are saved.

Coming to the jamb-figures, we have further to look for origins but the case is clear. Three queens from Chartres came all the long way. Wasted though they are almost to the state of the dead, something of the old dignity and loveliness yet clings about them. That nearest the door has still the level brows, the troubling smile, of her lovely worn sisters in the

north. Opposite are men, more ruinous, and grimly jocular without their noses, like the French Death's head, *le vieux Camus*. The sculptor of these six statues was trained in the school of Chartres, which reached from Senlis down to Bourges and from Étampes in the west, to S. Loup de Naud in the east. Moreover, one capital above the innermost figure on either hand is crowned with tabernacle work like that of Chartres, though the bell of the capital is filled with leafage: some workman combining remembered motives at his wanton will. Of the other capitals, the two westernmost show the Expulsion from Paradise and the Presentation in the Temple when the ancient covenant was fulfilled;[6] and on the east side one is given over to the Massacre of the Innocents and the other to a Romanesque development, very fair and free, of the acanthus and volutes. Someone began working a diaper on the intervening shafts but never finished.

School of Chartres

Five rows of little figures, in the archivolt, are set on the line of the arc in the French fashion and not on the radius as at

Leyre and in the west of Spain; and in three cases the mouldings in which they are set are carved very deeply with diaper and zigzag, meander and spiral. There is some evidence here of an alteration, of plan at least: in the innermost row an isolated head, which would be expected at the peak of the arch (as it lies in that above), falls to the right beyond one figure; in the outermost row, the highest figure on the left faces like those on the right. The themes are confused likewise: you will see a fine king and several of the Apocalyptic elders, with lamp and viol, and prophets with scrolls, and confessors or hermits, and in this company a naked lady suckling at her breasts a serpent and a toad. An angel holds a little soul on its knees, a man sharpens some weapon on an anvil, a jongleur turns his heels over to touch his head. Some of the Signs of the Months are plain: winter with cup and platter, a man killing a hog, another grafting, another holding his falcon; a mermaid grasps the two Fishes, and the Twins are knights with long shields, as at Chartres.

"... a suckling snake"

Aquarius guards his waterpots, and remembering the ladies at Toulouse fondling the signs of the Lion and the Ram, one recognizes here one man holding the sign of the Bull and another that of the Goat. They are romantic figures that might pass for the "jeune homme caressant sa chimère."

Jeune homme caressant sa chimère

The entire portal projects a little and is further enframed by buttresses all the way up. When it came to gathering up the fragments that remained, some of these were continued around the corner of the eastern buttress and against the chapel wall that projects on the west. The mate to a great winged ox, for instance, and a broken eagle, in one of the spandrels, is a lion, again very Chinese about the head, built into that chapel wall. In the same left hand spandrel occur also: the Temptation and Fall, Cain killing Abel; S. James on a great horse trampling naked men; a doe suckling her young; a rose, and a great interlaced knot of a sort that occurs at Leyre. That knot came probably from the Black Sea; it is found not only on Me-

Knot

rovingian fibulae and on a capital in the tower of Brantôme, but on an angel's breast in a capital at Constantinople, on the door jambs of Ferrara cathedral as well as the cloister-capitals of S. Bertrand de Comminges.[7] Along the top ramps a row of scaly monsters, done for the place, opposite which you find a beautiful row of dragon and sphinx forms contemporary with Puente la Reyna. The right-hand spandrel in the main is more confused, but in compensation you have, built into a corner of the buttress adjoining, an exquisite little Wise Virgin holding her lamp in veiled hands; and, somewhat above, a seated figure of Christ teaching, with three disciples about him. Here too appears a pair of lions of the Lombard breed.

All this work covers, then, at least a century, implies at least one rebuilding, and represents three separate regions of France contributing. The distance is not, even on foot, a day's journey from Jaca; the difference is indescribable. Jaca, a capital deep-rooted in antiquity, was the seat of kings, the heart of Aragon; Sangüesa

was a stage upon the Pilgrim Way, the creation of political exigency.

Santiago

The church of Santiago looks battered and shapeless, both within and without. It was built in the transitional style, at the beginning of the thirteenth century perhaps, with nave of four bays, aisles, apses vaulted in a chevet, and a great tower over the beginning of the central apse. The main arches are all pointed, and also the clerestory windows in the western part; the quadripartite vault rests on strong vaulting shafts that come down to huge round columns. The capitals are all crude except the pair, of three each, at the eastern end of the nave; the shafts of the window jambs also have Gothic capitals. The portal, pointed, carries on each side three shafts, their capitals a development of the acanthus leaf, rich and fine but ruined by paint.

S. Nicholas

From S. Nicholas, ruined and gone, which once owed obedience to Roncevaux,[8] the capitals have been fetched away, and are preserved in the Museum at Pampeluna: they are strong Spanish Romanesque.

S. Salvador

S. Salvador is of the fourteenth century, with a single great nave of six bays, quadripartite vaulting. The whole apse is carried up into a tower. Madrazo says[9] an earlier portal still exists inside the present one of the fourteenth century. In the upper stage of this the Saviour shows His wounds between two angels that hold the cross and lance, and SS. Mary and John who kneel to intercede in the corners. Below, on the left, the dead are getting up out of stone sepulchres, are marshalled in a long line, at last are tumbled pell-mell into hell-mouth, which now is a monstrous and practicable pair of jaws, suggested doubtless by the business of mystery-plays.

Carmen

The Carmen is a lovely little brown thing, with a door round-arched above thin mouldings, and some storied capitals, along with leaves and a *genre* theme—with the Annunciation, Nativity, Flight into Egypt, and Epiphany. At right angles to it stands a good stone building with an ogee doorway running up into eight huge arch stones, and a pair of ogee *ajimez* windows.

But indeed everywhere in the town yet

stand good secular buildings; here and there on a ruin is stuck a great coat of arms, and superb roofs on carved consoles are common. Of a palace in the *calle Mayor* one wing is late Gothic and all the rest Renaissance: on another elsewhere are twisted columns and under the roof still more wonderful consoles with pendants. The town has shrunken; fig-trees, flowers, and donkeys flourish inside the compass of the ancient walls. The castle, says Ceán Bermúdez in his *Adiciones* to Llaguno,[10] was built by Miguel de Goyni for Charles the Noble.

Domestic architecture

There are, indeed, plenty of dates at hand for Sangüesa, but few of them fit. For S. Mary the Royal 1131 is too early and 1330 too late to stand for much. By 1232 the King of Navarre was a Frenchman, Thibaut, Count of Champagne and Brie, but he was little in his kingdom, and the French style of the church is not that of the east. When another French line succeeded, under Charles the Noble, the workmen were Spaniards all. Sangüesa not only commanded the best workmen in

Dates

Masters of the works

Navarre, but formed masters highly approved. In 1410 the masters of the works of Charles III were Simon López and Miguel de Goyni, the former built the castle in Puente la Reyna, the latter that of Sangüesa.[11] The castle of Feliciana at Sos, over against Sangüesa on the slope of Aragon, had been built in 1130 by Mestro Jordan for Ramiro *el Monge*. In 1415 Miguel de *Poyni* (probably the same as that Miguel above) was master and director of the royal works in Sangüesa, building mills and other edifices. In 1419 Andrés de Soria was master of the works there.[12] In 1594 Master Juan Verrueta, of Sangüesa, took up and finished the stalls at Huesca, on the death of Nicolas de Verástegui.[13]

The citadel opens from the *calle Mayor*, by a wide loggia dated 1560; it contains a little street fringed with houses and then a great brown building, wide and low, with towers at each end. The townsfolk are grave and courteous as those of Aragon: a woman alone may haunt the streets for a day without disturbing their dignity. The children are courteous, almost like

Italian children; they eye one like shy but friendly dogs, and make a wide détour, and shrink away as one turns and catches them watching.

Almost Italian, indeed, is the fair courtly air of the little pinkish city, the clean, unfrequented brown streets, the forgotten palace fronts of late Gothic or early Renaissance, the sense of a long life delicately lived and now declining softly, not ignobly. It was some saint's day that called for a procession about the town, and balconies were hung with old brocade and new, with the stuff called turkey red, and grass-green bunting, and calicoes striped in scarlet and yellow like the cigar ribbons, with checked table cloths and white bed-spreads for want of better. The procession was a scanty thing, that came out of the cavernous church with yellow flames dancing in the darkness; first a popping of rockets invisible in the noon, then a rush of old men and young women with yellow flickering candles held aslant, promptly to blow out; then the singing men in albs freshly gauffered and deeply edged with lace, their

Life delicately lived

harsh antiphon rising up and again lost, in the windings of the streets, like the sound of surf to men inland; then incense blue in the sunlight; finally the Blessed Sacrament under a canopy, set in a bouquet of such vestments that my eyes drew my feet about the entire city and back again till the black church doorway had swallowed up the singing men and the extinguished candles and the sanctimonious old women and the pitiful old men, the starched little girls and the bigger girls in white cotton gloves. They were not so old, those vestments, nor embroidered, nor excessively rich, but they were of a kind of scarlet pink like the sound of flutes and bassoons and hautboys, that one could not have enough of. I sucked it up thirstily: I could have knelt on the cobblestones to keep it longer, and the bored antiphon of the singing men, the hiss of the inane rockets, the scrupulous hangings along the appointed streets were all undertone, the mere accompaniment to the colour of that *obbligato*.

A kind of scarlet pink

IV

PAMPELUNA

En París esta doña Alda
la esposa de don Roldan;
trescientas damas con ella
para la acompanar:

Todas visten un vestido,
todas calzan un calzar,
todas comen á una mesa,
todas comían de un pan....

Las ciento hilaban oro,
las ciento tejen cendal,
las ciento tañan instrumentos
para doña Alda holgar.
—Romance.

THERE were processions in Pampeluna early every morning, and at any hour of the day one would hear the call of pipe and tabor and then the running of countless little feet, and suddenly about one surged a skurrying hundred or so of panting little

Giants

boys and girls in blue smocks, all running as they ran in Hamelin Town, till the mass thickened like boiling gruel and around a corner came the Giants. Every self-respecting Spanish town takes out, on the patronal feast, and Corpus Christi, and other suitable dates, at least six of these figures. They are built of papier-maché and wicker, dressed in calico and velvet, and carried on invisible men's shoulders. There is a king and queen, a Moor and Mooress, and in Santiago the other couple are pilgrims, in Pampeluna they are knight and lady. They are, so to speak, the big brothers of the Marionettes. They executed a sort of minuet before the Cathedral, and led the procession when S. Firmin in person, or at any rate some bones believed to be his, went down every morning to assist at a mass in the church of his name.

and *Cabezones*

Along with the Giants, however, Pampeluna enjoys a dozen other gigantic mannikins of fixed type called *Cabezudos;* a sailor, a cleric, a heathen Chinee, an old person in a tie wig, and the like, which are merely heads worn on the shoulders of men in

costume. Hobby Horse is there as well, with a bladder full of pease to bang boys over the head; more than once we came upon a very tired Hobby Horse refreshing his bladder and his hot face in a town fountain. All these were abroad, to certain knowledge, from seven in the morning till twelve at night, how long before and after remains unknown, in honour of S. Firmin, the apostle of Picardy and the patron of his birthplace Pampeluna. Hobby Horse

We had left Tiermas hurriedly at nightfall, because of the approaching *feria*, and the Manager had given us a letter to a personal friend of his, one Roque, who was a porter at the station of the electric line. Without his recommendation we could hardly have found where to sleep, but Roque,—after reading the letter aloud, by an odd bit of formal courtesy that enchanted us—took up the bags, on some good excuse showed us to his own niche of two rooms and a half, full of antimacassars and blue vases, and went on across the street to a *Casa de Huespedes*. This belonged to a stout lady who, under

pressure of the combined recommendations of the Manager and Roque, dislodged three men just making an evening toilet with plenty of hair tonic and clean towels, and gave us a room just as wide as the window, looking on a fairly wide street. We did not, in truth, sleep much, nobody did; but we went to bed regularly, which few did. The meals went on without perceptible interval, for the three dislodged gentlemen and many more were accommodated in Roque's and other adjoining niches, whence they came in for endless luncheons and dinners. I think nearly all the other people at table were men, and they all looked like *commis-voyageurs* and their patrons, except one ecclesiastic, a comely young abbé, grey-haired and spoiled as a woman. He would stand in the doorway to be admired, and then advance *se dandinant*, swinging his hips and petticoats. His voice and smile and hands were soft, and he struck one as somehow improper, even before the night he stood longer than usual in the doorway and one discovered that he was dressed in a grey

The *Feria*

The Abbé

sack suit. The civilian dress was very becoming: "Perhaps," said a priest to whom we related this one time, " he was a military chaplain; they allow themselves great liberties!" At any rate, there he stood, thus he dined; the thing is incredible but it happened. In the memory of that smiling corrupt face I have forgotten everything about the house of *La Francesa* except the poor fat *francesa* and her sleepless daughters and the darkness of the kitchen where something always was going on.

In the streets something was always going on too: first the procession to S. Firmin, and a solemn mass at the Cathedral with an orchestra of fiddles and other viols; then a concert of military music for which a whole street served as *salon de musique*, penny chairs ranged up the steep ascent and the band at the top. After luncheon the bull-fight lasted from two to nearly six, and after dinner there was the play. But after the bull-fight and before dinner there happened, in the *Paseo*, the prettiest thing we have ever seen in any land or

Bath and S. Cloud

city,—the Promenade. The very best at Bath or at S. Cloud cannot have shown anything like such beauty. For the S. Firmin, the nobility and gentry of Navarre come in, the county families. The level *Paseo* is not more than half a mile long, from the central square to the city gate, and where the penny chairs were ranged in a double row on either side the central walk of trodden earth, the families settled themselves for talk, pulled up into knots, spread out into crescents. The elders had a year of news to give and hear; the girls walked up and down with their brothers or cousins, and of course brother and sister could walk with another brother and sister. The men were slender-waisted, distinguished, tall enough, with a charming carriage and beautiful hands. The loveliness of the women was like a Watteau animated, fragrant, and troubling. There were no hats, and few of the little *voilettes* of Chantilly that have grown so common, but golden Spanish blonde and silken Spanish lace; the sumptuous state of white mantillas, the various grace of black

Watteau animated, fragrant, and troubling

mantillas, the courtly kind that lies in a deep ruffle on the shoulders, the delicious chenille kind that is daring, the heavy-worked kind that is romantic. Over one arm lay a folded shawl, of crêpe or soft silk or embroidered in brilliant flowers; in one hand a folded fan. The women were very lovely, very well dressed, very well bred, but their loveliness and their breeding and their dress found its own right expression in their own traditional attributes, fan, shawl, and mantilla.

Mantilla

The mantilla is not easy to wear, and it takes an hour to put on, and a paper of pins; the hair must be dressed high and very firmly; the tall comb will lend further height and stability, then every fold of the lace is separately modified and securely pinned with an infinity of black pins. It exacts, moreover, great beauty of feature, great refinement. Rich contours and soft flesh matter not at all, but the head must have beauty of modelling, and have a noble bony structure, and contours attained by breeding through hundreds of generations. The mantilla, the fan, the shawl: the

shawl and fan

Spanish figure is the finest in the world; the carriage and walk is like Hers whom Æneas watched through the trees and knew Her by it, for nothing else could move so divinely. Shawl, mantilla, and fan: the Spanish hand is a miracle, a *non-pareil* of beauty. For an hour and a half every evening the nobility of Navarre walked in beauty there, in rustling and murmuring of silk, and voices, and dark leafage; warm puffs of perfume through a night wind blowing out of dark and mountains; a luminous dust filling all the space, above which hung a pale sky infinitely remote.

The beauty and the night

Recalling the S. Firmin, I recall only this space, glowing, moving, scented, murmurous, like a syringa bush on a night of fireflies. The city I knew already, having stayed there once in January when the sign of S. Julian of the North was augury of hospitality and afforded for the sunless hours a stove in the hotel dining-room. Of those long hours in a Spanish winter, after dark and before dinner, how by the natives they may be passed least intolerably,

something shall be said later. For a woman alone, they are hard. She has been out seeing things while the daylight lasted and is honestly tired; moreover, most churches close at nightfall and the rest have nothing by any chance worth seeing even were they not wrapped in a midnight of their own, just starred with votive candles. She cannot walk up and down the pavement, in the light of shop windows, as men are doing. She goes back to her room at the hotel. There she cannot go to bed to keep warm, for dinner is still three hours away; she makes her tea, then fills a rubber hot-water-bottle, and wrapping it and herself in a rug lies down under a faint electric bulb to read and shiver and not dare to doze. At S. Julian of the North, to the discomposure of the waiters, I was able to carry the *Chanson de Roland* into the dining-room, and after the good American fashion to put my feet on the stove and digest in comfort the day's disillusions.

A woman alone

unless stout and grey . . .

The day's disillusions

To look for Charlemagne I had gone to Pampeluna and I had found the eighteenth

The eighteenth century

century, a misadventure always disconcerting. The *Ayuntamiento* was rather charming with columns and entablatures, pediments and inverted consoles, and wrought iron balconies. The *Plaza de la Constitución*, like that in front of the cathedral, was Greco-Roman in its intentions, but vaguely picturesque in its arcaded sidewalks, its individual balconies, its terraces and doors opening upon them, up among the slated roofs. The cathedral was flat-headed: now a Gothic building wants a gable roof, and flying buttresses, and pinnacles that function. The other ancient churches, S. Cernin and S. Nicolas, were shockingly restored. And . . . and . . . a woman alone will meet, from time to time, a little personal annoyance, even from priests, that however inevitable, yet leaves her hurt.

"... at noon upon the peak of Heaven..."

If Charlemagne is not at Pampeluna, yet the Pyrenees are there; it is possible to walk almost around the town, in the crystalline noon, on turfy ramparts and crumbling walls, and look off to azure luminous heights and tender vaporous

foldings till it is as if one should walk in the very heart of a star sapphire.

The old cathedral of Pampeluna was fair as a moon even among fair churches. It was a hundred years in building and stood for less than twice that time: founded by Sancho *el Mayor* who was a wise man and a canny. He had introduced the rule of Cluny into S. Juan de la Peña; he was about to do the same at S. Salvador de Leyre, when the abbot and his friends among the nobility, by way of diversion, urged in assembled *Cortes* the more immediate need of restoring the cathedral. "Certainly, since you recommend it," said the king, "and to that important end we will apply, amongst other revenues, those of S. Salvador." This was in 1023. A great part of the building, however, was done under Bishop Peter of Roda, who filled the See as late as 1115, and coming himself from near Toulouse, knew whither to send for workmen. He also substituted for the monks who had served the church till then, canons regular of S. Augustine, whose rule of life in common was to leave its mark upon the fab-

Pulchra ut luna

Peter of Roda

French coadjutors

ric of the second church. In this action he had the advice of the abbot Torneros, the prior of S. Sernin of Toulouse, the archbishop of Auch, and others. His successor, Bishop William, was a great fighter, who served *el Batallador*, his king, on many a field; Bishop Sancho de Larrosa, who consecrated it, knew how to get rich gifts;[1] but certainly we may leave to Bishop Peter and his craftsmen the glory of what survives from the portal of 1124 or a cloister adjacent, eight lovely capitals built up in a niche of the present cloister. The detail is richer and freer than any now in the museum at Toulouse, the style is identical.

The church and quarter of S. Cernin, contemporary with this work, form another link with Toulouse. Just about this time Alfonso *el Batallador*, in a document given at Atafalla (Tafalla) in September of 1129, had sent to repeople the burg of S. Cernin, destroyed some time before. S. Cernin or Serninus, S. Saturninus, was Bishop of Toulouse, and some historians will have it that the *francos* to whom the king gave privileges were not merely free men but

Frenchmen, in particular of Cahors, expelled by Philip, or possibly Albigensian refugees. Now the Cahorsines, we know, gave a pope to Rome and money lenders to Dante and Europe; there is no reason why they should not have settled in the suburb of a royal capital, under a French bishop's protection. Whosoever they were, the king conceded to the new population of the plain of S. Saturnine of Irunia, amongst other rights, the *fuero* of Jaca in respect of the departments of Justice and the Treasury, and forbade any Navarrese noble or cleric to settle there; the ground about might not be built upon; the quarters overlooking it might not build towers or otherwise domineer or menace; the citizens were to elect three candidates of their own from whom the Bishop must select an alcalde, and this burg alone might sell wine or bread to pilgrims.

Qui vulgariter Caorcini dicuntur

S. Cernin is the oldest Gothic church in Navarre, and belongs to the second half of the thirteenth century. This dictum of Madrazo, confirmed by Lampérez,[2] leaves one to wonder into how late an age may

A rare plan

come down all the late-Romanesque and Transitional building. In the curious plan of the original part of this church, occurs an ingenious modification of a French motive, rather rare, but developed at Estella six leagues away on the same *Camino francês*, the three chapels opening directly from the apse without an ambulatory intervening, as at Souillac and Cahors. At Souillac and Estella the apsidioles are treated as mere niches and the central apse is the main thing: at Cahors the choir is so railed round, in the central apse, as to leave a procession path and access to the chapels: here at S. Cernin the chapels are the main matter and the high altar is placed in the central one. The west door of this church has been quite spoiled but there are some traces of a porch or an arcade that would have harboured tombs. The north door is sheltered by a porch of five bays stretching along the whole north side that, like those of Ripoll and S. Miguel of Estella, is later than the portal itself but not so much later. It contains a few tombs or traces of them. Outside, at the

entrance, S. Saturninus stands upon the bull of his martyrdom and his pendant is S. James with a kneeling pilgrim, in long gown, skin rain-coat, wallet and staff.

Figured on p. 179

The door itself, though at first glance it looks like much fourteenth-century work in Navarre, on examination appears finer by far, with a very noble distribution and subordination, among the multiplied mouldings of jamb and archivolt, into major and minor systems. The six capitals on either side correspond to a strong projection and their re-entrant angles to pronounced hollows. In the tympanum sits Christ as Judge, between SS. Mary and John, and a monk in the right-hand corner interceding: an angel in the corresponding angle trumpets to Judgement. The lintel, or lower part of the tympanum, is occupied by an arcade of eight cusped and pointed arches grouped into pairs by shafts; the spandrels between them are occupied by tiny angels. In the arcade the dead are (1) rising from their tombs, (2) coming to Judgement, and (3) worshipping their Redeemer; (4) others, agonized, led off to hell and boiled in a pot.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum

Symbolism

The historied capitals begin, on the left, with a larger group under the boss that terminates the dripstone; it represents the Annunciation, and the series continues with the Visitation, Nativity, Presentation, etc., down to the Flight into Egypt, the Epiphany figuring on the projection which sustains the lintel. On the other side, the largest, outermost scene is the Harrowing of Hell, thence (reading inward) the history of Palm Sunday in great detail, with Zaccheus in the tree, the walls of Jerusalem crowded and a man coming out of the gate; the Last Supper, the Agony in the Garden, the Way to Calvary, Deposition, Maries at the Tomb, and *Noli Me Tangere* and, upon the corbel that sustains the lintel, the Resurrection. In the peak of the arch is set a series of isolated figures: Christ crowned, with a book, the Eternal Father holding a crucifix, the Dove hovering above, and the risen Christ. Finally, the hood moulding swirls up into a glorious finial that supports a Calvary, the Crucified between SS. Mary and John.

In all this figure sculpture the elements

and origins are mingled. The iconography of the capitals is French—is French of France—but the symbolism is original and exquisite in its arrangement of correspondences, bringing the Epiphany, the Manifestation of God's Humanity, into relation with the Resurrection, the Manifestation of His Divinity; and, in the same way, the Annunciation to Mary that the close of Eve's long expectation was at hand, into relation with the Apparition of the King of Glory in Limbo, to take up with Him the spirits in prison. The main figures of the tympanum are of the later cathedral tradition. The little figures stuck against the mouldings, with the structural irrelevance that nobody could break a Spaniard of, are Spanish motives, perhaps: they left their mark on churches in Navarre and Navarrese painters as well.

and significance

The difference of privilege in the different quarters of the town, for a while adjusted by Sancho *el Mayor* early in the eleventh century, led to a great war in the thirteenth at the end of which the French took and burned it, 1277; but though the cathedral

The New Cathedral

was sacked the fabric escaped. Again in 1422 Charles the Noble gave to the city the so-called act of Union, which finally reduced the surviving three-quarters under a single civil government. But the great gift of this king was the new cathedral of French Gothic. In 1390, the very year of his coronation, on the first of July, the greater part of the cathedral fell in sudden ruin, wrecking the choir and most of the rest, but without loss of life. The west front escaped, for Moret's continuator writes in the eighteenth century, *de lo antiguo sólo quedó la puerta del frontispicio, que ahora vemos.*[3] The king, it is said, had already begun some works within, both to beautify and to admit light: it is easy to conjecture injury to vital parts of the strong old Romanesque, with its lofty barrel vaults lighted only from the aisles, now out of date and ill-understood; at any rate in 1397 the reconstruction was begun. Much beautiful building had been commenced already, how much it is hard to say, by Bishop Arnald of Barbazan, 1317–1355: a glorious chapter-room, and a cloister of which the

east and north wings were finished and escaped destruction: at their angle, along with the doorway into the south transept, and three precious monuments of the thirteenth century, the Epiphany of Jacques Peyrut and the tomb of the Infants of Luna. The south and west sides of the cloister belong to the fifteenth century, with three other doors hardly less beautiful: that into the Refectory, that close at hand but at right angles to it, which leads into a court or garden, and that called *la Preciosa*.

French sculptor

The cathedral, says M. Bertaux,[4] was begun under a French prince, Philip of Evreux by a French bishop, Arnald of Barbazan, and finished at the end of the century under a French king, Charles the Noble, who was born at Nantes and educated at Paris. After this there is nothing to find out about the cathedral, it is simply all French; but not French of Paris, be it remarked. The real comparisons must be made with the south, Bayonne, for instance: and the real sources of the style lie often not in the Royal Domain.

French prince

Against the door of the south transept

which, like the cathedral itself, is dedicated to the Assumption, stands a grave and queenly Madonna, rather Spanish of face, offering to her divine Son the Book. In the jamb and archivolts are the Works of Mercy, the Strong Women of Scripture, angels making music, and others of the company of heaven bearing an antiphon on a scroll, a cadence from the Song of Songs: "Who is this that cometh up from the Wilderness leaning upon her Beloved? *Assumpta est Maria in Coelum.*" The symbolism here, and in the figures of Church and Synagogue at the Refectory door, is significant in Spain, where such is rare. The tympanum, greatly admired, is just a little absurd: of the early fifteenth century, it represents the Dormition in the midst of a thick crowd, angels tiptoe and pushing to look on, apostles wiping their eyes on the sheet, on their clothes, or a napkin, and a swarm of little angels buzzing above with a napkin for the little soul that, dressed as for a birthday, is held up by a leaning Christ with curled hair and beard: Franco-Flemish, pronounces M.

Assumpta est Maria

Bertaux,[5] and whatever he means by that is probably the truth: provincial, that is to say. It looks almost as if copied from embroidery, rather than developed in a strong iconographic tradition.

The door called *la Preciosa* comes next perhaps in date to this one, flanked by SS. Mary and Gabriel on elaborate panelled bases under canopies. The three bands of the tympanum show scenes from the later life of the Blessed Virgin, culminating in her Entombment, at which assists an admirable group of knights. The five little conversation-pieces in the lowest register suggest, in their arrangement, contemporary French ivories, with a notable difference,—the number of persons engaged. One great beauty of the ivories is the simplification enforced, the reduction of every action to its fewest figures: but here is no syncopation, everything, rather, expanded and "practicable." When the Blessed Virgin addresses the apostles before her death you count the twelve of them; their miraculous arrival at Jerusalem, like that of S. Michael in the row below, occurs

La Preciosa

in the foldings of a cloud with crinkled edges. I take it that the practice of miracle plays must account for this treatment, as it will for that of the Crucifixion in the north-west corner, where the groups are smaller but the action more dramatic.

There, in the upper range, you have, first, the three Maries, leaning upon each other in a lovely and apparently traditional group, fair as the three Graces; then the Madonna sustained by S. John. On the other side of the Cross Longinus testifies with a fine gesture, and two soldiers and a Jew expressively marvel. As in the early painting preserved in the inner sacristy, the Tree of the Cross is a real tree, gnarled and barky, in accordance with a legend that the Cross itself flourished with leaf and bark from noon to compline on the day of the Crucifixion.[6] *Noli Me Tangere* and the meeting of S. Peter with the Magdalen are studied stage tableaux. In the lowest range the jaws of hell are a machine, and the Sepulchre a sarcophagus large enough to hold a man or two. One curious detail not to be passed over is the likeness of this

So the Cursor o' the World

to the Easter Sepulchre which still survives in some English churches, for instance, at Lincoln, and the soldiers tucked up to sleep under the three arcades that sustain it.

The door into the Refectory, flanked by Church and Synagogue that suggest Strasburg much sooner than Leon, depicts, above, the Last Supper and then the Entry into Jerusalem. This supper table, with its dishes of fish, its flat loaves, its goblets and ewers, recalls the enchanting panel painting of Solsona, precious for the examples it affords of Hispano-Moresque pottery. The original sculptural source of this *Cena* is to be looked for at S. Gilles in Provence. In the lunette above, both the crowd and the tree are treated decoratively; the fortified city of Jerusalem with her towers, her bulwarks, betrays how fair was Pampeluna under Charles III, *muy noble y muy leal.* There is more than a hint of the Renaissance in this tympanum; though different, it should be about contemporary with the door of the *Assunta.* Inside the Refectory, the base of the lec-

Cena of Solsona

Hue and Cry after the Unicorn

tor's pulpit is carved with the Hue and Cry after the Unicorn, with a verve highly stimulating but quite secular, and the capitals are of the same kind. A shallow niche encloses, under the Pelican in her piety, two viol players, a centaur with bagpipe, a man rending a lion, a lion rending a man, and all the familiar and secular imagery which is at its best in the cloister of Leon.

La Barbazana

Lastly, against the delicate mouldings of *la Barbazana*, the chapel of Bishop Arnald where yet he lies, someone fashioned statues of SS. Peter and Paul, resting them on figured bases in the same style as the carvings in the Refectory. These great figures of the apostles are rather fine, and belong to Spanish art well along; they are later by a century than the jamb-figures of *la Preciosa*. They are later by two generations than the Epiphany on the same wall, which is signed "Jacques Peyrut fist ceste istoyre."[7] The figures of the two standing kings are truly Gothic still in feeling, and the grand Madonna and kneeling first king may indeed suggest work that began their

century at Dijon, but in no other sense than would any dawning Renaissance. The asp and basilisk coil under her feet as at Amiens. Close to this signed work, not, alas, dated, is the tomb of the Infants of Luna. In the niche above, on either side the Crucified stand three little figures as Burgundian as possible. D. Lionel of Navarre was a bastard son of Charles the Bad, a splendid and romantic figure, dead in the flower of youth. He married Doña Elfa de Luna and died in 1413.[8]

The Infants of Luna

Of slightly earlier date, indeed, is the tomb that Janin Lome of Tournai made for Charles the Good, he being yet alive, in 1416. Its place, formerly in the *Coro*, is now in the ancient kitchen of the chapter. The contract still exists by which he was to have stone *para las obras et ymaginies de las sepulturas del Rey nuestro Seynor et bien assi del Rey su padre, á qui Dios perdone, que ha fecho et entiende fazer el dicto John Lome en la iglesia de S. Maria de Pamplona.*[9] This has twenty-eight little weepers under canopies around the base, and the effigies of King and Queen

An altar-tomb

recumbent under other canopies, on the black slab atop. The flat head of those canopies is used for an inscription, easy to read by walking around the monument; against the feet are the queen's greyhounds and the king's mastiff: otherwise, as on the tombs at S. Denis, the drapery lies as if the statues were erect. Of the other tomb, intended for Charles II, nothing seems to be known, but I found in one of the eastern chapels an altar built above and around what seemed to be a tomb with a few such weepers under canopies: these may have been designed for that.

It is hard to see just why, when Spanish work for once was in direct contact with the Royal Domain, there should be little to betray the characteristic style of the Isle of France. Champagne, Burgundy, and the Flemish border are what can be identified —the only deduction is that there is no *á priori* in archaeology and that you can barely trust, not documents ever, but simply the look of things.

A little faded painting still stains the wall above the Infants of Luna; just a row

of perishing saints that look French as the little statues do, pure and lovely. French mural painting in the fifteenth century, unless markedly Italianate, was much of a kind. In the sacristy is preserved a small and ruinous panel, very precious, of the Crucifixion, that is usually denied to the sight of travellers but was lent to the exposition at Saragossa in 1904 and there written up by M. Bertaux.[10] When I examined it in 1912 it seemed to me something quite wonderful: done in the same style as the contemporary French miniatures, and very like the *Parement de Narbonne*, with the same dependence on outline and flat washes of tempera barely discernible, but full of character. The scene of the Crucifixion fills the greater part of the panel, the Pelican and the sun and moon being above, the Madonna and two other Maries on one side and a rather grotesque S. John on the other; in the border nine prophets with scrolls on each side and two bishops below. Under all this, a church of three aisles, a Bishop enthroned in the centre giving a book to a

French painting

monk: only parts of the body and hands are left. People on the right and left are both secular and religious, one clerk has a rolled document, another a book, an ecclesiastic a roll: six people, between and smaller, are kneeling, one at least has a book. On the steps of the throne a genial fellow in gown and hood, with gloves, has one hand bare. Lamps hang in the aisles; the arches are cusped, with open curves, not horse-shoe, and marmosets in the spandrels; the capitals leafy. Above the arms of the cross are figures that seem to be the Church and Synagogue, but sorely ruined. So much I transcribe from notes taken at the time. Now, knowing more about Spanish manuscripts, I have only to add that from the reproduction in the Saragossa monograph may be made out a musician playing the viol on the Bishop's left, and in the crowd under the arch beyond him, an elephant in royal housings. A lady in this crowd wears a coif not unlike that of Anne of Brittany; a layman on the opposite side, a hood of fifteenth-century fashion. The roofs are covered with overlapping tiles such as you

A genial fellow

find, variously indicated but intended alike, in Spanish manuscripts all the way from the Ashburnham Pentateuch (which seems to be Visigothic), through the Bible of S. Peter of Roda (called also the *Bible de Noailles*) and the *Cantigas del Rey Sabio*. I should add that the head-dress of the holy women, a veil that falls in scallops past the cheek, is worn in French ivories in the fifteenth century and in a little Annunciation of that date in Vich. There is a fifteenth-century ivory at Paris, I think at the Cluny, which is very close to the main scene of the Crucifixion: there is a reliquary of a Holy Thorn at Pampeluna which is even closer.

The Ashburnham Pentateuch

In short, the style proves later and perhaps less French on study. The upper part goes back to a common Carolingian tradition rather than a direct French source: the lower part is absolutely in the Spanish miniature tradition and later than the paintings to the books of *el Rey Sabio*. I should suppose that the Greek gift of the *Lignum Crucis* was the occasion of the panel.[11] The mottoes,

The Carolingian tradition

which M. Bertaux has published, all bear on the single theme of the Tree of the Cross:

Sacra Arbor Crucis

On the title of the Cross:

"Similis factus sum pellicano solitudinis." Amen. Ps. ci, 72.

The Church:

"Ecclesia.—Fasciculus myrrh dilectus meus mihi; inter ubera mea commorabitur." Cant. i, 12.

Angel:

"Angelus.—Beati qui lavant stolas suas in sanguine agni." Apoc. xxii, 14.

On the right side:

"Jeremias.—Ego quasi agnus mansuetus qui portatur ad victimam." xi, 19.

"Osseas.—Vivificabit nos post duos dies, in die tertia suscitabit nos et vivemus in conspectu ejus." vi, 3.

"Joel.—Germinaverunt spetiosa deserti quia lignum attulit fructum suum." ii, 22.

"Joannes.—In hoc cognovimus caritatem Dei quoniam pro nobis animam suam posuit." Ep. iii, 16.

"Ambrosius.—Finis fidei mee iste est: finis fidei mee Filius Dei crucifixus est."

On the left side:

["Ezekiel.—Et erunt] fructus ejus in cibum et folia ejus in medicinam." xlvii, 12.

"Daniel.—Post hebdomades LXXII occi [detur Cristus]." ix. 26. *fit mundo semita lucis*

"Sofonias.—Expecta me, dicit Dominus, in die resurrectionis mee in futurum." iii, 8.

"Petrus.—Peccata nostra ipse pertulit in corpore suo super lignum Crucis." Ep. ii, 24.

Of the cathedral itself I see no reason to speak at length. Street has characterized it with warmth and appreciation. I found the arrangement of the eastern part, based on the equilateral triangle and the hexagon, dry, fantastical rather than intuitive, and rather dull. The detail of mouldings, tracery and capitals is pleasanter than one has a right to expect, which is often the case in provincial work. The *Coro* that fills up the nave with solid masonry, the west front that Ventura Rodríguez applied in the eighteenth century, are not relevant to the general enjoyment that Gothic alone can afford.

The Old Cathedral

Looking at the plan, one may conjecture of that lost Old Cathedral of Peter of Roda, for which Peter of Paris in 1186 got the relics of S. Firmin from the north, that it belonged to the grand group of S. Sernin of Toulouse, with high dark barrel-vaulted nave, aisled transept, and ambulatory with chapels. It had a westerly cloister, like Burgos, and probably towers flanking the last bay of the nave, like Bordeaux and Bayonne. Against the transept face was built the new cloister, while the common life still obtained, that had a square fountain house for ablutions in the corner next the Refectory. This is turned into a chapel now, and enclosed with ironwork that came, according to tradition, from the field of *Las Navas*. Four Latin verses are written above the doorway:

Cingere quae cernis crucifixum ferrea vincla
barbaricae gentis funere rupta manent:
Sanctius exuvias discerptas vindice ferro
huc, illuc sparsit stemata fustra pius.
Anno 1212.

The old chapter-house still stands, where it belongs, eastward of the cloister, opening upon it by a door between two windows, and vaulted in a great star: the square plan is brought to octagonal by arches thrown across the corners and vaulted themselves, as at Burgos and in the eastern chapels of Las Huelgas. Chapter-house

Pampeluna remains in recollection with all the eighteenth-century virtues, clean, prosperous, just a little old-world, very decent. The beggars wear a brass badge as Dean Swift once recommended, and are both healthier-looking and better-dressed than their neighbours.

Outside the town, on the upper side, beyond all the walls, dry ditches and embankments, the road forks. One way runs back into Old Castile; the other east and north. As we stood and looked toward France, a diligence jingled by with two women atop, on the road to France. It was irresistible, or all but. But the wind blew keen from Spain, and the pilgrim road went west, and we turned our faces where the starry stream still goes. The road to France

V

SAINT SEPULCHRE

Ah, see the fair chivalry come, the companions of Christ!
White Horsemen who ride on white horses, the Knights of God!
They, for their Lord and their Lover who sacrificed
All, save the sweetness of treading where He first trod!

The house of a hundred doors

THE curious may care to know that, finding it impossible to pronounce intelligibly those Spanish diphthongs which are a ripple of vowels, I had secured in Pampeluna a postcard of Eunate, and mildly proffered it at the ticket window of the diligence office and in conference at Puente la Reyna. It sufficed. The church of Eunate lies, not many miles thence, quite isolated in the broad and fertile valley of the Izarbe, to which I drove over

The Queen's Bridge

The Queen's Bridge

in a sort of buggy. It is a pleasant, solitary little place: not even the women cutting hay and turning brown moist earth, will cross three fields to say a prayer. The priest comes seldom. Like a boulder in a mountain pasture, it lies there detached but not incongruous.

Circular churches

I know a little about circular churches, less about octagonal, but some, I am credibly told, exist in Asia Minor; I know also one at Laon, one at Le Puy, and one at Segovia in Spain, all three given popularly to the Knights of the Temple: likewise an *ermita* at Torres, on the Logroño road. There is also the church of S. Marcos in Salamanca. It is conceivable that they fetched their plan from the East for those churches and this. The forms, however, of column and arch, of moulding and capital, are those of the region round about.

This, octagonal

The church is an irregular octagon with three-quarter columns and capitals at the corners and corbels under the roof. The pentagonal apse has the same column and corbels, and a window with jamb shafts, a bold roll-moulding, and a plain

dripstone. On five of the eight sides a strong pointed arch in the masonry of the wall reaches a trifle higher than the apse. It is roofed by slabs of stone overlapping from cornice to centre, laid with plenty of mortar. Wild grasses wave there. The entrance is now at the west and a strong north door is blocked up on the inside by a wardrobe; a winding stair goes up to roof and bells in a projection that on the outside rather spoils the proportions but was once the base of a belfry. In the body of the church, the shafts in the corners of the octagon go up to a plain string-course level with the sills of windows, which are open in the second and third sides and in the others are blind niches: from the capitals of these shafts rise others, smaller, to sustain a curved rib, on top of which, again, rests each of the eight square ribs that support
and domed the dome. About at the haunch of this occur openings (now covered by the roof-tiles), in shape alternately lozenge and octagon.

The apse is enriched by simple repetitions: the entrance arch consists of two

orders resting on capitals built into the wall, and the vault rests on four ribs which come down on shafts to the window sills. Around inside, an upper arcade has four round arches and one pointed, a lower arcade, all pointed: the shafts which sustained this are hidden by the steps which go around the inside just above the floor. The capitals are made chiefly of leaf forms, but a few show interlaced grotesques and a few show early Gothic. All this is strong building, albeit clumsy. strong

The thing really characteristic about the church door, outside, is the local style: dripstone carved with a row of debased human grotesques, as at S. Miguel of Estella and *El Crucifijo* of Puente la Reyna; jamb capitals constituted by a rich interlace, as at the same two churches; archivolts carrying a leaf, the grape, and for the rest, rounds and hollows. and regional

An amazing octagonal cloister encompasses the church outside, but can never have had a roof, or some traces of that would remain on the walls. The cloister has been, to be sure, ruined, built up

An open cloister

plainly by restorers, and roofed along the masonry with tiles, but now as always it remains a mere enclosure, a cincture and not a shelter or screen. It is hard to recall a parallel for this. In the ruined cloister of S. Juan de Duero, at Soria, though the alleys are roofless now they had once a timber roof, and the cloister ran around inside an enclosing wall of the Commandery. Only three of the sides at Eunate retain their capitals and their noble coupled shafts: one of these shows Oriental motives, and one perhaps the figures of Templars, the rest interlace, or leaf forms, all of a sort that cannot be earlier than the twelfth century.

About this cloister Sr. Lampérez[1] offers an interesting suggestion, starting from the common admission that the circular churches of the Middle Age have a double origin, deriving possibly from Roman temples like that of Minerva *Medica* and the so-called temple of Vesta on Tiber bank, or else, equally well, from the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, rebuilt by Syrians for the Christians at the end of the seventh

century. This was from the tenth century the goal of pilgrims and crusaders, and the Military Orders, born under its shadow, built after its fashion. As has been said already, in the twelfth century (1134) King Alfonso Sánchez in his will invited them to the inheritance of his kingdom of Aragon and Navarre. Their power belongs to the time of Sancho the Wise, 1150–1194, counting from the foundation of Ribaforada in 1157. Supposing, then, that they built a commandery here in the last third of the twelfth century, they had a chance to evoke, in the Spanish uplands, the Sepulchre to which they were dedicated. Now S. Jerome speaks of an uncovered, concentric atrium which existed around the Holy Tomb, so constructed "not to intercept the space by which the Lord rose into Heaven," and this was preserved in restorations of the seventh, ninth, and eleventh centuries, though it is covered now. If it was already covered by the end of the twelfth century, still the Templars might be familiar with the passage in S. Jerome. This plausible

Holy Sepulchres

The Virgin's also

conjecture would make the arcade now standing, the *inner* side of a gallery that surrounded the church—which would stand, then, in the centre of a wide cloister garth.[2] That there was a whole monastery, of many buildings, all round about the present church where now the plough goes, is well known: labourers still turn up the stones and expose the remains of walls and foundations.

Virgin of Eunate

In 1312 the Templars left Navarre, but their Virgin is still there: unfortunately I did not know of her existence at the time of the visit, and the woman fetched with the keys did not trouble to mention her; as for the priest, he was miles away. Sr. Lampérez compares her with those of Ujué, Villahuerta, and Irache (now in Dicastillo) and considers them all to be of the first third of the thirteenth century. Some other observations of his are of value: for instance, that there is nothing Cistercian about the place, but it may be compared with the eastern end of Leyre and the cloister of S. Pedro la Rua (I should urge that the art is not so finished by far)

and other constructions of the region. The capitals inside, he says, are all leaf forms (I am not quite sure of this, but most of them are) and to the Corinthian scheme they unite a Syro-Byzantine manner. He feels that, in the grotesques of the north door, with a fantastic fauna alternate a series of personages that seem meant for priests in hieratic vestments. He traces two hands in the work: the church strong, robust, energetic in ornamentation, the cloister slimmer and very fine and free in decoration. But the two may well be contemporary.

Syro-Byzantine manner

The right name of this strange temple is the Basilica of Auriz. Its picturesque bye-name, Eunate, comes from two Basque roots, and means "the house of a hundred doors."

Puente la Reyna.

So Jaufre Rudel

Quan lo rius de la fontana
S'esclarzis, si cum far sol,
E par la flors aiglentina,
El rossinholetz el ram
Volf e refranh ez aplana
Son dous chantar el afina,
Dreitz es qu'ieu lo mieu refranha:
Amors de terra lon hidana
Per vos totz lo cors mi dol;
E non puesc trobar mezina.[1]

Unlike Estella, first mentioned in 1076, and Sangüesa, called into existence as a lower town in 1131, Puente la Reyna is a very ancient place. It was, for sure, before the Moors; it was, perhaps, before the Romans, for it lies on a main road at the crossing of a river; but in importance it ranks simply with those other twelfth century towns which were stages along the track of the pilgrimage. The bridge was the work of Doña Mayor when Sancho III was building the great Way across Navarre, or possibly of her daughter-in-law, Doña Estefanía, the queen of García Sánchez, *él de Nâjera.* The town figures in the reigns

of Sancho the Noble and Sancho Ramírez, in the eleventh century, and in 1122 Alfonso *el Batallador* dowered it well, with privilege of wood cutting and tillage, and water free, "for the desire I have," he wrote, "that here shall come to dwell all peoples, and that they shall make a great and excellent town." When he wrote that phrase about all peoples, he meant more than Navarrese, or even Spaniards: Lombards and Provençals, Normans and English, Flemings and French, Burgundians, Germans and Dutch, Hungarians, Irish, Tuscans and Romans and half Saracen Sicilians, all who passed incessantly on the same journey westward, under the bright stars. The real life of these towns was from the twelfth century to the fifteenth only, and the greatest centuries of the pilgrimage though not the most crowded were the centuries of the Reconquest, the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth, when Spain was just, as we say, opened up for the rest of Europe, as a fresh field for enterprise. There was a hearing at the capitals and the castles, for poets

All peoples

The Peddler's Wallet

like Guillermo Aneliers who wrote the *Civil War of Pampeluna.*[2] There was a market for the peddler, with thin silk from Sicily and thick silk from Lyons, or furs from Muscovy and beyond; and at the very core of one of the saddle-bags, safe from a fall on the mountain side or a slip in the ford, something, enamel or jewel, small in size, light in weight, and more precious than the ingot gold. That peddler was your great purveyor of taste. You see him as painted up in S. Isidore of Leon, in the month of May, leading his donkey, in eleven-hundred-something: and again in a background of the Grimani Breviary, at 1500. In May, when the snows were out of the mountain passes and the spring floods had gone down, he set out from Marseilles or Venice or Barcelona, or Toulouse, maybe, or Bruges, where he would have wintered in comfort. He loaded the two beasts which are all one man can manage, with a few things of the very best, with Flemish cloth and linen from the fairs of Troyes. To great ladies he brought a veil of cypress lawn, to great

abbots a bone, or enough embroidered stuff to make orphreys for a vestment.[3]

To the adventurous youth of Christendom, Spain offered a never-ending Crusade without the sea passage. In 1085 French knights were enlisted for the siege of Toledo; in 1096 for Huesca, in 1118 for Saragossa, in 1116 for the defense and re-peopling of Tarragona. There were so many Franks at the conquest of Toledo that they gave their name to a quarter; at that of Valencia nine years later, that they left it in streets along the coast-wise-lying towns. There I saw it. Bretons, Aquitanians and Gascons figured in the Aragonese conquest: the Crusader's vow was commuted to the Normans at Tarragona; Seville was divided into the streets for Genoese, Franks, etc. The White Company of Du Guesclin, the Black Prince's troops, came and went across the north, and left their wounded sometimes, and carried off sometimes their girls.

A never-ending crusade

A pilgrimage was only a little less exciting than a crusade, and needed less experience: it could be made during convalescence

Messengers

and students

or retrenchment. Monks were always travelling, messengers constantly coming and going between Rome and the great abbeys, great clerics moving on diplomatic business between kings. The circle of European politics suddenly included four more kings at least, as possible husbands for daughters and fathers for queens: the Spanish kings married, so to speak, very widely. Daughters established in strange lands sent home strange folk with gifts and letters; alien queens in the land brought their households and their ways when they came. Spanish students made their way to Padua and Bologna, to Oxford, and above all to Paris, where the College of Navarre was founded in 1304. On the tramp they took in as much of the world as could be embraced; other nations by the thirteenth century came to Seville and Irache, and in Barcelona the B. Ramón Lull lectured to four thousand students. Clerks came down either to get learning from the Arabs in the south and east, or to pick up the scraps in the northern towns as these were retaken. Monks came

across the Pyrenees in hungry droves, and settled down in the plains of Castile and Aragon like grackles in a cornfield. The best of them intended to sit by a king's shoulder: the least of them could count on a grange or a mill. Where churches and castles were building, and convents and whole cities, labour must automatically move, workmen must press, sure of good wages and steady work. Where great crowds are assembled, vast numbers congested or in motion, there you will find the vermin that like close lying, warm sitting, thieves, robbers, pickpockets; also the professional cheat, or confidence man; and the relic-monger. So, too, the huge and shifting company will take kindly to diversion, and give up to the professional entertainer an honest livelihood, one fairly earned. Puente la Reyna would be full of fiddlers, story tellers and jongleurs, and many of the same occupation as S. Mary of Egypt.

Monks

Professional entertainers

Police duty would not be light in such a place. The town was in the hands of the Templars from 1146 until they were ruined, and they were succeeded by the Knights

Knights of S. John

of S. John. These, both, were soldiers and were monks, they ensured discipline and military justice, which has the great virtue of certainty.

Their church, *El Crucifijo*,[4] was not finished till after 1487, under John II. The chancellor of Navarre, D. Juan de Beaumont, in 1448 founded, with Papal approbation, a Hospital of *Frailes Commendadores* of his order, in the place where the Templars had kept one for the pilgrims going to Santiago de Galicia, it being then ruined by wars and calamities of time past. To celebrate the solemn foundation a provincial chapter was held in Olite, to preside at which the Grand Master sent a special representative, and to magnify which Eugenius IV gave many graces and indulgences. These included the faculty for a contraternity of three hundred members, whose alms should sustain the hospice. The king himself and his son the prince of Viana were members. Sir John Beaumont, who was Grand Prior of the order as well as institutor of this Confraternity of the Crucified, desired to be buried in their

church, but at the time of his death in 1487 it was not finished, and only in 1577 were the bones moved thither. Today the church is ruined, between the restorations of wealth and the destructions of war: the tombs survived down to 1836. It would seem from the description preserved and the recollections of old men in the 70's and 80's, that it was in some way influenced by that of Charles the Noble. Standing in the *Capilla Mayor*, on the Gospel side, it was fashioned of choice alabaster, with a kneeling effigy likewise of alabaster and an epitaph in rather bad Spanish verse, but the urn or sarcophagus was adorned round about with figures recalling the great lord's burial: priests, the celebrant, deacon and sub-deacon, the sacristan and acolytes with candles. This may, of course, be the description of one of those long ceremonials that in the fifteenth century filled the niche in which a tomb was set. Throughout the northeast of Spain, at the tomb of Mossén Francés de Villa Espesa, in Tudela, at that of Bishop Lope de Luna in Saragossa, on fragments of others in the Museum at

A ruined sepulchre

Lérida, you find them. But, considering the position, it may well be that an altar tomb like those at Dijon and Pampeluna was ordered and commenced and that in the sixteenth century the family, at the time of translation, completed it with a more fashionable sort of effigy.

The Crucified

The pointed south door of *El Crucifijo* survives, though wasted by weather. Three shafts in the jamb are patterned over with knops and other diapers: the capitals were apparently in the style of some at S. Miguel of Estella and at Eunate, a sort of interlace with creatures caught in the creepers. The abaci have a leaf pattern or *entrelacs*. Of the archivolts: the inmost order is of these very fine *entrelacs* that recall, in their spirit and felicity, the work at Bari by the eastern sea, and Trani that great entrepôt of the Crusaders. In the next order is a pattern that I have not seen elsewhere and that resembles nothing but the crimped curls of butter that come in with your coffee and *croissants* in France, but whereas those are incredibly thin, these are rather solid, almost like the half of a

fluted spindle. Follows, in repetition, an elaborate complete ornament made out of the honeysuckle: then a row of grotesques, some leaf, some animal forms, pine cones, an angel, a head, beasts and birds, harpies, and birds pecking; lastly, a large leaf for the dripstone. Sr. Lampérez suggests[5] that the carvings are imitated from Byzantine ivories. The archivolts are, excepting the row of grotesques, quite unlike anything else that I know in the region, and those grotesques are unlike in detail, though in method of application similar, to those at Leyre and Aulnay. The artisan copied such forms as fell under his hand and applied them as he was used; the sculpture of the jambs, though cunning and over-refined, is in a style disused elsewhere after the Romanesque age, or at any rate after the transitional style, and it is well to have the dated example.

Oriental carvings

At the church of Santiago, in the heart of the new town, the western door is very plain, with a round arch, early Gothic capitals, and the chrism in the tympanum. The south door, however, is magnificent

Santiago

and full of delight, though cruelly worn by weather, especially on its western half. The jambs are of a style to be found at Estella, where five shafts are separated and flanked by others much slenderer, topped each with a human head. The richly carved abacus and storied capitals are carried in a continuous band from the face of the door all the way across the buttresses that flank the entire portal. On the face of the east buttress this band is filled by three lions, on the west by four syrens or harpies; the style is like that of the latest decorative work at Sangüesa but much finer. They represent probably, for all their beauty, the two great Wrongs: sins of Wrath, the lions; sins of Desire, the harpies. Above this on the western buttress is a headless relief of a man fighting a lion that symbolizes the strife of soul and body; that on the east is too worn to decipher.

The two Wrongs

There is no tympanum; the round arch of the doorway is deeply cusped and the face of it carved with a series of seven medallions or scrolls of the days of creation. In the archivolts, the innermost row

Days of Creation

contains chiefly birds, and the next grotesques: the outer ones, Scriptural scenes: a pair of prophets, the Visitation, the Announcement to the Shepherds, and Flight into Egypt, the Epiphany, Herod and the Kings, the Massacre. Cruelly wasted, but still fair, it is all late and rich pictorial sculpture. I should not dare to suppose that it was earlier than the second half of the thirteenth century. In justice it should be said that Sr. Madrazo[6] wanted to give it to the time of Sancho the Wise or Sancho the Strong, a hundred years before this, at the same time referring the forms of the portal to the contemporary style of Poitou and Saintonge. In any case it is older than the church, which was built completely over in the fifteenth century, probably under Charles the Noble, who reared himself pleasure palaces here, with bosques and parks. In 1410 Simon López was master of the works at the castle.[7] Of the workmen or the work on the church, we know nothing. Very high and wide, of a single span, the vaulting rests not on columns but on the semicircular inner

Scenes of the Infancy

Inward-jutting buttresses

face of buttresses of which the projection is inward, into the body of the church. This is the practice at Albi and other places in the south of France, and over the border, at Irun and S. Sebastian. The space between the buttresses is regularly vaulted over in a narrow bay, to form lateral chapels: the transept is deeper than these; the portal opens out of the last bay on the south: a rococo retable blocks the apse and a still more rococo organ the western gallery.

S. Pedro

There is a third church, S. Pedro, plain on the outside, with a western door rather like that of Santiago and an interior of the latest of the fifteenth century. In the twelfth century the townsmen of Murulabarren, attracted by the advantages which D. Alfonso *el Batallador* and D. García *el Restaurador* had offered, migrated hither *en masse* and settled in the quarter of S. Pedro; they may have built this church.

For some reason, Cisneros spared the fortifications of Puente, and the hugeous wall,[8] built against and into, brown and high, looms behind the sycamores of a

shabby *Paseo* which gets nothing from the river, not even a view of the beautiful Queen's Bridge. Inside, the streets are narrow, and the children ignorant and wretched—the worst crowd, perhaps, that a woman alone had ever to deal with. The woman in question was driven to earth at last in the Town Hall, ringing the bell there very much in the temper of the poor old horse who nibbled the straw rope in the famous story and sounded the appeal for justice. The town clerks and councillors were all at home and asleep in the long noon, but a frank old woman, who lived in the tower, was persuaded for a while to lend a chair, a kitten and some attention. She felt it not only natural but laudable that children on seeing a woman alone should assume she was dissipated (*borracha* was the word), and hustle and hoot her, and after a bit, growing sleepy herself, and having run through all her family history and that of her husband's relatives, she wanted to lock up, and sent the strange woman packing. By this hour, however, the children were in school, under the

"Company with honesty"...

Padres Escolapios

charge of the quaintly named *Padres Escolapios*, so that it was possible to escape to a bench under the dusty sycamores, and to wait there for the returning diligence. Government schools are said to teach something about a common humanity, and manners toward the outlander; where only parish and Jesuit schools are found, they wot not of such things.

When the diligence came, it had not a vacant seat: the driver and conductor, undisturbed, recommended not as an alternative but as the only action, sleeping at Puente and taking that which would pass early the next morning. One had no night things, one could not believe that any inn might be tolerable, one simply didn't see how, at the end of a long day, to walk the ten miles or more to Estella, but certainly one was not going back like an abandoned cat to the hooting and hustling children of those streets. As a last resort, the woman alone became a lonely woman, very pitiful —afraid to sleep in a strange place by herself, afraid to leave a timorous Jehane by herself overnight in Estella. Incontinent,

four strapping Navarrese lads packed themselves into the space provided by statute for three, and in contentment that amounted almost to hilarity, the diligence swept on to Estella. For this unexpected repudiation of law, decency, and invariable Spanish practice, may places be found hereafter for the driver, the conductor, and the four Navarrese, among the blessed.

El Sepulcro.

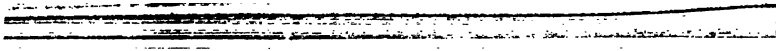
Happy day and mighty hour,
When our shepherd, in his power,
Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
To his ancestors restored,
Like a re-appearing Star,
Like a glory from afar
First shall head the flock of war!

At about the same distance from Estella in the opposite direction lies another example of the same rare type of church as Eunate, finer and more splendid, albeit unknown. *El Sepulcro* of Torres, octagonal, has dome and lantern, projecting apse, and separate staircase turret intact. The

"Bosomed high in tufted trees"

Logroño road curls around a hill-set city, and then in a wide curve sweeps down steeply to the shallow river valley: and thence you look across to Torres on the ascending hill, and catch the sun on lantern tower and arcaded sides. Travellers, on the other hand, approaching from Viana, may see from the post-road the tower reared above thick trees, and guess what must sustain it. Yet the church, unknown to Madrazo, remains such, undivined by Sr. Lampérez; a French ecclesiologist, it is said, driving through the country eight or ten years ago, before private motors had grown general, saw, and stopped to see more and to photograph, and was much molested by the crowding curious children. They are indeed tiresome as gnats, but not bad-hearted, except one boy, cross-eyed and cross-spirited; and their elders rebuked and dispersed them a dozen times, but always they gathered again, filling the open doorway of the empty church, and blotting out the patch of sunlight on the floor. While the stranger who so intrigued them was taking measurements and photographs,

El Sepulcro



the Mayor arrived and exchanged a few civil phrases, likewise a tall spare person all in cool linen clothes, the richest thereabouts. He supplied the recollection of the earlier passer-by, who can only, in conjecture, figure as M. Bertaux. Down at the inn on the post-road, friendly folk kept delicately out of the way, and the traveller lunched alone, and alone awaited, over a novel, the evening coach to return, without so much to bear as a curious glance from the hall: with only a murmur of voices quiet as summer flies, reading and discussing the newspaper that she had brought down that morning by chance. Oh, the courtesy of these small Spanish places, so conscious yet so sure! Just because it is not spontaneous and necessary and personal, as in Tuscany, it tastes the sweeter. Here the landlord still feels himself the host, and the traveller the guest. The pretty daughter of the house, who served the table, was found in calico at the early arrival, and dressed herself in serge for dinner, and dressed her black hair, and craved pardon because the cares of house

Spanish courtesy

versus Tuscan

and kitchen prevented her sitting down to entertain. The same careful grace marked the gentle hunchbacked postman who had fetched the key and opened the church; after his round with letters, he came back prepared to remain as escort or depart as interruption, with no will except to know the other's wish. The day would have been sweet enough with human pleasantness, apart from the sportsman's zest in hunting churches and finding such game.

A little in history

The town of Torres figures a little in history, like any other: near the road there was in old times a monastery, and the church attached to it, of very good and firm architecture, which D. Ximeno Galíndez gave to Irache in 1100.[1] The parish church, which is dedicated to S. Peter, has only a small establishment.

When in 1134 Alfonso *el Batallador* left his kingdom by will to the three Orders of the Hospital, the Temple and the Holy Sepulchre,[2] the Canon Giraldo, who was sent over to take possession in the name of the third, was unluckily sir clerk and not sir knight, and the Order consequently in Spain

was ecclesiastical and not chivalrous. In 1141 the Patriarch and Chapter in Jerusalem ceded their claims on the kingdom, and received in return from Ramón Berenguer territory and vassals to found a church in Calatayud, next to the Mozarabic quarter. Alfonso VII of Castile took a liking to the Order while he held Calatayud, and introduced it into his dominions, giving it property in Toro and Zamora; in Salamanca, the church known now as S. Cristóbal; in Segovia, that dedicated to Vera Cruz[3] and wrongfully assigned to the Templars which was dedicated in 1208. In Logroño the same canon Gerard, who founded the church of S. Mary at Calatayud, founded a church and chapter: the King had given his palace there to the Order, and this will be *S. Maria del Palacio*. In Aragon, there were houses also at Borja and Huesca, and in Catalonia the Colegiata of S. Ana; there were houses in Valencia and Mallorca. Of the two nuns' houses, that in Saragossa still exists, and these *Comendadoras* are the only living members of the Order in the world. I can find no mention of a

The Order of the Holy Sepulchre

Comendadoras

daughter house at Torres, but this is not evidence that there was none: a document of 1303 is signed by Fr. Joanne Petri de Torres, among other witnesses, and the same Fray Juan Pérez of Torres was Prior in the years 1385 to 1391. In 1489 the military orders of the Holy Sepulchre and of S. Lazarus of Bethlehem and Nazareth were suppressed and their goods made over to that of S. John, by Pope Innocent VIII in the Bull, *Cum solerti meditatione.* The Bull was not everywhere well received; in Aragon it was ignored. I find the Prior of Calatayud exercising jurisdiction spiritual and temporal in the early sixteenth century, over the five towns that still belonged to the Order [in Aragon?]: Nuevales, Tobed, Torralba de los Frailes, Codos, and S. Cruz de Tobed. Torres, however, is in Navarre, and La Fuente says explicitly that the Order had two provinces and by the same token celebrated chapters.[4]

¡Arriba, canes, arriba!

The Prior of Calatayud took precedence, and called himself sometimes Grand Prior. His church was begun 1144,[5] consecrated

first in 1156, finished and again consecrated 1249.[6]

In consequence of the dates, fixed by the Baptistery at Parma, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, and the Crusade under Theobald of Navarre, in Anatolia and the Taurus, in the second quarter, the church of S. Sepulchre at Torres must be assigned to a time well along in the thirteenth century.

King Tybalt in the Taurus

The wall arcade outside is pointed; noble columns run the full height at every angle; noble windows fill the centre of each bay in the stage above and admit light through pierced stone tracery into the interior; two windows under the wall ribs flank the apse. The door is a low round arch, a third of a circle, with the Patriarchal cross carved on the tympanum, with the hood-moulding carved in dog-tooth, and a leaf on the abacus at the jamb.[7] Shafts and capitals are lost. The corbels under the roof are fluted in four scallops, horizontally, the nearest thing to this being the supports of the cornice at

Celanova

Celanova, where the Mozarabic work goes back to the ninth or tenth century. The cornice is a shallow hollow in which lie balls,—a Romanesque motive in Spain, already seen about Jaca and on the way to S. Juan de la Peña. The lantern, floored and blocked up, like that of S. Cruz de la Serós, has a small, round-headed window in each face and a column with blunt capital at each corner, a heavy cornice, and a door that opens on the western side, to which lead steps from the staircase tower. This lantern and the access to it resemble probably those originally at S. Martín of Frómista. The roof, like that of Eunate, consists of heavy slabs of stone, now well sunk in mortar. It carried once a stone cross over all, but that being destroyed not long since by a thunder-storm, a clock was set in, of which the face occupies the south wall, and the weights hang down, outside, in the north-west angle between church and tower.

also Cuenca

and Frómista

Inside, a low stone bench runs all around, and the shafts of the lower range have disappeared, but their capitals, billet

moulded, project from a string course of the same pattern, and on these descend the upper columns. Outside and inside, the church has a tripartite division marked by horizontal lines: without, one crosses at the springing of the wall arch, and the other at the sills of the windows: within, one at the point where the arch of the apse springs, and the other where the dome-ribs and the vault begin. The capitals of the upper range are varied: an oriental rosette of whorls, a centaur, a formal pattern based on the honeysuckle, pine cones, a leaf pattern based on the acanthus, network, leaf and pine cone, leaves in two rows forming a rich and broken pattern. It is vaulted with ribs that pass across and leave an open star at the centre: these come down on the shafts just named, at the corners, and on corbels fluted like those without, in the middle of each side. This sort of vault Street saw in a chapel of the cloister at Salamanca, and the present writer saw in one at Las Huelgas. It is Mudéjar: the workmen may have come from the Mozarabic quarter of Calatayud,

Capitals and vaults

Mozarabic and Templar

or from elsewhere: in 1211, a certain Miguel de Burgana gave to the Prior and the Canons a Saracen slave that he had in Gotor.[8] In the vault appear eight tiny windows of pierced stone, crowned with Mudéjar cusping like some at Toledo, and by tabernacles, "heavenly Jerusalems" like those of the school of Chartres. The same sort of tabernacle reappears on a capital at Sangüesa, which belonged to S. John of the Hospital, at Villasirga, which was a Templar's church, at Carrión close by, and at Moarbes copied from Carrión, but these are not the only instances, even along the way. In the case of Sangüesa, Torres, and Villasirga, it may refer to the earthly Jerusalem, of which the lords in some sense all were knights. At the entrance to the sanctuary, where under a pointed arch a section of pointed barrel-vault precedes the semi-dome, stand two columns with well moulded bases and storied capitals: on the north, the Deposition in a form that seems copied from Master Benedetto's at Parma,[9] on the south, the empty Sepulchre left after the Resurrection, as at Arles.

The design on the abacus I do not understand, unless it was imitated from metal work. In the upper part of the two bays nearest the apse, windows open, their jamb shafts duly storied in the Romanesque vein.

Here, then, is oddly assorted matter, gathered up by the side of the Way: capitals derived from Greek, from Roman, from Romanesque, and from Oriental sources, handiwork recalling Mudéjar, French, and Italian artizans. The reminiscence of Parma might seem farfetched, on the writer's part, or fortuitous on the sculptor's, were it not for another still more striking at Estella, in the Last Supper of S. Sepulcro there. Thus it falls into place, and clinches the link already forged, in old records, of pilgrims passing along the great routes. It is possible that whoever brought the design of the Deposition, brought also the way of building, having seen Master Benedetto's Baptistery, commenced in 1196, well under way; and, though simplifying, imitated the structure. One more note: I recall at this moment only two places in which a window is pierced at

Sources

the point where a plane is tangential to a curved wall: these are, the apses in the *Terra di Bari*, at Bitonto and Bari, for instance, and these windows in the dome of the Sepulcro. Now all that *Terra di Bari* was full of pilgrims and crusaders, arriving and departing; Trani was an important seaport. Straight through it ran the road to Brindisi. Lombard builders and French were there: Roland too; the knights, Oliver, Archbishop Turpin, and all the *Chanson de Roland* on the cathedral pavement. Though there are examples in the highlands of Asia Minor, recorded by Miss Lowthian Bell, of the apse-windows, I am not aware that this particular architectural device in domes is oriental: if it was invented in Italy, returning travellers might bring it with them; if in the Anatolian plateau, then the Crusaders of Navarre. Their trobador king Theobald, who had embarked with them at Marseilles in 1239, led them straight into the Taurus to fight the Soldan of Iconium.[10] The road into France ran by Parma, Borgo S. Donnino, and Modena, and the road from France

Another pilgrim-route

"Iconium's turban'd Soldan"...

to Santiago passed near S. Cruz and S. Juan de la Peña, through lands certainly of the latter. So this exotic church need not be fetched like the Holy House of Loreto, through the air: there is a good road all the way.

A good road

VI

TOWN CHURCHES

Arga, Ega y Aragón,
hazen á Ebro varón.

In the midst of vineyard and olive-garth, with noble approaches and skilful gradients, the road runs fast, past Puente la Reyna and Cirauqui, down to Estella on the Ega. After you have crossed the Queen's Bridge, there is a great patch of green and bosky mountain-side to get around by long white loops of road, but for the most of the way, little towns lie close: Mañeru, where ancient houses stand about a mountain stream, and which belonged as early as the thirteenth century to S. John of Jerusalem, and as late as the sixteenth paid heavy taxes to *el Crucifijo*, just back there on the road: Cirauqui, that

climbs surprisingly up the rock and rears a church portal reddish brown like porphyry, pointed and cusped and *répoussé* with innumerable mouldings,[1] two church towers further away ennobling the steep streets. By Lorca the grey of olives hangs like smoke over the brown soil; Lacar huddles among low vineyards; in other towns unnamed a flat mail-bag is dropped or a letter snatched, without stopping, from a waiting woman. After Villatuerta, twice burned in the Middle Age, the road declines into the softer valley of the Ega, where fruit-trees dispute the enclosure with grape and olive, and the retreating hillsides are terraced into gardens. The Ega, green like a Swiss torrent and flecked with white, draws the road swiftly up its course and past a straggling suburb of mills and tanneries, over which towers the *Apostolado* of S. Sepulchre: at last the road broadens and pauses at Estella.

Little towns

The phrase used regularly for these towns is the just one, they are situated *on* the old road, that is to say alongside it. A French highway, as you follow it, runs

High street

into a village and out again, and the High Street of English towns is often a segment merely of the line stretched from sea to sea. But here the little towns draw their walls about them, and lock out the passing troops, the tramping pilgrims: even where, as at Estella, a suburb throve on the farther bank of the river, still there was a clear track left for the road and those upon it, against which gates could be barred.

When Sancho Ramírez was building the Pilgrims' Road he determined that it should pass thereby and a town be established. The monks of S. Juan de la Peña held a place less than a league off, Zarapur by name, and they wanted the road to go their way and bring traffic and custom of sorts. The story reads like the early history of railways, in the intrigues and pressure brought to bear. The king won, after a fashion, the road passes through Estella, but he had to yield to the monks what tithes and churches were just coming into being, and a tenth of the royal rights. As late as 1174 the abbey was adjusting

The Thursday Market in Estella

Mesa redonda

on, or for a lesser price, at the long table, which Spaniards idiomatically call *mesa redonda*, partake of the identical meal served hotter. There we elected to practise Spanish and good manners. On the rare occasions above mentioned it accommodated the chauffeur at the other end, but he looked as a rule more interesting than his employers, and had always more to tell that was wanted about roads and distances, inns and connexions.

The upper town, called Lygara, was peopled by Sancho Ramírez at the end of the eleventh century with *francos*—which may mean free men and may mean Frenchmen, *i. e.*, subjects from the north side of the Pyrenees. *El Parral*, the vine-garth around S. Miguel, was constituted by Sancho the Wise in 1187, who gave the same rights as other freemen enjoyed on condition of a sort of ground-rent. In the same year he had founded the church of S. John on the Sands, in the river-side place called *el Arenal*, in which the Jews congregated. This he gave to the monastery of Irache. The town was reduced under a

single government only in 1266, by the Frenchman Theobald I. The Jews, who had enjoyed by the laws of Navarre liberty of person and property, were under the same king driven out of their quarter; they gathered in the steep streets around the castle, and walled their Ghetto, which however was sacked with slaughter in 1322 under the direction of a Franciscan friar Pedro Olligorzán. In 1329 the townsfolk again sacked the Ghetto, though walled and gated: the land where it stood still lies waste. Later on, when in 1492 the Jews were expelled from Castile and Aragon, the queen and king of Navarre, Catherine and Jean de Labrit, wrote to the governing body of Estella to give the exiled Jews free passage and aid, and "give settlement in Estella to as many as possible, for they are a docile people, easily subject to reason." In the end, unfortunately, the king of Navarre had to yield to the general uproar and the fixed policy of the Catholic Kings, and the Jews had to move on.

Jew-baiting

The truth of course is that in the first place they were too prosperous, and in the

second place the feuds between Francos and Navarros had been patched up that year of 1329, and the town had need of blood. It is said that ten thousand died at this time in Estella alone. The town, naturally, throve. When after the battle of Salado the value of gold fell by one-sixth in consequence of the quantity of precious metal in the booty taken, the old chronicles state that the effect of this was felt in the markets of Burgos, Bruges, and Estella, these being the greatest trading centres. As early as 1254 the *tabla de cambio* of Estella was universal, or nearly. The rich merchants filled up, in the thirteenth and fourteenth century, the streets that the Jews had built above the riverside, and they built them a church dedicated to *S. Salvador del Arenal.* Early in 1264, Theobald I had given to the Dominicans the church of All Saints on the hillside above, which had been a synagogue till García Ramírez *el Restaurador* gave it to the Bishop of Pampeluna.

Burgos, Bruges, and Estella

Commerce flourished. Alfonso of Castile, *él de las Navas*, on February 1, 1205,

gave to the merchants of Estella the right to traffic in all his realms and lordships, without any person's impeding them, and Jaime I *el Conquistador*, in midsummer of 1254, gave them the right of trade and contract in all his realms under royal protection.

D. Diego López de Haro

The merchants had the best of it at Estella, but at times they had suffered, like those elsewhere, under the feet of their betters. In 1206 Sancho the Strong gave the city to the Lord of Vizcaya, D. Diego López de Haro: he entrenched himself in the castle and thence made raids into Castile. During the wars of Charles the Bad, the men of Castile lifted the cattle, and burned the palaces and houses, but in 1390 a privilege of Charles the Noble gave the town equal rights with Pampeluna. The *fueros* of Estella are often quoted as a sort of norm of liberty. In spite of the Castilian raids and the flood of 1475, when the river Ega rose and destroyed half the city and that the best, the palace of the Dukes of Granada still remains one ot the few grand examples of

Domestic Romanesque

domestic Romanesque. The carved capitals of the great columns have the vigour and fire of the cloister at Soria. Other palaces also, fallen from their high estate, line the winding street that leads to the church of the Sepulchre. The castle was destroyed by the jealousy of Cisneros.

The luxury of the fifteenth century is reflected in sumptuary legislation of Charles the Noble. A pragmatic says:—"Inasmuch as the King is certified that the principal cause of the poverty of the city consists in the excessive dressing and ostentation of the ladies and other women, he ordains, taking example from ancient princes and from the kings of Castile and Aragon, that the said ladies of Estella shall not be so bold as to wear upon them either gold or silver, in chains or garlands, or in any other thing excepting girdles and buttons of white silver, ungilt, and, if they desire, on the sleeves only. Further, that they may not wear pearls nor precious stones, orphreys nor toques, nor buttons where there is a gold thread, nor furs of gris, except, in the long sleeves, trimming

of otter the width of half a skin, and the purfles of the front of a mantle a finger broad of ermine, no more, nor wear scarlet cloth nor clothes of gold or silk. . . . Licence, however, is given to wear clothes already made till they are worn out but not to make new. Item, this ordinance applies also to the Jews."[3]

A sumptuary pragmatic

Not only were there French-born subjects filling the quarters of Estella, there were French shrines. Sancho the Strong in 1201 built and endowed a sanctuary for Our Lady of Rocamadour, just about at the time when the church of S. Pedro la Rua was building too. He had had a bad time in Africa, and once safe home, he gave to the Monastery of S. Mary of Rocamadour, on the road of the pilgrims as you go out of Estella, twenty-three moneys of gold in perpetuity, charged on royal rights in the Old Slaughter-house, and eighteen more charged on the mills of Villatuerta. Of this, thirty-nine was for lights for the Virgin's altar, for his own soul's good and his parents'; of the other two, for incense one, the other for a preacher on certain

feasts. The ancient *fueros* of Navarre recognized Rocamadour as a privileged place of pilgrimage, like Rome, Jerusalem, S. James, and Overseas, and protected debtors during a fortnight's absence:

Fueros de Navarra

"Ata qué tiempo non deve ser peyndrado omne que va en romería. Nui ynfanzon que va en romería non deve ser peyndrado ata qué torne. Si va á S. Jaime deve ser segure un mes; á Rocamador XV dias; á Roma III meses; á Oltramar un aynno; á Iherusalem un aynno et un dia."[4]

The Mountain Mother

Across the river and up the hill, the shrine of Notre Dame du Puy is referred by pious tradition to a miraculous apparition of stars in 1085. It is more likely that the devotion came from the greater Virgin of the same name in Velay, whose shrine was flourishing at that date and lay on a pilgrim route, and whose Bishop in the tenth century had gone to S. James. The miraculous image may be of the thirteenth century. There are only two documents, in the archives of the city, that bear upon the church: in one, dated 1386, Charles the Noble acknowledges the gift of some mills from Mossén

Pedro Godillo, Prior of S. Mary of the Peak (*S. María del Puig*); in the other, dated 1174, the Bishop of Pampeluna gives the church of Puy to the seventy members of the brotherhood of Santiago on condition of their paying three maravedis to the Bishop and his successors. The officers of this confraternity included in 1322, D. Benedict of Limoges; and their goods, and those of the Confraternity of Nuestra Señora de Salas, were in the hands of Frenchmen as trustees: Jean Paté, Dean of Chartres, Hugon de Visac, and Alphonse Robray, for "it was not intended that the said goods nor any part of them, should be put in the power of our lord the King."[5]

S. Mary of the Peak

For the great churches we hold no documents, and must read as we may, from the stones, of their buildings and rebuildings. About 1200 is the date accepted for the cloister of S. Pedro la Rua, and the church itself, with well-pointed arches, can hardly be earlier. It lies so nearly at the top of a steep hill, that the west end runs blindly up into a tower, and down into buttresses and substructures, and the main doorway

S. Peter Roadside

Portal

occupies the second bay on the north, another opposite, of pure early Gothic, admitting to the hill-crowning cloister. The pointed arches of the north door are decorated with patterns, billet, dog-tooth, and various chevrons, spirals and diapers, without a tympanum; the arch curiously cusped like that of Cirauqui. On the shafts in the jambs the capitals are partly decorated with leaf forms, and partly with very oriental motives: two bearded griffins *affronté* on one jamb, and on the other a mermaid holding her two tails, a centaur shooting at her, and a superb pair of woman-sphinxes, crowned, with strong curved wings and dragon tails.

The church, of three aisles, without a transept, consists of three bays only, with a western gallery and the *Coro* under it. In the last bay of the north aisle, which is pinched off at the corner above the steep hillside, stands an early retable with a gold ground. The nave has a star-vault of the sixteenth century, the aisles a strong quadripartite vault with moulded ribs and large carved bosses, that show S. Stephen stoned,

S. Andrew as Bishop blessing, the Agnus Dei, etc. The piers, once cylindrical with four attached columns, are most of them spoilt. The sanctuary is raised eight steps, a rare feature in Spain outside of Catalonia and rather Italian-seeming. It is hard to see a reason here, where no tomb or shrine occupies a crypt, unless in mere imitation. The apses have a bay of barrel-vault, and then a semi-dome: those on the sides open upon the central by arches like tomb recesses; the central, arcaded within and without, has in addition three deep niches which on the outside barely show as intercalated buttresses below the fine Gothic corbels that sustain the cornice, but within constitute true apsidioles. In brief, the plan of this apse is French; it corresponds to that of Souillac, which lies only two hours' walk from Rocamador. Apse

The church still keeps, besides its relic of S. Andrew fetched from Patras, a Madonna of Mercy; a fine stone statue of the late thirteenth century, of a Bishop probably S. Andrew; and a fifteenth century wooden figure of S. Peter, quite delightful.

Cloisters

Of the cloister, timber-rooted, only two sides are standing: by accounts of the ruin it seems they have been repaired within a generation. The northern walk, along the church, has storied capitals and the western, leaf forms or oriental creatures. Here are the sphinxes and manticores and estriches and antelopes that Spain in the twelfth century received from Asian lands.

The great capitals on the coupled shafts are historied all around, commencing all on the garden side. Beginning here at the eastern end, they read on as follows:

Figured on p. 349

The first, finest of all, is very Byzantine: on the narrow sides the Harrowing of Hell and Christ as Gardener, on the broader, the Entombment and Maries at the Tomb; the Sepulchre itself, a dome with curtains and a hanging lamp, the carved sarcophagus, set high on four legs, and in the last scene, half open, the winding-sheet hanging over as at Arles, the angels sweeping down with censers, are all of more loveliness, softer yet more poignant, than Europe then produced ungrafted.

2. The three kings on horseback before Herod; he talks to soldiers and they bring him babies' heads; the Massacre.

3. The Annunciation; Visitation and Presentation; Announcement to Shepherds; and Epiphany.

4. Soldiers fight a lion and a griffin, and savages fight on the broad faces, men and lions on the narrower.

5. History of S. Vincent.

6. History of S. Andrew, including his interview with devils. In the city of the Man-Eaters

7. History of S. Andrew's dealings with the proconsul, one Egeas, including his preaching, judgement, and martyrdom when he said "If I doubted the gibbet of the cross I would not preach the glory thereof."[6]

8. Saintly story, I think the close of S. Andrew's legend.

9. Corner: nine shafts in all, with leaf motives, of a kind that occur at Soria and in the oldest cloister at Las Huelgas.

On the western side the devices, as I said, are very oriental, including birds,

Entirely oriental

long-necked and twisted, what the elder English called mantigers, birds pecking, head to head or back to back, sphinxes kissing, small lions regardant above leaves of honeysuckle. These are very like some at Silos; they are quite unlike the Romanesque motives that came through France and may be seen at Fontevrault, S. Eutropius of Saintes, S. Juan de la Peña and S. Pedro of Soria. It cannot be said too strongly that they are not in the least French, even in the sense in which the word is used of the portal of S. Miguel.

S. Michael on a Mount

Though round-arched, this great door of S. Miguel belongs at earliest to the beginning of the thirteenth century, the porch enclosing it to the fourteenth or fifteenth. The earliest part, probably, is the row of eight apostles and prophets, who cannot have been intended for the place in which they now stand, on either side the arch. They appear to be copied from the Prophets

1117

at Cremona. It seems indeed as though they must have been designed for just such a grand row as that at Cremona, which was

perhaps imitated later at S. Sepulcro of Estella. Next comes the doorway proper, with the capitals of the jamb shafts, the tympanum, and the sculptured archivolts. Here also appear traces of a ***pentimiento***, for the figures do not quite attain the just centre, in the successive rows, and for the four and twenty elders there is not space enough to accommodate three couples who are tucked into the spandrel spaces outside. Latest, and of finer and more sensitive work, are the great sculptures that flank the jambs, of angels killing the dragon and weighing the souls, and talking with the Maries at the tomb. None of this work recalls in the least that of Toulouse. The iconography of the scene last mentioned is that of Provence. Now precisely from Arles and S. Gilles came the great rectangular sculptured slabs, adapted by workmen of the school of Toulouse to use in the Cloister at Silos. This work was known at Estella, where the cloister of S. Pedro was under way, and the slabs were adapted by some inventive master to the façade on either side the door, possibly with knowl-

Angelical activities

edge of what Master Nicholas had done, in the same way, at S. Zeno of Verona.

Iconography

In the tympanum you have Christ amid the tetramorph, between SS. Mary and John Evangelist; a solemn majestic Christ seated within a beautiful four-lobed mandorla, His book marked with the chrism. In the archivolts, row by row, are ranged all the company of heaven:

1. Six censing angels;
2. Eighteen of the twenty-four elders, crowned and making music, the other six, as said, being placed elsewhere;
3. Ten prophets with scrolls;

4 and 5. Groups illustrating saintly legends — S. Martin and the Beggar, S. Vincent, S. Peter, Tobit, Esther, etc.

The capitals run, from east to west, on one side: (1) Annunciation; (2) Visitation and Nativity, the Blessed Virgin lying in bed; (3) Cradle with ox and ass, Shepherds; (4) Epiphany; (5) Presentation.

On the other side: (1) Flight into Egypt; (2) Herod and the Kings; (3) Massacre of the Innocents; (4) and (5) the scheme breaks down in an interlace, a man killing pretty little dragons.

Finally, the great reliefs show, on the left, S. Michael overthrowing the dragon to S. Gabriel's admiration, Abraham holding souls in his bosom, and S. Michael and the devil weighing out more; on the right, two angels at the half-open sepulchre, tiny soldiers asleep below, and three Maries with lovely spice boxes.[7]

Weighing Souls

The themes and treatment belong to the cathedral builders of the Royal Domain, and the technique, the actual forms, are Spanish. In the treatment of the hair and eyes I am reminded of the earlier, barbarous style of S. Juan de la Peña, and some faces in the archivolts, one, for instance, in the story of Tobias, have the curious Greco-Buddhist air of those at S. Tomás of Soria, which seems to be a graft of that same stock. The only way to account for these incoherencies is to suppose successive workmen in charge: a Spaniard superseded by a Frenchman, and the scheme, which came from the north, carried out by workmen imported from other parts, from Aragon chiefly. On the

Successive workmen

one hand, S. Juan de la Peña owned this church, and on the other, Alfonso Sánchez *el Batallador* was raiding Soria at about this time.

Ill-assorted dates

Unfortunately it is impossible to delay the hypothetical rebuilding of the door to the time when the church was altered, for this was in the fifteenth century. The nave, of four bays, is of late Gothic, the vaulting and the capitals that belong to it are quite Renaissance in character. The aisles are quadripartite-vaulted with large bosses, the nave piers compound, with shafts in all the angles. The north transept is early, a bay and a half deep: the south transept of two bays with a great middle-pointed window. The apse belongs to the earlier building, preceded by a deep bay of pointed barrel-vault before the semi-dome; the side apses have simply a pointed semi-dome, and on the north side a window over that, and a shallower apse in the half bay. The south doorway, opening on a tiny walled garden, is early Gothic in character, the capitals a sort of belated transitional, like an outgrowth from Irache.

These two churches, S. Pedro and S. Miguel, lying both on hilltops, are both pinched in the last bay of the aisle; S. Pedro on the north and S. Miguel on the south. Both want a triforium and a clerestory, and the two are very like in style, a style suited to wealthy merchants, open, comfortable, pleasant, and pretty, in which one may move about freely to see and be seen. It is an inland solution of the same problem that Jayme Fabre and the other Catalans were to settle after their own fashion, and that the churches of Betanzos, near Corunna, met just as well. Almost as much as early Renaissance building, is it the expression of a moment of ease and expansion, the sort of scene in which to lay the opening of the *Decameron*.

Merchants' Churches

The tale of the churches is not yet half told, and two at least cannot be ignored, that occupy almost a whole suburb, S. Sepulchre and S. Dominic.

To two monks of S. Dominic, Fray Miguel and Fray Fortunio, in 1264, Theobald II gave the church of All Saints, that which had earlier been a synagogue. At

A king-kept convent

the king's request five years before, Alexander IV had given a Bull, the Bishop of Pampeluna conceded indulgences, and the friars preached well and to the purpose. The convent grew upon the hillside, rich and gracious; Philip the Fair and Queen Joan gave baths and a tower; Louis le Hutin in 1307 ordered the Jews to build up a wall between the convent garden and the Ghetto; a great knight and a king's grandson, D. Nuño González de Lara, in the fourteenth century bequeathed his sword and his right arm. The ruined church stares from the hillside, wrapped in ivy. Above the refectory the pointed arches that once sustained a vast barrel-vault still stand, sharp against the blue, but of the church or the cloister little is to be seen except the plan of a mighty nave, as well suited to the Friars Preachers as the T-shaped plan of Italian churches, and a chapel and chapter-room eastward, that, given also by Count Nuño González, wear the delicate and refined grace that the fourteenth century kept in remote places.[8]

Like the other churches of Estella, that

Capital at Estella

of S. Sepulchre is entered from the north side; and Sr. Madrazo[9] is probably right in his suggestion that the church which now stands is merely the north aisle of a great one projected and half-ruined, perhaps never finished.

Some church of the Sepulchre there was in the twelfth century, for in 1174 S. Juan de la Peña, renouncing others, still keeps peaceful possession of S. Michael's, S. Nicholas, and S. Sepulchre.[10] When it came to be rebuilt, "the merchants made the door or portal," says the Licenciate Lezaun describing it in the eighteenth century with more enthusiasm than sense as "having images of saints in half relief and others full-figured, admirable in sculpture and, stuck to the wall of the church, some tombs or ossuaries with stones which denote great antiquity."[11]

The innumerable thin mouldings of the sharply pointed archivolt, the late thick leafage of the very small jamb-capitals, and the arching of the tomb recesses on either side, the cusped arches of the curious arcade under the roof, the statues flanking

the door, and the very exquisite sculptures of the tympanum, belong to the late fourteenth century—a little preceding that loveliest of the cloister doors at Pampeluna which offers a passage into the canons' garden. In the peak at S. Sepulchre is figured the Crucifixion with Longinus blinded, and another pagan, besides SS. Mary and John: under that, in a row, the Sepulchre with soldiers sleeping below, and an angel sitting above, the three Maries, Christ bringing up the patriarchs from the yawning jaws of hell, and the *Noli Me Tangere*. On the lintel is set a beautifully ordered Last Supper, far more solemn than those at Pampeluna or Toledo. It closely resembles that on the related portal at Ujué, but it would seem that these two astonishing architraves are not copied one from the other but both, with discoverable likenesses and variations, from the Modena-Parma-Pistoja group.[12]

Cena

Estella and Ujué

It is pretty plain, from the mouldings of these two doors, the forms of the bases to the wide jambs, and the treatment of the capitals, that the portals as they stand are

the work of one man. These elements show precisely that likeness without identity, which is impossible to a copyist. The sculptures of the door at Ujué must be later than the lintel here, but the group of the Epiphany is more Gothic in its vivacity of action and relative simplicity of drapery than the tympanum sculptures at Estella. At Ujué, in somewhat the same way, the apostles at the table are very deliberately individualized. On the architrave at Estella they are kept back in a straight line, and the conscious quaintness of Judas's position, at the front of the table, is given up. We can, more or less, date the door of Ujué: Madrazo says[13] he has reason to believe that it was built, like the nave, under Charles the Bad, who died in 1387.

One artist

The Apostolado that flanks this portal directly under the roof, is certainly earlier than the doorway and not made for the present place; earlier than the statues of Olite; and in situation more surprising. Its position is like that of the sculptures at Carrión, Benevivere and Moarbes, that lie along the Way. In the figures of the

Apostolado

Apostles may still be traced the same style as on the portal of S. Miguel, in the conventions of eyes, of head, and of hair; both short and curled, and long and waving. The style, however, is dying out. If a great church was planned on this site, the figures may have been intended for the western façade as at Carrión, and when the plan was abandoned in the fourteenth century, and the main portal established in the flank of the north aisle, the architect put it under the roof, in a square-headed arcade, gave up the Apocalyptic Christ at the centre and, copying the portal, with variations, from S. Cernin, adorning the angle of the archivolts with six little angels, he set the transfigured Saviour alone, on the finial that crowns the arches, which has a little roof all to itself, lifted above the rest. He carved the tympanum suitably to the dedication in a style not identical but possibly contemporary with the corresponding one at Pampeluna, and then underneath that tympanum, and below the level of the jamb-capitals, he set a lintel left on his hands from the

One style

in two generations

abandoned western doorway, carved half a century before with the Last Supper in imitation of that at Pistoja.

If the patient reader enquires why Pistoja, the answer is, first of all, because it looks like that one, and secondly, that the connection was facile, for Pistoja claimed a relic of S. James and was in constant relation with the shrine of Compostella, men coming and going incessantly along the road: the reader will then recall Bishop Gelmírez's *Maestrescuela* called Ramiro: and his letter to his friend S. Aton, abbot of S. Giacomo in Pistoja, for some articles to be sent by the pilgrims. Why Pistoja?

The streets of Estella, excepting that one which runs past the *Ayuntamiento* toward S. Sepulchre in which palace chambers now lodge donkeys and goats, are comfortable and friendly; the squares simple, their *soportales* rather like the Rows in Chester. The city in greatness was commercial rather than courtly, and this is the end thereof. But it keeps yet a green walk by the green water, planted with ancient trees, broad and grassy, *Soportales*

starred in spring with flowers, cooled in midsummer by the swift and foam-flecked waters. So dense the leafage, so tall and fresh the grass, one might be walking beside the Cher or the stripling Thames.

Green watersides

Town churches, like those of Estella and Sangüesa, seem to have been built with what means were on the spot, by a king's initiative. Neither the bishop of the diocese nor the monastery which was lord did much except collect tithes. Estella had a *chantier* from the end of the eleventh century well along into the fifteenth. If Alvar García of Estella did not plan the cathedral and fortification of Avila, in 1091, as Ponz believed,[14] yet the plausibility of the attribution remains more important than the truth of it. In 1348 Pedro Andreo, who was master-mason of the Kingdom of Navarre, took charge by royal order of the substructures necessary to support the rock on which stood the chief castle of Estella, the *Castillo Mayor*. In 1387 Juan García de Laguardia, had been master-mason in his turn, who died in two years, and his place was taken by Mar-

Alvar García and Juan

tín Pérez Desteilla, which is to say *de Estella*. Charles IV, in 1399, sends this Martín Pérez de Estella to work at Olite. An order on the king's treasurer in 1438 calls for the payment of 149 *libras* and 4 *sueldos carlines* to Angel Dastean, *mazonero y vecino de Estella*, for work that he had directed and executed in the palaces of Olite for the royal marriage.[15] The work done in Sangüesa by other workmen of Estella has been told already: the masons of Estella were famous and were great.

Martín Pérez

Irache.

"Operuit montes umbra ejus: et arbusta ejus cedrus Dei."

Irache lies on the mountain-side a couple of miles away, under the Mount of Jurra, protected from the sickly south wind that Shakespeare disliked, like other men of the Renaissance, and open to airs from north and east, that are cool and health-giving; once set thick about with oaks and live-oaks. That the Benedictine foundation

Monjardin

was very ancient, Yepes[1] shows reason for supposing: possibly Visigothic, it persisted under Moorish rule. It is said that when Sancho II of Navarre went to besiege the castle of S. Stephen on Monjardin, he stopped in Irache and made a vow to Our Lady there, who gave him victory accordingly.[2] He and his son, D. García Sánchez, it seems, are buried here. To his son, the Infant D. Ramiro he gave among other properties the church and honour [estate] of S. Stephen at Monjardin; this D. Ramiro, who had made the pilgrimage to Rome and Jerusalem, had a fate like Banquo's in the play[3]: he spent his last years at the court of Castile befriending the orphans of his hapless brother the last King of Nájera, *él de Peñalen*; and he was the grandfather of D. García of Navarre called *el Restaurador*.[4] At any rate D. García, *él de Nájera*, in 1045 exchanged for Monjardin a convent called S. María de Hiart.

This same hill of Monjardin, it will be remembered, baffled for long the editors of *chansons de geste*, until M. Bédier had the idea of looking it out, geographically,

in the place where it belonged, somewhere near Estella, and in clearing up one point more of mere scholarship welded one more link of his argument that the *chansons de geste* grew up along the Pilgrim Ways.

Five years later D. García founded a hospice for pilgrims and dowered it well. At the very beginning of the restoration of the Church in Spain the monastery of Irache was very rich, and it came by the time of the Renaissance to claim nearly all the land in Estella, and to have many monasteries dependent upon it: at the beginning of the twelfth century, there were at least twenty-six, for the Abbot S. Veremund besides working miracles, so that the blind could see, devils were expelled, and the like, collected monasteries, and nine more were added in the remainder of that century or in the next. The monks early accepted the Rule of Cluny but never the authority, nor, indeed, that of any prelate until 1522; since then, until 1833, it contained a university that ranked with Salamanca, Valladolid, and Alcalá, and the *studio* of Sahagún was transferred

Hospice

S. Veremund

thither, in 1560. Yepes's chronicle was commenced here, and printed, two volumes of it, in 1609; the third, dated at Valladolid, was, the author says,[5] printed at Irache, one of the best presses in Spain being seated in that university. Today a poor handful of Seminarists walk in the fragrant plantations of box and cypress within the four cloisters, drink of their springing fountains fed from mountain brooks: shrink away or clatter down the glorious cloister where in 1547 a Renaissance builder dreamed Gothic. The church, which Yepes calls more aged and strong than good-looking, strikes the traveller as a strayed sister of Zamora, Toro, and Salamanca, and as a fine instance of the transitional style: built early in the twelfth century at the east end, and continued, a little later, westward of the crossing. The three parallel apses open under their deep semi-domes by a pointed arch, and the middle one intercalates a bay of pointed barrel-vault and adds a double arcade around the interior. The transepts consist of one bay each of quadripartite vault, and the nave of three

Yepes

more bays of the same. The dome rests on squinches in the shape of shells; there is a window in each face of the square drum and in each corner a shaft, resting on a capital, that carries the figure of an Evangelist, and the symbolic beast above. Sr. Lampérez, who has studied and loves it well, and has published drawings of the dome, the apse, and the nave, says that the curious dome (though rebuilt in the upper part) is not so near to the Salamantine group as it looks, and questions whether it may be owed to some Syrian architect—"come like so many others by the *cuenca* of the Ebro to seek the *Camino francés*." [6]

Lampérez

A wandering Syrian

In the second bay on the north opens a doorway richly moulded on the outside, with pointed arch and the chrism in the archivolt. Two coupled shafts, and four plain, in each jamb, have, nearly all, storied capitals, some from the life of S. Martin; the sharing of his cloak and the visit of Christ wearing it are easy to recognize, but opposite a knight is fighting a Sagittary and one savage is fighting another, two

S. Martin of Tours

dragons, men with swords and shields (one round and one triangular) a harpy in a hood and an animal in such another, confuse inferences. These last two belong to the fifteenth century, whether at SS. Creus or at Pampeluna. S. Martin of Tours appears frequently in Spain and all along the length of this road; the original church of Iria Flavia was, possibly, dedicated to him[7] before the invention of S. James's relics, though more probably the patron intended there was S. Martin Dumiensis. A scrap of rich arcading was tried outside the window in the wall above, but proved, I suppose, too costly in time and skilled labour. On the whole, this door should be contemporary with that of Puente la Reyna.

The western porch is later and rather odd: five little graduated round-headed windows under a pointed barrel-vault occupy the upper part of the face; below, a pointed arch of five orders, strong and square, rests on the four shafts in either jamb and is crowned by a plainly moulded dripstone. In front of this the deep

porch is sustained by three transverse arches, pointed, resting on capitals, and these on corbels figuring busts or heads and arms:—a bearded man, a beautiful woman in a coif, a negro, another woman, etc.: outside, the trumpeters of the Doom. The door itself has lovely ironwork.

The rebuilding of the dome was all but finished in 1597 when it fell, the builder being saved by a miracle of S. Veremund: according to the Bollandists, he was about to lay the last stone when he heard a voice that said the abbot summoned him and was scarcely in safety before the whole fell in. This miracle resembles pleasantly some which will be met later on, at Castrojeriz. Yepes testifies that the tower was finished in 1609 and the rebuilding done within the forty years, preceding, dormitories, stairways, cloisters, courts and fountains. The effect of the church, however, with its strong plain arches and coupled columns, its austere early capitals and early vaults, and absence of triforium, is to recall the early Cistercian building, strictly contemporary, south and west of Rome. The

The Master Builder

Syrian dome

rich Benedictines here, lying close to the Way, attracted the new forms in architecture and embodied them all, from the Syrian dome and its great Evangelical sculptures, down to the lovely curving star-patterns of the cloister vault. When Alexander II was engaged in trying to wrest their own ritual from the Spanish church and substitute the Roman use, this abbey sent two precious MSS. to Rome, a missal and a sacramentary: the latter had been copied at the monastery of Albelda.

Ancient usage

The monks when, as I said, they were reformed in 1522 by Fray Diego de Sahagún, the Abbot of S. Benedict of Valladolid, still kept some of their ancient customs. For instance, when a monk died each priest among his brethren gave him seven masses, and those not in orders recited ten Psalters; on the day of his death they fed thirty poor men, and for thirty days of mourning thereafter they entertained a poor man in his place in the refectory, to whom they gave the dead monk's portion. In Yepes's day the ration was still a dole, but

the poor man was not fetched into the refectory, the monks finding that sort of guest embarrassing. The old way was very striking, in its transsubstantiation of pagan into Christian use, its consecration of the food and drink once offered to speed a lingering soul on its latest longest journey, by the word of the Son of Man, the "done unto Me."

A Christian transsubstantiation

VII

THE LOGROÑO ROAD

S'en istres de la ville sans nule destourbance
E tant esploiterent on la Jesu sperance
Qu'au Groing furent venus.
—La Prise de Pampeluye.

LEAVING Estella, the road turns, ever and anon, running for a space between high, bare hills, crowned by ruins of hermitage or castle, all one now, past where Irache suns its low massy dome on a bland slope: through the welcome greenery of woods, in the scent of box or juniper; past a widening golden valley where brown towns couch like hares in their forms; smooth and swift it runs to the pretty place, with its water-side church, of Los

Arcos. Hereabouts, in the twelfth century, a man met a merchant, barefoot, carrying chains to Santiago, and heard how he had been sold thirteen times into slavery and S. James had delivered him. Indeed, the Apostle was not well pleased with the contract,[1] but God Almighty, whose patience is eternity, held him to it. Somewhere between Estella and Logroño the tale as it was told shortened a dusty mile or twain.

A Miracle of S. James (No. xxii)

The superb cloister of Los Arcos imitates Pampeluna and anticipates Nájera; the belfry, of openwork, flamboyant, is more deserving of Charles V's famous *mot* about the coffer, than either tower to which he fitted it, that of Burgos or that of Florence; the church itself is a luxurious piece of rococo enamelling, a scented casket, lined all with what looks like Spanish leather, of colour laid over silver-leaf, and fitted all with gilded Churrigueresque altars, exquisite and effeminate. It is possible that the fifteenth century church still exists under this gilt and jewellery, fard and ceruse, but it would be a

sad pity to go restoring, for Spain has a plenty of the fifteenth century elsewhere, but nothing so good in its own kind as this, like a portrait-study by Nattier.

Los Arcos

The town claims to have been known of Ptolemy;[2] it was favoured in the second half of the twelfth century, Sancho the Wise exempting townsfolk in 1175 from obligations of bakery and butchery even to the king;[3] but what it holds of that age, if anything, I know not; from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century it was a part of Castile. It enjoys a *feria* in August: to watch families reuniting for the feast, Jehane leaned over, from the motor-omnibus, one day as we passed through, just in time to see a sleek little black priest with a pink nose, called Enrique, seized by a bigger girl and kissed soundly on both cheeks.

The wind blows strong-scented and earth-warmed. The way runs on past sparse grain fields, in wide turns and long descents, past Sansol steep-scarped; past Torres climbing a river bank and rearing above tufted trees the tower and cross of

the Holy Sepulchre; past Viana, founded in 1219 and cherishing still some crumbling walls, a strong church tower, and the memory of a brief and tragic principate.[4] The red soil of the Pyrenean outliers below Pampeluna, tinged as though with Christian blood undried, has yielded to yellow earth and yellow rock, and the very dust is impalpable gold. About the walls of Viana the road turns once more, and then lies straight as a stretched string across ten miles, from that last hill-spur to the Ebro. There at Logroño S. Juan de Ortega built a bridge, or perhaps only rebuilt, for the *fuero* of 1095 makes mention of one. Thereon stood a chapel dedicate to S. John, but in the flood of 1775 the Ebro took it.[5]

Bridge and Bridge-Warden

The Spires of Logroño.

Abolladas los concavos arneses
Y las huecas celadas sin resplandor,
Sin file las espadas.
—Lope de Vega.

The Rioja

At Logroño we crossed an iron track, saw and might have touched railway metal, but we never travelled by rail till the other side of Burgos. Always the road invited, and the motor or diligence set out and arrived, grey with dust, crowded, and from the broad seat on the top we felt it licking up the miles. Considering that the railway runs there, it is curious how few ecclesiologists have visited the town, or even know its whereabouts, or have so much as heard of its churches. Not so was it once. Today the city is indeed commercial, but still historical. The heart of the Rioja, all the red wine flows through. Situate at the crossing of a great river, Logroño was always self-important: the earliest knights knew it, and John of Navarre and Walter of Aragon, and poets of Padua and Verona; the pilgrims made havoc of the name but relished

the hospitality; even Purchas's[1] rhymester remembered, out of the confusion,—"Then to the Gruon in Spayne." Jacob Sobieski, who went on the pilgrimage in the spring of 1611, describes the city[2] "on the abundant river Ebro, built after the Spanish fashion, for in Spain there are no such notable buildings always as in other places, and above all they want height." This means probably that the northern eye missed the steep roofs, but it is oddly charged against this of all places, for the steeples of Logroño were right famous: Enrique Cock[3] counts *la Redonda*, *el Palacio*, *S. Pedro*, *S. Blas* and *S. Bartolomé*, "that all have lofty belfries that make a fair view from afar"; and Lope de Vega wrote, in much-admired lines, of

Steeples

Esa ciudad que superior preside
a estas amenidades,
y con sus torres las estrellas mide,
gloria de España, honor de las ciudades.

"They use linen windows instead of

glass," the noble Pole goes on, "for cool and for shade, which does not contribute so much to the gayety of a place as glass in the windows."

La diana

The town lies fragrant in memory with the scent of ripe grapes and sprinkled pavements, cooled with little runnels that crept into a pool by every tree in the Plaza, full of the sound of soldiers' movements, from the bugle's reveille that they call in Spanish *la diana*, to the band-concert that went on in the square past midnight. All day the blue uniforms hung in view like dragon-flies under a bridge, and the shuffle and purr of marching squads held the ear, or the quick rattle of a cavalry trot. Those were perilous times in Spain, of which the writer may not speak, no more than one visiting in a house when trouble befalls. We dropped eyelids, stopped ears, and triple-sealed the doors of speech.

To be called later "ciudad muy noble y muy leal," as early as 926 the name appears in documents: the men are called, in 1076, "gente dura y terrible." At two great

moments, well remembered, was their temper approved. In 1336, the Castilian army, routed, fell back upon the town, hard pressed by the Navarrese under Gaston de Foix himself, hot-foot and drunk with victory. Then Ruy Díaz Gaona held the bridge against them all. Captain and citizen of Logroño, with but three soldiers he saved the city. He died, but not too soon, and Ebro took his body, and washed it down to the deep eddy that yet keeps, secure, his bones, his memory, and his name.[4]

"gente dura y terrible"

Ruy Díaz Gaona

In the sixteenth century they stood a siege, with artillery, from May 25 to the Feast of S. Barnabas, and the little garrison beat off the French who had conquered Pampeluna and overrun Navarre in that year of 1521, and still they celebrate the feat on Barnaby Bright.

The fifteenth century rebuilt Santiago and the two S. Maries: that called *la Redonda* and that called *del Palacio*. The latter carries, plump in the middle of everything, a most lovely spire, smooth-sided, crocketed and stone-cased, the price

S. M. del Palacio

of which was that the central piers of the church had all to be monstrously built up and the interior spoiled. "Do you suppose," said an acolyte, spotted with candle-grease, shaking his bunch of keys, "that they would have spoiled the vista for anything less?"

Salisbury

Certes, this is the fairest spire in all Spain. Madrazo[5] compares it with that of Sangüesa which it surpasses in size, and that of Olite which it resembles in the perceptible entasis of its ribs; but the only just comparison is either with Litchfield and Salisbury, or, better yet, with Chartres and Senlis, set as it is with gables all around, like that lone lost spire of the sleepy city in the sweetest of the Isle of France.

Senlis

No Spaniard drew the plans for it. Sancho the Wise and Sancho the Strong commissioned the church; Alfonso VII made it over to the Order of the Holy Sepulchre and it became the seat of a Provincial Chapter.[6] Though in the fourteenth and fifteenth century the church was rebuilt, the strong transitional style

of the late twelfth century still appears in the *trascoro* and flanking aisles; a single western bay in each. Eastward of the Renaissance rebuilding, a vast Gothic transept rears three bays of star-vaulting; then the apse appears sixteenth-century again; the retable is dated 1581. Shallow side-chapels cling under the walls of the transept, and the cloister, star-vaulted, is of the sixteenth century.

La Redonda

In 1435 by a bull of Eugenius IV, the *Collegiata* of Albelda was transferred to *S. María la Redonda.* The church, in spite of accretions—a domed and painted oval salon at the west, a bleak eastern transept like the hall of a ducal house, with three domes and an eastern doorway, the aisle-apses being pierced to admit to this—does show, in the part intermediate, the late fifteenth-century Gothic of all this region at its richest, loftiest, and most splendid. Without proper transepts, it consists of four bays, aisles, and nave, four shallow chapels opening along the south aisle. Great piers carry a few thin shafts. The vaulting is very high

and very fantastical; the rejas, retables, and tombs are abundant and good, and vastly enrich the interior, which is, furthermore, entirely painted, vault and aisles, with dim greens and blues, dull and tawny golds.

Alivio de caminantes

S. Bartolomé, however is of another sort, dedicate to the Far-traveller whose legend is so enviable to travellers. "Little, but good," says Sr. Lampérez.[7] Built in the thirteenth century, rebuilt in the fourteenth and fifteenth, it has three apses of pointed barrel-vault, transepts and crossing raised with a star-vault, one bay of nave and aisles and a western transept lifted high on the south side into the tower, and filled elsewhere by a low gallery enriched upon the bosses with rather good Renaissance heads. The only original capitals are those of the piers to the main apse, which has abacus and string-course of billet moulding. On the south side little round-headed windows are set in the clerestory place.

The whole is of a noble stone, grey within, brown where weathered. The

façade, built in the fourteenth century, combined the two chief ornaments of Estella: the crowded tympanum, multiplied mouldings, and reedy shafts of the door proper, with a wide band of sculpture stretching back from the jambs across the entire front, carved with the history of S. Bartholomew. But under this runs a blind arcade, diapered, in the French fashion, recalling, a little, Bourges, and, a little, Noyon, and, in a way most of all, the pure and early Gothic porch near Saumur, on the pilgrim's road. The tympanum and lintel, the former still showing its original arch under the later debased curve, have been lowered from their proper place, probably when the gallery was built inside, and leave room for a triangular window. If this portal belongs with those of Estella and Pampeluna, Ujué and Artajona, it is the latest and the coarsest in workmanship. The capitals of the lower arcade are in the same style as those of SS. Creus; the spandrels above them are crowded with little figures rather more delicate: above the canopies of the statues swarm other

at Candes

The Five Portals of Navarre

personages, like Zaccheus and his friends in the palm tree. The large reliefs begin their story at the right-hand door-jamb, and continue around the south corner, then recommence in the corresponding corner on the north, and end again at the jamb of the portal. The work is coarse and racy; a flaying of the titular saint outrivals Spagnoletto's; the Apostle, flayed, is too like that too-famous image in Milan. On the south side the scenes are quieter in conception and a trifle earlier and graver in work. In the tympanum, the Saviour, erect, holds up His wounded hands, S. Mary and S. John kneeling in desperate intercession; below, the twelve apostles stand free, under rudimentary canopies. The story condensed is this:—

The Golden Legend

S. Bartholomew the apostle went into India, which is in the end of the world. And therein he entered into a temple where an idol was and he as a Pilgrim abode therein. And the temple was full of sick people, and could have no answer of that idol, therefore they

went into another city whereas another idol was worshipped named Berith, and Berith said: Your god is bound with chains of fire that he neither dare draw breath ne speak after that Bartholomew entered into the temple. He hath his hairs black and crisp, his skin white, eyes great, his nostrils even and straight, his beard long and hoar a little, and of a straight and seemly stature, and it is twenty-six years that his clothes never waxed old ne foul. The angels go with him which never suffer him to be weary ne to be an hungered, he is always of like semblant, glad and joyous. He seeth all things tofore, he knoweth all things, he speaketh all manner languages and understandeth them, and he knoweth well what I say to you. And when Polemius king of that region heard of this thing, which had a daughter lunatic, he sent to the apostle praying that he would come to him and heal his daughter. And when the apostle was come to him and saw that she was bound with chains and bit all them that went to her, he commanded to unbind her and then anon she was unbound and delivered. And

Nor moth nor rust

nor hunger nor thirst

So Greco painted

anon then they set cords on the image for to pull down and overthrow the idol but they might not. The apostle then commanded the devil that he should issue and go out, and he brake the idol all to pieces. And forthwith all the sick people were cured and healed. And it was told the king Astrage his God Baldach was overthrown and all to-broken, and when the king heard that he brake and all to-rent his purple in which he was clad, and commanded that the apostle should be beaten with staves, and that he should be flayed quick and so it was done. Then the Christians took away the body and buried it honourably. 8

Logroño, practical, seated at a centre of traffic and exposed to all passing armies, all chances of victory and defeat, was content to adopt and adapt motives encountered close at hand. At Estella you feel how the townsfolk took what they could get of money and privilege, and built after their own fashion, hiring their own workmen. The king might fetch, for Pampeluna, an architect from Paris, the

abbot might fetch a builder from Gascony, as for Iranzu in 1776 did Abbot Nicholas the brother of Bishop Peter of Paris,[9] but in Estella and Logroño the Spanish style appears alive and growing, taking what it can, where it can.

Cathedral and convent builders

Along the Battlefield.

The breath of dew and twilight's grace
Be on the lonely battle-place.

Across the wide plain between Logroño and Nájera, where the Black Prince's army moved softly in the grey dawn, even to the bridge where Roland fought for three days with Ferragus, the track runs as on a bowling green, and Logroño in the morning sun lies comfortable, purchasable, and Nájera in the dusty noon, filthy and fly-specked, crumbles red into the arid river-bed. But if you had turned long since your dusty feet toward home, and at the day's end were moving back from the west just beginning to burn stilly about

As one that travels

the huge sun's pyre, then you should see with the counted miles blue hills arising fold on fold, enchanted in their quietude, magical in their vaporous amethyst. The dusty chicory burns whitely in little patches; the wind is warm with the memory of the day and fresh with the hope of the dark. You do not see Logroño in such approach, for it lies low upon the river: you see but mountains softly folded, wide-encircling, far as the eye can trace them or the memory tell, enclosing and alluring the Road back into the misty Pass where dripping hemlocks and streaming crags still echo the *olifaunt*. Southward, among sharper peaks, lies the abbey of S. Millán, and that of Albelda cavern-hewn; northward the twilight swallows up the ranges.

toward the darkening east

Hereabouts was the battle: and O, how green the corn!

Here the most strange and splendid figures of that gorgeous, lusty, heady fourteenth century of Froissart's are brought together as in a *chanson de geste:* Edward the Black Prince, Bertrand du Guesclin; the tragic

and bitter Peter, the subtle and deadly Bastard; the Captal de Buch, Olivier Clisson. They had the most outlandish and romantic titles: the Bègue of Villiers, l'Allemant de S. Venant, the Souldich de l'Estrade.

Great-hearted gentlemen . . .

"Then they dislodged and took the way to Navaret, and passed through a country called the country of the Gard, and when they were passed then they came to a towne called Vianne. There the Prince and the duke of Lancastre refresshed them, and the erle of Armynacke, and the other lordes, a two days. Then they went and passed the river that departeth Castell and Navar at the bridge of Groygne among the gardeyns under the olives, and there they founde a better country than they were in before; howbeit they had great defaute of vitayle. And when that king Henry knew that the Prince and his people were passed the rjver at Groygne, then he departed fro saynt Mychaulte where he had long lain, and went and lodged before Navarette on the same river. When the Prince heard that king Henry was approched,

Bridge of Logroño

. . . mas no olvides que el vivir

he was right joyous, and sayd openly: By saynt George this bastarde semeth to be a valyaunt knight, sythe he desireth so sore to find us; I trust we shall fynde eche other shortely."

The Spaniards characteristically never went to bed at all: they supped well, and talked awhile, and at midnight were ready for business:

> The Prince and his company went over a lytell hyll, and in the descendyng therof they parceyved clerely their enemyes comyng towarde them; and whan they were all discended down this mountaine, than every man drue to their batayls and kept them styll, and so rested them, and every man dressed and aparelled hymselfe redy to fight.

There in the April weather, in the early light Sir John Chandos came up. He brought his banner rolled up together to the Prince, and said:

> Sir, behold here is my banner; I require you display it abroad and give me leave this day to raise it; for sir, I

thank God and you, I have land and heritage sufficient to maintain it withall. Than the Prince and king Dampeter took the banner between their hands and spread it abroad, the which was of silver a sharp pyle gules, and delivered it to him and sayd, Sir Johan, beholde here your banner: God sende you joye and honoure thereof. Then sir Johan Chandos bare his banner to his own company, and said, Sirs, behold here my banner and yours, keep it as your own; and they took it and were right joyfull thereof, and said, that by the pleasure of God and saynt George, they wolde keep and defend it to the best of their powers. And so the banner abode in the hands of a good Englysshe squyer, called Wylliam Alery, who bare it that day, and aquitted himself right nobly. Than anon after thengylsshmen and Gascoins alighted of their horses, and every man drew under their own banner and standerd, in array of batayle redy to fight: it was great joye to see and consider the banners and pennons and the noble armery that was ther.

es una escuela de honor . . .

In the wind that runs before the sun, the pennons shivered: the white flag of S. George shook out its red cross above twelve hundred flickering *pensels* ot the free companies. They were bad men, no doubt, but they were good soldiers, seasoned. In the pale level sunrays lance-heads twinkled, steel caps glittered: the bugles that had cried in the night, sang now for the fight. The English bowmen were well matched with Spanish slingers, whom they liked no better than had the Romans before then.

Spanish slingers

Sir John Chandos

"That day sir Johan Chandos was a good knight, and did under his banner many a noble feat of armes; he adventured himself so farre that he was closed in amonge his enemyes, and so sore overpressed that he was felled downe to the erthe; and on him there fell a great and a bygge man of Castell, called Martyne Ferrant, who was greatly renomed of hardynesse among the Spaniards, and he did his entent to have slayne sir Johan Chandos, who lay under hym in great danger. Then sir Johan Chandos remembred of a knyfe that he had in his

bosom, and drew it out, and strake this Martyne so in the back and in the sydes, that he wounded him to dethe as he lay on him. Than sir Johan Chandos tourned hym over, and rose quickely on his feet, and his men were there about him, who had with moche payne broken the prease, to come to him whereas they saw him felled."

In this battle the Chancellor Ayala, the historian and poet, was taken prisoner, as he relates himself. He barely mentions his own in a long list of names,[1] for he is more preoccupied with Mossén Beltrán de Claquin, and el Vesque de Villaines, and D. Garci Álvarez de Toledo *Maestre que fuera de Santiago*, and *el Clavero de Alcántara*, who was called Melén Suárez, and other good knights who were taken, too, by those in white surcoats with scarlet crosses, whose cry was *Guiana, Sant Jorge!*

being indeed in rebellion

Du Guesclin

"There were of Spaniards and of Castyle, mo than a hundred thousand men in harnesse, so that by reson of their great number, it was long or they

could be overcome. King Dampeter was greatly chafed, and moche desired to meet with the bastard his brother, and said, Where is that whoreson, that calleth himselfe king of Castella. And the same king Henry fought right valiantly where as he was, and held his people togyder right marvellously, and said: Aye good people, ye have crowned me king, therfore help and aide me, to keep the heritage that you have give me; so that by these words, and such other as he spake that day, he caused many to be right hardy and valyaunt, whereby they abode on the felde, so that because of their honor they wolde nat flye fro the place."

The Bastard's escape

His cry that day, says Pere López de Ayala, was *Castile! Santiago!* and he rode a great grey Castilian horse, in a shirt of mail, until, when the day was lost and the horse was spent, a squire of his, Ruy Fernández de Gaona, came up on a little jennet and exchanged, saying: "Lord, take this horse, for yours can't move." The king took it and got away from Nájera, taking the Soria road for Aragon.

"The batayle that was best fought and lengest held togyder, was the company of sir Bertram of Clesquy, for there were many noble men of arms who fought and held toguyder to their powers, and ther was done many a noble feat of arms. And on the Englysshe parte, specially there was sir Johan Chandos, who that day did like a noble knight, and governed and counsayled that day the duke of Lancastre, in like manner as he did before the Prince, at the batell of Poycters, wherein he was greatly renomed and praised, the which was good reason; for a valyant man, and a good knyght, acquitynge hymselfe nobly among lords and princes, ought greatly to be recommended."

Mozos codiciosos de honra...

If the ordeal of battle means anything, this day the issue declared for that Don Peter, who wanted to be called *the Just*. "The Prince [Edward] had indeed with him the flower of chivalry, and there were under him the most renowned combatants in the whole world." What sumptuous phrases they had, these men that made

King Dampeter

history as they wrote it, and what magnificent certitudes! Here with these words, unlike enough to the actuality of the sullen and ferocious Englishman named less from his black armour than his black heart, and of his host of alien and mercenary invaders, our good knight and loyal servitor evokes the very figures of the great-souled, the Happy Warriors, the—

White Horsemen

"White Horsemen who ride on white horses, the Knights of God,
Forever, with Christ their Captain, forever He!"

"Than the Englysshmen and Gascons lept a horsebake, and began to chase the Spanyardes, who fledde away sore disconfyted to the great ryver: and at the entry of the bridge of Navaret, there was a hideous sheddinge of blood, and many a man slain and drowned, for divers lept into the water, the which was deep and hideous, they thought they had as lieve to be drowned as slain. And in this chase among other, ther were two valiant knights of Spayne, bearing on them the abyte [habit] of religion: the

one called the great priour of saynt James, and the other the great maister of Calatrave. They and their company, to save themselfe, entred into Navaret, and they were so nere chased at their back, by Englysshmen and Gascoyns, that they wan the bridge, so that there was a great slaughter. And then englysshmen entred into the city after their enemies, who were entred into a strong house of stone; howbeit, incontinent it was won by force, and the knights taken, and many of their men slayn, and all the city overron and pylled, the whiche was greatly to the Englysshmen's profit. Also they wanne king Henries lodgynge, wherein they found gret richesse of vessell, and jowelles of golde and sylver, for the king was come thyder with great noblenesse, so that when they were disconfyted, they had no leisure for to return thyder again, to save that they had left there. So this was a hideous and a terrible disconfyture, and specially on the river side, there was many a man slain; and it was said, as I heard after reported of some of them that were there present, that one might have seen

¡Ay, qué buen Caballero!

the water that ran by Navaret to be of the colour of red, with the blood of men and horse that were there slayn. This batayle was bytwene Naver, and Naveret, in Spayne, the yere of the incarnacyon of our Lorde Jesu Christ, a thousande thre hundred threscore and sixe, the thirde day of Aprill, the whiche was on a Saturday." [2]

The most renowned

As at Cologne upon the winding Rhine, and among the stony deserts of the *Bouches du Rhône*, as on the sacred plains of Châlons and of Poitiers, so here the quiet air is swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight, is thickened and cloudy with the figures of clashing armies that like the tides withdraw and return again. Half a millennium before Henry of Trastamare, Charles the Emperor had gathered the most renowned combatants in the whole world, and camped in sight of Nájera, whence the hosts of Spain and Aragon came prepared and glad. "Moult fu beaus Feragus": the time was early summer, the time of birds' singing, the time of love-making,—

This geant issued out of the town and demanded [combat] singular, person against a person. Charles, which never had refused that to person, sent to him Ogyer the Danoys. But when the geant saw him alone on the field, without making of any semblant of war he came alone to him and took him with one hand and put him under his arm, without doing him any harm, and bare him unto his lodgings and did do put him in prison, and made no more ado to bear him than doth a wolf to bear a little lamb. . . . After that Ogyer was borne thus away, Charles sent Raymond d'Aubepyne. When Feragus saw him he bare him away as lightly as the other.[3]

Last came Roland. Roland went to pray in the dawn, S. James and S. Michael came always when he called them, he talked theology to Feragus in the pauses between thrust and parry, and found him a stone for his head when he slept exhausted, and in the end pricked the poor gentle giant in the one spot vulnerable, and so the Bridge of Nájera was

SS. James and Michael

won, and the city baptized.[4] The battle occupies three days and three thousand lines and more. There is not a word of history in the whole, yet it was by some other virtue than the author's vain imagination that precisely there, where he had never been, these figures of ancient song, *muy noble y muy leal*, "peopled the hollow dark like burning stars."

S. Mary the Royal.

Mother of misericord,
For thy dead is grief in thee?
Can it be, thou dost repent,
That they went, thy chivalry,
Those sad ways magnificent?—Lionel Johnson.

Nájera in the Sunday noon consisted of a rotting cliff and a bone-dry bed of stones; between them, dirt and flies and good Christians. Bells tinkled for the last Mass, dogs quarrelled, children cried out; the arid heat droned and hummed. While the narrator went to look for S. Mary the Royal, Jehane was welcomed with a shaded room, cool water, and hospitality

Kindness

without grudging from a little tavern keeper. His reward came immediately and thirty-fold, in the drinks he sold to those who drifted in to stare. Meanwhile a small boy, and a smaller *Cura*, were giving to the narrator more counsel than comfort: the church, it appeared, belonged to a convent of *frailes*, who through the noon hours were bound to dine and sleep, and for neither knocking nor ringing, for neither the Pope nor the King, would they open the door before mid-afternoon. Just the glimmer of a chance, however, searching and bitter inquiry brought out that a certain ecclesiastical dignitary of the town might stir them up. Anyway, we went about to see: and at a corner the good lad raised a cry and set off running: the convent door it seemed, was not yet closed, a beggar woman who waited along with me was confident it would not close until she had her daily mess. We knocked and rang at intervals, she and I and a few loungers, and when at last the brass wheel spun in the door I could see at a glance the green of cloister-garth as background to the

apostolical

and ecclesiastical

to salve the Spanish pride: it has raised for us at any rate the mysterious wailing figure on the shores of Guadalquiver who cried aloud in a grievous voice, in Arab and Spanish, thrice:

En Calatañazor
perdió Almanzor
el tambor!

5. Sancho *el Mayor*, whose queen Doña Munia or Elvira is also called Doña Mayor. She built the bridge at Puente la Reyna. In 1001 she signed a document conjointly with him and with D. Ramiro, who is called Regulus.

Romance of Doña Mayor

He was a bastard son of the king's, but his mother was a great lady, either Doña Caya of Aybar, or a Castilian heiress. The Chronicle[3] and the Romances both tell one story about this prince. The queen had a horse fleet and sure given her by the king, and her eldest son begged it of her, and in the end, by the advice of her castellan, she refused to give away the king's gift. Then her eldest son conspired

with his two brothers to accuse her to the king, involving the castellan, and there was nothing for Doña Elvira but the ordeal of fire. At the day and hour, however, a good knight came, and the young men, bethinking themselves, sent a monk of Nájera, to stipulate for pardon if they should confess, and in the end they did. The champion was D. Ramiro. Then the queen put out D. García her eldest son, the mischief-maker, from the inheritance of Castile, and the kingdom of Aragon which was her own she gave to D. Ramiro her stepson. That was a great woman, say I.

The Good Knight

Sancho *el Mayor* conquered from the Arabs Sobrarbe and Ribagorza, and from Leon all the land between Cea and Pisuerga, and divided his lands among his four sons, and died in 1035.

6. García IV *él de Nájera*, conquered D. Ramiro and took Aragon, reconquered Calahorra, dowered *S. Marta de Nájera*, and after reigning twenty-four years, four months and some days, died fighting his brother

Atapuerca

Ferdinand of Castile, in the battle of Atapuerca, in the year 1054.

7. Sancho the Noble *él de Peñalen*, was killed in the wood by his brethren, 1076. With this for an excuse, Alfonso VI of Castile took the Rioja and Sancho Ramirez of Aragon took Navarre.

This is the end of the kings in Nájera. The wife of D. Sancho the Noble is called in her epitaph, like Chaucer's lady, "the White" for her sweet soul's sake, and Placencia for her gentle ways, but for all her pleasantness her paths were not of peace. When the king was murdered, she disappeared from history.

And goodé, fairé, white she hete...

There was another good queen Blanche buried at Nájera, the daughter of García Ramírez *el Restaurador*, wife of Sancho *el Deseado* of Castile, mother of Alfonso VIII *él de las Navas*. She bore a son, and died; but her husband lit a silver lamp above her tomb, that burned for centuries.

The church was dedicated on Saturday the 12th December, 1052, and endowed with most amazing gifts. The complete inventory of that dowry has been pub-

lished by Dr. D. Constantino Garrán and may be bought on the spot, so may be spared here: instead, we may consider a list of the books that a king borrowed thence at one time. In the thirteenth century, Alfonso X borrowed, against a receipt and in good form, from the prior and monks of S. Mary of Nájera, besides other books, the *Bucolics* and *Georgics* of Virgil, *Epistles* of Ovid, *Thebaid* of Statius, poems of Prudentius, two books of Donatus, the great grammar of Priscian, the *Consolations* of Boethius and his commentary on the ten predicaments, *Scipio's Dream* of Cicero, the *Libro Juizgo* (the Visigothic code), a catalogue of Gothic kings, a treatise on jurisprudence ("un libro de justicia"), the *History of the Kings*, the *History of Isidore the Younger*, and the *Book of Illustrious Men* by S. Jerome or S. Isidore or both.[4]

Books borrowed

According to tradition, the foundation of Nájera was on this wise: D. García was hunting and pursued the prey into a cave where he found an image of the Virgin. He adored and built a church. The cave

Virgen de la Cueva

del Alcázar

Independence

is there to prove it, westward of the church but opening into it, and the tombs of the kings lie within or before it, and the image reigns at the high altar of the church. It is completely habited and not easy to see, but from photographs appears archaic work of the thirteenth century. In the cave is enshrined another image, the Virgin of the Alcázar, that Sr. Lampérez[5] attributes to the close of the twelfth.

Of the early church and sepulchre of kings, founded in the beginning of the eleventh century and consecrated 1056, nothing remains: the church was rebuilt by Prior Pedro Martínez de S. Coloma, 1422–1456; the cloister in the next century; the royal burial place, by Fray Rodrigo de Gadea, 1556–1559. D. García Sánchez had brought monks from Cluny and settled them there; in 1486, on Monday the 8th May, the monks elected their first abbot independent of Cluny, D. Pablo Martínez de Uruñuela.[6]

In the church, the transepts and nave of six bays are unusually high, with vault sexpartite or star-ribbed; there is a true

clerestory and a curious series of openings, like a triforium, on the south, which gives access to the vaults. The apses are square; the buttresses, without, cylindrical and big as towers, like those of Albi and of Assisi. There are low galleries over the transepts and the west end, all these in *clausura* of course; and a glorious south chapel of two bays with stalls and tomb recesses; but nothing breaks the soaring beauty and noble grace of this thrice royal church. The stalls, late Gothic, were made in 1495 by Master Andrew and Master Nicholas: the organ doors, in Antwerp now, were painted perhaps by Memling.

Albi and Assisi

The *Claustro de los Caballeros* is built, lofty and long, in five bays by seven of plateresque that simulates Gothic; begun under Abbot Juan de Llanos (1517–21) it was ended under Abbot Diego de Valmasida, (1521–28); on either side the walls, on every pier, a canopied niche had once held a saint, and tomb recesses open down three sides of it. Here lies that López de Haro called, by exception, the Good, and a quaint use survived about his tomb from

Examen de varones . . .

his death in 1214 down into the last century. When a *Corregidor* or a new Council was elected in the city, the Council went in procession from the *Casa Consistorial* to the tomb, on which was laid a pall, and a carpet was laid on the pavement, and two candles were lit. Then, they standing in a semicircle, the presiding member handed the sealed ballot to the scrivener, and he broke it open and read the election aloud.

Eastward, in the chapel of Holy Cross, lies like a foundress Doña Mencía López de Haro. Her mother was a sister of Ferdinand the Saint, her first husband was a knight of his, for whose honour and glory she defended, with a handful of gentlewomen and maidservants her castle of Martos, when the Moorish king Alhamar besieged her there. In her widowhood, a king of Portugal married her, infatuate with her beauty, her charm and her personality, and she ruled the realm as though it were her own inheritance. In the end Portugal was lost, D. Sancho died forlornly at Toledo, while she came back to Nájera where she had grown up, and

In S. James' church he sleeps

founded this chapel, December 7, 1272, with four chaplains, "that masses might be sung for her soul every day, even until the end of the world." Did she feel that they were needed so?

Door of the Holy Sepulchre

VIII

TWO ROAD-MENDERS

The world is his house. He serves all men alike; ay, and for him the beasts have equal honour with the men. No man is dependent on his earnings, all men on his work.

—Michael Fairless.

TRAVELLERS in Italy may recall, some of them, a valley hidden away in the heart of the Central Apennine, behind Gubbio, between Scheggia and Fossombrone. It is entered through a land bare as the Sistine *Creation of Adam*, it is left by the Furlo Pass where the Romans ran their road through the living rock of the mountain flank. The capital city is Cagli. As, before an invading race, the indigenes

withdraw to mountain fastnesses, and the last tribe of those who once held the land smoulders away among the highest peaks, so, before the railway and the factory town, Italy found asylum there—the romantic Italy of our grandfathers' past, of Claude and Wilson, of Richardson and Byron, and under the stone-pine and the vine-wreathed elm, dreams eternally. In much the same way the *campo* about S. Domingo keeps still unspoiled the romantic Spain of the Elizabethan and the Augustan age. Here tawny Spain, lost to the world's debate, rejoicing in the abundance of corn and vine, salutes the coy dawn with the tinkling bells of mule-trains, and wakes the early moonlight with pipe and guitar. Translucent grapes, flushed peaches, freckled pears, with white and powdery bread, strong and limpid wine that glitters like jewels in the reddened glass,—these transmute into something venerable and sacramental the ancient sun-burnt mirth. On every hand the land is green, and the *campo* of La Calzada is famed as far as once the *huerta* of Sahagún. The cool well-

Romantic Spain

Unspoiled

water is abundant, wholesome, and delicious. The town plants poplars and sycamores in multiplied rows along the roadside, till *camino* becomes *paseo*, turning the dusty track into a place of solace and refreshment. Women are handsome here, babies clean, men devout. Only of late a narrow line of railway has pushed down from Haro, and the spell of the sleepy centuries is not yet rent. It is strange in a world of trippers and tourists to find a happy land so abounding in its own kindly life, and a church so richly undespoiled, still intact of dealers and restorers.

Two saints hereabouts in the twelfth century took care of God's poor and God's pilgrims, Dominic of the Causeway and John of the Bramble-Bush. Says Govantes[1] —and the account seemed good enough for Madrazo[2] to transcribe with only verbal alterations:—In the eleventh and twelfth centuries there were a number of saints whose piety was directed to helping pilgrimages to holy places, and who mended old roads, built new ones, erected bridges, and founded hospitals and hospices. This

A Mountain Town

fell in with the wishes of Alfonso VI. Possibly S. Domingo had retired to an anchorite's life in an old palace or castle which stood where now the city stands, a league to the south of the bridge by which the Roman road crossed, that ran from Italy to Astorga; and seeing the distress of the pilgrims he set about relieving it. The river Oja, though usually a slender stream, gets up in thaw or in rainy weather and is dangerous enough. He probably built so far from the Roman bridge and turned his road out correspondingly, either to take the stream where it was narrower, being nearer to the mountain, or to get a better foundation for the piers. Beside the bridge he built a hospice or free lodging and served there humbly: thus the new settlement began. In the *Flos Sanctorum* it is said that S. Domingo was an Italian, who for love of God sold his patrimony and distributed it to the poor, and then, to be more entirely in the state of a pilgrim and a stranger, passed over into Spain and sought admission in the Benedictine convent of Valbanera. He was denied for alleged

S. Domingo de la Calzada

illiteracy; the same happened at S. Millan. This was about 1050: that year the locusts ate up everything, and S. Gregory of Ostia came preaching a mission: S. Domingo joined him and stayed with him until his death. Then he settled down in a place of thick forests and shameless highwaymen, built his cell and a chapel to Our Lady, and afterwards burnt off the woods and built a causeway. Here S. Domingo de Silos visited him, and the two held holy converse together, and he approved his labours and travails.[3] Alfonso VI when, after the death of D. Sancho *él de Peñalen*, he took possession of the kingdom of Nájera, gave to S. Domingo all the land he needed for his works, and he built a little church, consecrated 1105. There he lived, attending to travellers and in especial nursing those who needed him, till he was very old. He died in 1109.

S. Domingo de Silos

A hundred years later, his figure enters, familiar, easy to identify, in the *Vision* of the Ploughman Thurkill: though the English chroniclers could not recognize his name, the Pilgrims knew it perfectly. He

is the Warden of the Basilica which is the gathering-place of souls and the goal of the long Causeway, and S. James himself commits the visitor to his charge. The Apostle, by the way, figures there in a mitre as Metropolitan and Primate of the Spains; and for the same reason he is arrayed with mitre and crozier when, with S. Millan, in the Apparition of Simancas, they turned the day. Gonzalo de Berceo is explicit about the nature of the great twain:

Twins

White Horsemen who ride on white horses, O fair to see,
They ride where the rivers of Paradise flash and flow.

Now the abbey of S. Millán de la Cogolla lies not many miles away, to southward of the Road, and, as related, legend connects S. Domingo with it: the account which determined Thurkill's vision in this part, will have been picked up here in La Calzada.

S. Millán

The place was called in those days, Burgo de Santo Domingo. The new road, the safe crossing over the bridge, the convenient

Bishop Covel

lodging, the good site, the level, fresh, fertile and healthful land, drew settlers. The Bishop of Burgos laid a hand on them, the Bishop of Calahorra warned him off: the case was put to arbitration by the king's order and Calahorra was sustained; this being in 1137. Alfonso VII the Emperor, who had seen to this, with his wife Doña Berenguela, dowered the city in 1147 with a share of woods, mountains, pasture and grass-land, and water rights. In 1152 the Bishop, D. Rodrigo Cascante, raising the church to collegiate rank, decided to enlarge and rebuild. In 1168, with royal help the work was begun; in 1180 the offices were sung in the new church;[4] in 1232 Gregory IX transferred thither the see, at the request of the chapter and Bishop D. Juan Pérez, the situation of Calahorra being both unwholesome and perilous. The lordship of the town belonged to the chapter till in 1350 S. Ferdinand took it over to the Crown, giving an equivalent. The king D. Peter rebuilt the walls; his successor D. Henry died within them, on Sunday the twenty-second of May, 1379.

Kings reside

In 1440 the shrine of the saint was ordered by Bishop D. Diego López de Zúñiga. In 1517 the cloister was begun, finished in 1550. The splendid detached belfry was built in 1762–67 by Master Martin, at the expense of Bishop Porras.

Says Ceán Bermúdez:[5] the king D. Alonso VIII and the Bishop of Calahorra and Nájera, D. Rodrigo Cascante, laid the first stone: the work lasted seventeen years, and was not finished when in 1180 the see of Nájera was transferred thither, though the divine offices were celebrated. It consists of three naves, and is of a robust and heavy architecture, without grace or elegance, as were all the edifices of that age. It was finished in 1235 when it was raised to a cathedral. This is hard to reconcile with the sentence before, about the transference of the see: all accounts are indeed fairly confusing. The name of the see, according to Govantes, runs still "of Calahorra and La Calzada," though Madrazo says it was joined to Burgos in 1574. The abbey church was certainly dedicated to S. Saviour, as the retable indicates,

Robust and heavy

though some confusion is caused by a kind of joint-ownership with S. Mary, explicable by a tradition that Madrazo[6] also records of the original site's being that of the little sanctuary of the *Virgen de la Plaza*, against the great belfry. As there must have been some such tower before Master Martin's time, it is worth noting that at S. Léonard de Limoges, on the same Causeway, the tower is isolated similarly.

Towers like S. Léonard

This church was begun, then, in 1168, and within twelve years was fit for use. Thereafter building went on, and then rebuilding. The original plan is plain, and is French; and especially is the structure French, pier and rib. The nave is three bays long, the westmost of only half the size, as though it stood once between two western towers: and the eastern end had a chevet of five, an ambulatory and three radiating chapels with a plain bay in between these. The Lady-chapel survives, and the next bay north of it: the rest has been rebuilt. The north transept is a plain strong rectangle vaulted octopartite, like the nave. The south transept has been rebuilt with a

French plan

chapel eastward and a portal of the full transept width, to fit the shrine of the Saint: also, the bay just west of this, clear across the church, aisles and nave, is as high as the crossing and as richly vaulted. Though, where only one transept aisle occurs, it is usually on the eastern face, I believe this arrangement to represent an original divergence from the norm for the sake of the crowds of pilgrims, giving, with such a lofty western aisle beyond the transept, a vast and noble environment for the shrine.

Western transept-aisle

Master Pedro or Juan Rasines rebuilt, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, the *capilla mayor*. Andrés de Nájera began the stalls in 1517; in the end of the same century they were moved down, and damaged, and a lawsuit followed: in 1825 they were damaged again by fire, and repaired with faithful care by a local carver. The *retàblo mayor* belongs to the first half of the sixteenth century, it is beautiful Renaissance work in the style of Berruguete. About this woodwork discussion rages.

Stalls

The stalls of S. María la Real, at Nájera,

Con suma prolixidad

were carved by Maestre Andrés and Maestre Nicolas, in 1495, says Ceán Bermúdez[7]; "con suma prolixidad por el gusto gotico"; Madoz[8] says they were executed in 1493 by two brothers called Amutio, of Jewish persuasion, citizens of Cárdenas, a town a league off; who, Dr. Garrán[9] adds, were disciplined by the Inquisition. This detail he had from his father, the late D. Restituto Garrán of Acedillo, who supplied the information to Madoz, and who learned everything from old monks, his intimates, that knew by heart the traditions of the monastery. He wants this Master Andrew to be the same with Andrés de Nájera or Andrés de S. Juan, of whom Ceán Bermúdez says, in a manuscript note intended for a second edition,[10] "it appears from trustworthy documents that he designed and carved the stalls of S. Benito of Valladolid in 1528; and likewise carved the quire of S. Domingo de la Calzada." The quire of Nájera the present writer has not seen for it is in *clausura*, but views of it are published by Dr. Garrán, by D. Pelayo Quintero,[11] and by Sr. Martí y Monso,[12]

Master Andrew at Nájera

and from these it is easy to understand the beautiful late flamboyant traceries and delicate fifteenth-century forms. A phrase of Street's occurs to mind, where he calls a tomb "in no sense unworthy of a good Gothic sculptor." That was Master Andrés, a good Gothic sculptor, and by the same token incapable utterly of the luxuriant loveliness of the stalls in S. Domingo.

Master Andrew of Nájera

For these Sr. Martí y Monso has published abundant documents.[13] They were begun in 1517, Andrés de Nájera being master of the works. He lived at that time in S. Domingo. For some reason not stated, the chapter in proper person made the contracts with the several workmen: these were, Guillén de Holanda (who was not necessarily William the Dutchman), Juan de Castro, Francisco de S. Gil of Burgos, Ortega of Cordova, one Lucas of Burgos, and one called the Burgundian for whom a notary signed. This last could not have been Felipe Vigarny, but it is worth remembering that Maestre Andrés was possibly working in

Andrés de S. Juan

Burgos and in relation with Vigarny four years earlier, for, says Dr. Martínez y Sans, in 1513 the work of Master Philip was valued by the master-mason Andrés de S. Juan.[14] Moreover in Valladolid in 1533 he served on the same commission with Vigarny and one Julio Romano, about the valuation of the retable of S. Benito, that Berruguete had just finished.[15] To have taken two or more workmen from Burgos into the Rioja, makes it more likely that Maestre Andrés was really formerly at Burgos, and this contract gives us another Frenchman, of name unknown, who lived once in Burgos in the time of Maestre Felipe Vigarny, sculptor (before 1498–after 1532), and Juan de Langres,[16] *entallador* (known 1522–1532). From S. Domingo, Maestre Andrés went to Valladolid, where he was working pretty steadily, between 1522 and 1528, on the stalls of S. Benito: he was living however in Covarrubias in 1521, and as late as 1531 he reappears in the Calceatensian account-books as master of the works on the trascoro.[17] Apart from questions of style, it is unlikely that Master Andrew

should be judging Renaissance work in 1513 if he had finished mature Gothic work twenty years before, and it is almost impossible that one of the judaizing brothers of the fifteenth century in the Rioja should move so freely and be fetched from so far in the second quarter of the sixteenth, as an expert qualified and highly esteemed. He would be, if nothing else, at any rate too old. Here then within forty years, between 1493 and 1533, we have two Masters called Andrew and quite possibly three, working from the Ebro to the Pisuerga, in Navarre, and in both parts of Castile.

Retable

Before the *retablo mayor* comes up again the whole question of likeness and unlikeness in names and personalities, of documentary evidence and the evidence of style. The retable is a noble and precious work of the Spanish Renaissance, a shade less mannered and agonized than Berruguete's at S. Benito. Straight at the sides, level at the top and bottom, it bent into three planes to accord with the curving apse; also, it wants a proper predella. In

the central place is the *Salvator Mundi*, above that the *Assunta*, above that an oculus or almond-shaped glory for the Host. On either side are four great panels of the life of Christ where, as nudes, the Baptism supplies a pendant to the Resurrection; between and beyond these panels, figures, singly or in pairs, are set between columns and under cornices, and flanking all, another row of statues, freer and more sinuous, rises from a sort of console formed by leaning figures. As in the Milanese, the columns are treated like balustrades and candelabra; the friezes, frankly heathen, depict not only young fauns and old centaurs, but tritons and sea nymphs, Eros and Amphitrite, and the nude is not confined either to sacred persons or to putti.

Nudes

For this also, Sr. Marti y Monso publishes some documents.[18] It seems that the sculptor was named Formente, that, a citizen of Saragossa, he was living in 1539 and was dead in 1543; that of his two daughters one called Esperanza, married Bartolomé García and the other, Isabel,

Formente

left no other heir: the daughter and niece of these, Úrsula García, was married to Jerónimo Daza, and in 1569 she gave power to Juan García and Juan de S. Cruz to try to recover for her money which the Dean and Chapter of S. Domingo were still owing on the retable, as they had admitted in 1543. Now, of course, there is a sculptor ready at hand, Damian Forment, who lived one time in Saragossa, and made two retables there, and one in Huesca, besides one for Poblet in 1517, and some earlier work at Gandía. But he was supposed to be dead by the time the second quarter of the century commenced. Ceán Bermúdez[19] cites a document of the chapter of the *Pilar* dated 1511; then he mentions the retable of Huesca contracted for in 1521 and finished in 1533, also Gothic; and finally refers to two notes in the MS. of Martínez: first, that in this retable Forment changed his style, being influenced by Berruguete; and second, that when Charles V wrote to the chapter, begging for the services of the sculptor when they had done with him, it was too late, for he

and Forment

had died shortly after completing the work, and the canons had buried him in the cloister. There the sacristan still shows an epitaph, which is not Forment's, as Carderera pointed out, but of his composition, being put up by him to the memory of a pupil Pedro Monjois. Carderera also says that the name of the sculptor does not occur in the book of Obits and Anniversaries, which he has scanned, and which one would expect to record a memorial of him. Still, the evidence is negative both ways: if Forment did not necessarily die in 1533, yet he did not necessarily live to quit Huesca. To these two works we must add the retable of S. Pablo in Saragossa, given conjecturally by Ceán Bermúdez and since confirmed by documents. These three have everything in common: the curious shape, raised over the central compartment, the tall canopied predella, the rich interlacing pattern of the frame, like stallwork; the deep canopies over groups and about figures, and in this Gothic setting, the plastic style of the Florentine Renaissance. This, unluckily,

Huesca

Saragossa

is not all we have of his authentic work: Sr. Tramoyeres[20] has unearthed the contract for the *retablo mayor* of Poblet. Dated April 2, 1527, it was drawn between Abbot Pedro Quexas and Damian Forment *del regne de Valencia*, living in Saragossa. In 1531, a thousand ducats were still due him on it. This is pure Plateresque work, made up of columns and niches from which most of the statues have gone, but one standing figure keeps the grave beauty of early art. Lastly, he was to make a retable for the cathedral of Barbastro. The base, still unfinished, fell to his daughter at his death, and was only completed in 1560 by a pupil of his, Juan de Liceire. From the plates of retable and base that Sr. M. de Pano publishes,[21] I should say that the groups in the base were his and the design of the enframing parts, but not the detail of these: the style shows still the transition to pure Plateresque, to the style of silver-smiths and not of wood-carvers. Everywhere his beauty is a little hard, and the richness is mere overlay. He was of Valencia, not of Aragon, but his

Poblet

Barbastro

Archaic

archaic quality of resistance serves him like a northern strain, and his is a pure but not a stubborn art. In every work of Forment's that we know for his, the groups are enclosed in boxes or niches; the figures have a setting and background as in painted retables; the framework is made of mouldings and vegetation; the foundation of the retable is in one great plane, and not bent obliquely. With three Gothic and two plateresque works, we have plenty on which to base a judgment, and as in the case of Maestre Andrés, so here in the Forment case, the judgement confirms the first opinion. The retable of S. Domingo is not by the same man as the retable of Huesca.[22] There was at least one other Forment, in the sixteenth century, who was also a sculptor by profession:

Lucas Forment

Lucas Forment, in 1552, was witness for Innocencio Berruguete about the recumbent effigy of Pedro González de León. He was then twenty-four and had known Berruguete for four years, and his testimony was rather flippant, viz.: "If he himself had that piece of work to do

he would not do it unless they gave him more." [23]

The ritual choir, but not the architectural, is denoted by the Spanish use of the word *coro*, and it is necessary to have in English some such distinction of terms when the stalls are looked for in the nave. I venture to propose the revival, merely, of the elder English form *quire*, as it appears for instance in the rubric that provides for an anthem "in quires and places where they sing." The quire, then, of S. Domingo is covered on the south side with paintings of the life and legend of the saint, in their original sixteenth-century frames. Opposite these is a chapel consecrated to a local devotion, with a statue of the titular, the Blessed Jerome Thermosilla, a mitred Abbot in a black cloak over white habit and scapular. In a chapel once dedicated to the Baptist and S. Martin but now oddly enough to S. Teresa, a tall retable that antedates some of the rebuilding and the present invocation, yet dim-glimmering with tempera and leaf-gold, reigns above an altar-tomb of a knight and two wall tombs with recumbent

The quire

effigies, these of the fifteenth century, another with a kneeling pair of the seventeenth. The central figure is D. Pedro Juárez de Figueroa, Lord of the town of Cuscurrita, of the family of the Dukes of Frias and Counts of Haro, who died in 1418. In one of the niches lies next to his spouse Doña Juana Fernández, with a book in his hands and two more at his bed's head, D. Pedro González de Santo Domingo y Samaniego, sometime *Corregidor* of Vizcaya and the *Encartaciones*, founder of one of the *Mayorazgos* included in the house of the Marquesses of Ceriñuela that possess the place. That word Mayorazgo means here, manifestly, a title and the estate which goes with it, devolved upon the eldest son. It also means property and inheritance, and is used at times as a proper personal title of the eldest son before, but also after (I think) he has come into the property: the *Mayorazgo de Labraz* is just such a title as the *Master of Ballantrae*. An old flag hangs here: it is the banner of the Alférez Perpetual of the city, an honour which Philip II bestowed on his guards-

The tombs

man D. Francisco de Ocio in 1566. The *trascoro* is adorned with huge oil paintings of the Passion; Maestre Andrés's carvings have disappeared. In the chapel of the Magdalen, on the north side, lies D. Pedro Carranza, Apostolic Protonotary and *Maestrescuela* of Burgos Cathedral, in a lovely rich tomb carved in the head of the niche with the Annunciation. He built the chapel and ordered the tomb in 1539. The chapel of S. Andrew belongs to the *Mayorazgo* of Tejada: there rests D. Fernando Alonso de Valencia, sometime canon of the cathedral, who died in 1522, and another canon, his kinsman, D. Juan de Valencia: the statues, vested exquisitely and nobly conceived, are from the hand of some unknown Burgalese sculptor. Burgalese sculpture

The shrine of S. Dominic stands in the south transept painted and gilded and carved with a wealth of ornament and a complete history of his miracles. The wrought-iron grille is painted and gilded likewise; and the whole is just such another as that of his disciple S. Juan. The statue of the titular was made and placed in

. . . que cantó la gallina asada

1789, the sculptor being Julian S. Martin of Burgos (1762–1801.) Above the west wall of this transept, behind a grating, a fine pair of white fowls cluck and scratch in memory of the most famous of the miracles.[24] It was painted by Palmezzano, perhaps from Melozzo's designs, in the fifteenth century at Forli, where the chapel is dedicated to S. James, the church to SS. Blaise and Jerome.[25] It was painted also in the Aracoeli, in Rome, by one Juvenal de Orvieto, in 1441. Jacob Sobieski mentions[26] that the French Pilgrims, and more especially the Poles, feed the white chickens thinking that if these eat, they will get safely to Santiago. The editor suggests, a little vaguely, that the chickens may have prompted the story. This story, as I conceive, although it occurs within the full light of history, offers a very delicate instance of a mythopoeic process; being probably invented *après coup* to explain some Roman relief discovered in the twelfth century here, somewhere along the line of the Roman street. Mrs. Arthur Strong publishes one found in the Rhine-

land[27] which shows all the *dramatis personae* of this legend: persons seated, by intention the family and the judge, and standing, by interpretation the father, and the roasted fowl on the table. The tablet bears suggestions of the cult of Mithras; such another might easily turn up under the plough in Spain to-morrow.

Mithras

Sieur des Orties.

This was the little fold of separate sky
Whose pasturing clouds in the soul's atmosphere
Drew living light from one continual year.
—The House of Life.

Entrar de prisa . . .

The day was yet young when at Zalduendo we quitted the modern highway and for some three miles crossed a high rolling moor, odorous with box and rosemary, flushed with heather, glad with larks, cooled with hill-borne airs, to reach the shrine of S. Juan. So we came down, past a carved stone cross, into a green valley among rustling trees, with broad smooth turf before the door and stone benches in

the shade for the elders of the hamlet. The *Cura* had said his Mass long before, and gone elsewhere to say another, but at the return we encountered him inside his house-door unsaddling the rough ass like a younger and less troubled S. Joseph. S. John his patron I imagine as a figure not unlike this, small and friendly, but keener, with the engineer's face, square chin and overhanging brow, spare cheek and puckered eyelid, for he spent his life at laying out roads and then making them, at planning high bridges, wide-arched in midstream, narrower in the shallows, and then cutting the stone and placing it. He spent his best days working in the sun and directing other workmen, but he ended them here, in a grassy dell, on a stone bench under whispering trees. He would get up when a pilgrim came around the turn, meet him, and ask the news as they reached a quiet room, swept and scrubbed, deep-windowed and strong of door, cool in midsummer, warmed in snow-time; and from the hearth where the white ash always winked and lisped, fetch warm water and

. . . Y es descanso el trabajar

if needful wash a man's feet; he would dish up a stew, tasting of meat, and savory, out of the little blackened pot that simmered there, and fill a horn cup from the bloated wine-skin in the shed, and lastly show a bed, warm, well-shaken up, and clean. He slept usually on the floor himself. He who had given orders so long would hand out a little joke with the piece of bread for breakfast; he would answer questions and remember news and report the state of the roads and the run of the weather to outgoing travellers, from the account of those returning. He whose advice kings had requested would serve the meanest, and tend the foulest, and wait upon the lustiest,—a tiny trotting old man, white headed and white handed with age, with tanned and shrivelled face. In 1080 he was born;[1] he died in 1163.

y el servir es señorío . . .

Certainly he began this church; with three apses, the central one arcaded and adorned with carved capitals and small windows under a second set of arcades. Inside, the semidome of this apse is carried

on four curious heavy ribs that taper upwards, and are nicked along the edges with the same desire to decorate as S. Cuthbert's abbey shows on the high hill at Durham. Each apse is preceded by a pointed barrel-vault, but the high crossing and transept of two bays are of sound transitional vaulting, quadripartite. The nave consists of but a single bay, rebuilt, with six ribs for the aisles and eight for the centre, and is filled up with a choir gallery. The lovely late Gothic stalls, up there, though neglected, recall not unworthily those that Nájera keeps closed away, and those that Celanova boasts were fetched from Sahagún. Behind the north apse a passage leads to the cloister, and by a turning stair, to the upper cloister and tower. The eastern capitals of the transepts, and these of the chapels opening therefrom, are original: on the north side, in a style recalling the tabernacles at *S. Juan de Duero* in Soria, the Annunciation and Nativity; on the south side, more delicate, under tabernacles, the Annunciation and Visitation, the Epiphany and

Late Gothic stalls

Massacre. The piers of the crossing have finely moulded bases and pretty *griffes;* on the western transept face, capitals and balustrade are flamboyant and more commonplace. They belong possibly to the time when Bishop Pablo de S. María restored the church, the rents, the income, and the offices, sending Jeronymite monks from Fres del Val, in 1434.[2] Sr. Lampérez distinguishes in the early work two hands: the saint's own, on the lesser apses, and the lower parts of the central one and the transepts, and another on the high walls and vaults; the stones, he says, testify.[3] Flórez confirms this,[4] saying that this building, begun in 1138, got as far as the crossing, being all of stone. He was the most famous architect of his time in Castile, says Ceán Bermúdez,[5] and this notion of his genius is confirmed in turn by Sr. Lampérez, who says: "S. Juan de Ortega appears to us as a master of grand and robust conception, and of the purest Romanesque style, which is somewhat archaic in details, and belongs to no determined school of architecture." Here, that

Early Romanesque building

is to say, the creative imagination has perfectly fused the matter and brought forth personal and perfect work.

The Shrine

The shrine of the saint, which is simply a rich canopied tomb not unlike the royal tombs in SS. Creus, stands in the chapel of S. Nicholas, now the parish church. This was the original chapel that S. Juan built in thanksgiving to S. Nicholas of Bari, on his return from the Holy Land, and there he must have said his daily Mass for many years, for he was not only monk but priest, ordained by Bishop Pedro Nazar of Nájera. In the course of time men had come to live with him; amongst these, two nephews of his named John and Martin, and he had organized them under the Rule of S. Augustine and had his household confirmed by the Pope in Rome in 1138,[6]

Lord of Nettles

and had his valley confirmed by the King D. Sancho in 1142, so that in his testament of 1152, he calls himself quaintly *Senior de Hortega*, the Lord of Nettles.

The chapel was rebuilt by Isabella, who had come in pilgrimage, seeking a child, in 1477: now the saint was himself an only

child, for twenty years desired, and he "was an especial mediator in this need," says the chronicler. He gave to Isabel her three tragic children; the prince D. John, cut off in his first flowering, who lies inurned at Avila; Joanna the Mad, and the most unhappy of English queens, called Catharine of Aragon. It is recorded that when the monks in the year 1450 in the time of Bishop Alonso of Carthagena, Fray Gómez de Carrión[7] being then prior, wished to translate the body of the Saint into the church, and to that intent, in the presence of many nobles and prelates, opened the tomb, there came out from it a multitude of white bees, with a sweet odour; they hummed about, they even stung the obstinate, and the tomb was closed again.

White bees

Here we are again in the richest vein of folklore: all over the world bees are souls, and it becomes apparent how under the form of bees he kept the hosts of unborn souls, ready for women who should come to beg for babies. There is a Tyrolese figure of Frau Holda who lived in a moun-

Frau Holda

S. Rita

Helper and Harbourer

tain and kept the souls in a big chest, not half so pat as this. S. Rita of Cascia has also a swarm of these white bees, but as she was beatified only in the seventeenth century and canonized in the twentieth it is not easy to discover from her legend as then drawn up and confirmed what she does with them.

A pretty story Flórez also preserves, of an ivory crucifix which the king D. Alfonso gave to him, in which he took much delight and carried it about and conversed with it, and one day when he had no one to assist at Mass, the Crucifix responded and helped him to the end of Mass. Certain of his miracles as Helper and Harbourer are carved around the base of the cenotaph (the body itself lies in a stone coffin underneath) much as those of S. Sebald may be read about his shrine in Nuremberg: on the east side S. Nicholas appearing to him in a ship at sea: on the south, the restoration of a man that fell asleep by the roadside and a loaded cart passed over him; and the return of the robbers who had stolen the saint's cows

and wandered all night in a fog, and in the morning found themselves with their booty at the convent door. The north side begins with the history of how his ass, when he was once in Nájera, broke its headstall, and the saint when cobbling it wounded his own eye with the needle, but when the Bishop came to condole with him, God restored the sight and he arose joyfully to greet his noble guest. The other history is not in Ribadeneyra or Flórez: two dead men lie under trees, the saint prays and anon a monk receives the two men under a florid Gothic door. An altar set against the west end hides the remaining subject. It was set up in 1474; the *verja* is dated 1561. The style is charming, fresh, luxuriant, and delicate. With James and his brother and cousin, we could wish to make three tabernacles, for it is good for us to be here. *Spes lumen splendor*[8] is the only inscription on the shrine: perhaps it means that John of the Nettles was set, like a lighted candle, in a golden candle-stick.

Spes lumen splendor

These moors are a part of the mountains

of Oca, and from the higher levels we looked across green tilth and unripe harvest, where church-towers drew tree-tops about them, under a low-hung sky, to a lofty blue chain of hills, along which sunstreaks chased the shadow-streaks of rain. From Zalduendo to Burgos the road is modern and rather dull, easily flowing over the unfrequented hills till the high shoulder of Miraflores was lifted into sight at a turning, and in the basin of the Arlanzón the city lay, every spire and tower plain, familiar, and very fair.

. . . y salir corriendo

NOTES: BOOK ONE

CHAPTER I

See, for the matter of this chapter, the following books, used often too freely or too generally for page reference:

Dieulafoy, *Art in Spain and Portugal*—Strzygowsky, *Orient oder Rom*—Id., *Klein-Asien*—Butler, *Architecture and other Arts*—Spiers, *Architecture East and West*—Rivoira *Le Origini della Architettura Lombarda*—Lasteyrie, *L'Architecture Religieuse en France*—Michel, *Histoire de l'Art*—Lampérez, *Historia de la arquitectura cristiana española en la edad media*—Street, *Some Account of Gothic Architecture in Spain.*

[1] Gayet, *L'Art Arabe*, p. 7.

[2] Lampérez, *Revue Hispanique:* 1907; vol. XVI, p. 565.

[3] Phené Spiers, *Architecture East and West*, pp. 153–198.

[4] In *The Thousand and One Churches* with No. 32, plan p. 199, *cf.* S. Juan de Baños; with a base in this church, p. 220, and a capital, p. 216, *cf.* S. Miguel de Linio: with Ala Klisse, p. 451, *cf.* Sahagún. This is the extent of likeness that I have found

among the churches explored by Miss Bell and Sir William Ramsey.

[5] Since these pages were written, that brilliant and picaresque figure in contemporary letters, has passed into the greater glory. In January of 1917, Emile Bertaux died for France: *Dona ei requiem sempiternam.* It seems best, however, to let the pages stand as they were once written in the hope of meeting his eye and enjoying his commentary.

[6] The words are: "Le maître d'œuvres . . . de la cathedral de Tolède était Français, s'appellait *Petrus Petri*, Pierre fils de Pierre, et mourut en 1290." In the plan of the cathedral "cette alternance ne se voit que là et dans un dessin de l'album de Villard d'Honnecourt, donné comme le fruit de sa collaboration avec Pierre de Corbie. Le maître d'œuvres *Petrus Petri* serait-il Pierre de Corbie, mort en ce cas tres agé, ou son fils." C. Enlart, in *Michel*, II, ii, 111.

[7] He wrote *Les Architects des Cathédrals Gothiques.*

[8] The Commendatore Rivoira is not exempt from this charge in his latest book on *L'Architettura Musulmana.*

[9] Out of a clear sky comes an American instance to hand. "If the unmistakable evidence of northern imitation did not exist in the literature itself, the strong current of influence in the arts would justify us in searching for it *or even, examples failing, in assuming that its traces were lost.* The arts spring *in their entirety* from across the Pyrenees, and are a voucher for the French domi-

nation which we have already discovered [read, *asserted*] in much of the epic, popular and cultured, in religious, lyric, and dramatic verse, in encyclopedic, sententious, and narrative prose." The false process of the first sentence being assisted by the false statement of the second (italicized here for convenience) the great gulf between influence and origin is safely passed. *V.* Post, *Mediaeval Spanish Allegory*, pp. 278–280.

[10] Kleinclauz, *Claus Sluter*, p. 42.

[11] *Album de Villard de Honnecourt*, published by the Bibliothèque Nationale and printed by Berthaud Frères, Paris.

CHAPTER II

Gaston Paris, *Histoire Poétique de Charlemagne*—Dozy, *Recherches*, II, *Le Faux Turpin*, pp. 372 seqq.—Bédier, *Les Légendes Epiques*, III—Fita and Guerra, *Recuerdos de un viaje*—Baring Gould, *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages.*

[1] Bédier, *Les Légendes Epiques*, III, 98–9.

[2] Thomas, *L'Entrée d'Espagne*, Societé des Anciens Textes Français, Paris, 1913.

[3] *Cf.* Roger of Hovenden *Rerum Brit. Script.* II, 147: "Port of Cise was called Port of Spain."

[4] This identification is probably wrong. The Sant Mart of hearsay was more likely S. Marta de Tera in the diocese of Palencia, a pilgrimage place with a Romanesque church

and sculpture of the decadent school of Toulouse.

[5] Mussafia, *La Prise de Pampeluna*, Vienna, 1864.

[6] So substantially, says M. Bédier, *op. cit.*, III, 134.

[7] *La Prise de Pampelune*, l. 5686.

[8] *Id.*, l. 5836.

[9] *Id.*, l. 6025.

[10] Alton, *Anseis von Karthago*, in Bibliothek des Litterarischen Vereins in Stuttgart. Vol. 194, Tübingen, 1892.

[11] *Id.*, l. 3538.

[12] In this matter of S. Charlemagne *cf.* Gaston Paris, *Histoire Poétique de Charlemagne*, pp. 58–66.

[13] Bouillet, *Liber de Miraculis S. Fidis*, 1897.

CHAPTER III

Fita et Vinson, *Le Codex de S. Jacques*—Fita y Guerra, *Recuerdos de un viaje*—*Acta Sanctorum*—Dozy, *Recherches*.

[1] Delisle, *Notes sur le Recueil:* Passim.

[2] *Analecta Hymnica*, XVII, 218.

[3] Murguía, *Galicia*, p. 419.

[4] For the dates and incidents of the Miracles *v. Appendix.*

[5] Fita, *Recuerdos de un viaje*, p. 43.

[6] I should not have analysed the *Codex* so fully in this and the following chapter, if I had known sooner that it figures in Ward's *Catalogue of Romances!* It is also discussed

by Friedel under the title *Études Compostellanes* in *Otia Merseiana*, but to little purpose, for lack of comprehension how things stood in Spain.

[7] G. Paris, *Histoire Poétique de Charlemagne*, p. 58.

[8] Caxton, *Golden Legend*, "The Life of S. James the More."

[9] Fita, *Recuerdos*, p. 69.

[10] For the Apparition at Simancas consult Gonzalo de Berceo in the *Life of S. Millán:*

. . . Vieron dues personas fermosas y lucientes,
mucho eran mas blancas que las nevies recientes;
vinien en dos caballos plus blancos que cristal,
armas quales non vio nunqua omne mortal:
el un tenia croza, mitra pontifical,
el otro una cruz, omne non vio tal. . . .
Et que tenia la mitra e la croza en mano,
essi fue el apostol de Sant Juan hermano,
el que la cruz nia e el capiello plano,
esse fue Sant Millan el varon cogellano.
Vida de S. Millán, stanzas 437, 438, 447.

[11] P. Claudel, *Corona Benignitatis: Anni Dei*, p. 83.

[12] Fita, *Recuerdos*, p. 63.

[13] *Congrès Scientifique*, Bruxelles, 1894: L. Duchesne, *Les Anciens Recueils des Légendes Apocryphes.*

[14] Gómez Carrillo, *Flores de penitencia*, pp. 11–14.

[10] This has been said to us in another form: *Quien lengua lleva, a Roma llega.*

[11] Reprinted, the Spanish part, in *Appendix.*

[12] Villa-amil y Castro, *Pobladores, ciudades, monumentos y caminos antiguos*, p. 109.

[13] Dozy, *Recherches*, II, 87.

[14] López Ferreiro, *Historia de la S. A. M. Iglesia*, V, 91. *Cf.* also Murguía, *Galicia*, p. 417.

[15] Quadrado, *Asturias y León*, p. 623.

[16] G. Parthey and M. Pinder, *Itinerarium Antonini Augusti*, p. 204.

[17] *Boletín de la Real Academia de Historia*, XXI (1892).

CHAPTER V

The substance of this chapter is drawn chiefly from Pardiac, *S. Jacques le Majeur et le Pèlerinage de Compostelle*—Lavergne, *Les Chemins de S. Jacques en Gascoigne*—Villa-amil y Castro, *La peregrinación a Santiago de Galicia*—Murguía, *Galicia*—López Ferreiro, *Historia de la S. A. M. Iglesia*—Victor Le Clerc, in *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, XXI—*Acta Sanctorum.*

[1] It should be noted for later comparison that in England the Milky Way was called the Walsingham Way, and that Glastonbury was identified with the Isle of Avalon, whence the three Queens came and fetched Arthur of Britain when he was dead. *V.* Gaston Paris,

Conte de la Charette, in Romania, XII, pp. 459–534.

[2] Fita y Guerra, *Recuerdos de un viaje*, p. 54.

[3] Paul the Deacon, *History of the Lombards*, III, xxxii.

[4] *Recherches*, II, 277. In view of the date c. 830 often given for the Invention, the importance of this incident is apparent. Dozy seems not to have questioned it. His MS. dated 649 of the Hegeira, *i. e.*, A.D. 1251, by Ibn-Dihya (died A.D. 1235) draws from Tammam-ibn-'Alcama, died A.D. 896, who had known personally Al-Ghazal and his companions. *Op. cit.*, 267, 268.

[5] Cited by Sr. D. Francisco Fernández y González in *Boletín de la Real Academia de Historia*, 1877, I, 461.

[6] Cahier and Martin, *Nouveaux Mélanges*, IV, 320.

[7] Morales, *Crónica general*, Bk. IX, chap. vi.

[8] *Cf.* La Fuente, *Historia eclesiástica de España*, III, 537.

[9] Quoted by Govantes in his *Diccionario geográfico-histórico*, Sección II, p. 176.

[10] Okey, *The Story of Avignon*, pp. 21–26.

[11] López Ferreiro, *Historia de la S. A. M. Iglesia*, V, 82.

[12] López Ferreiro, *op. cit.*, IV, 75–76.

[13] Fita and Vinson, *Le Codex*.

[14] *España sagrada*, XXXV, p. 246.

[15] *Id. ibid.*, XXXV, 108.

[16] *Id. ibid.*, 137.

[17] *Galicia*, 419, note.

[18] Roger of Hovenden, in *Chronicle: Rerum Britannicum Scriptores*, II, 117.

[19] Murguía, *Galicia*, 426. Reprinted here in *Appendix*.

Cf. Colas, *La Voie Romaine de Bordeaux à Astorga dans sa Traversée des Pyrenées*, in *Revue des Études Anciennes*, 1912.

[20] Luke of Tuy in *Hispaniae Illustratae*, IV, 104–5.

[21] G. Paris, *Légendes du Moyen-Age*.

[22] Villani, *Chroniche Fiorentine*, Bk. VI, 90.

[23] Murguía, *Galicia*, p. 425.

[24] Froissart, *Chronicles of France, England, and Spain*, Bk. I, chap. cx.

[25] Michel, *Le Pays Vasque*, p. 337.

[26] *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, XXI, 290.

[27] *The Stations of Rome* and *The Pilgrms' Sea Voyage*, E. E. T. S., 1877, vols. 25–26, p. 37.

[28] Arber, *English Garner*.

[29] J. R. Menéndez Pidal, *Poesía popular*, xlvi, p. 273.

[30] J. R. Menéndez Pidal, *op. cit.*, lxiv, lxv.

[31] Bonilla y San Martín, *Flores y Blancaflor*, 1916.

[32] Acta SS., May, vol. vii, 144.

[33] This, at any rate, is how Enrique Cock the guardsman understood it, and he brought away a white chicken feather in evidence. *Jornada de Tarazona*, p. 52.

[34] Dante, *Vita Nuova*, § xli.

NOTES: BOOK TWO

CHAPTER I

[1] La Fuente, *Historia eclesiática*, III, 299.

[2] Fita and Vinson, *Le Codex de S. Jacques*, p. 7.

[3] A. Lavergne, *Les Chemins de S. Jacques en Gascoigne*, p. 15.
[4] Quadrado, *Aragón*, p. 314.
[5] Fita, *Elogio de la Reina de Castilla Doña Leonor*, pp. 9–10.

CHAPTER II

Briz Martínez, *Historia de la fundación y antigüedades de S. Juan de la Peña*—*Crónica de S. Juan de la Peña*—Sandoval, *Historia de los reyes de Castilla y Aragón*—Pedro Abarca, *Los reyes de Aragón*—La Fuente, *Historia eclesiástica*—Yepes, *Corónica general de la Orden de S. Benito*—Rodrigo Ximénez, *Crónica de España*—Quadrado, *Aragón*—Victor Balaguer, *Instituciones y reyes de Aragón*—Lampérez, *Historia de la arquitectura*, and *Notas de una excursión*.

[1] We who are worth as much as you and can do more than you, we choose you king that you may guard our rights and liberties; and between you and us one who has more authority than you. If not, then,—not!
[2] *Crónica de Aragón*, Edition de 1499, fol. 3 and fol. 17, quoted by Quadrado, p. lix., note.
[3] Briz Martínez, *Historia de S. Juan de la Peña*, lib. I, cap. xxix.
[4] La Fuente, *Historia eclesiástica*, III, 534.

Jaca: the Cathedral:

[1] Lampérez, *Notas de una excursión a S. Juan de Baños . . . S. Juan de la Peña* in

Boletín de la Sociedad Española de Excursiones, (1899), VII, 177.

[2] Lampérez, *Historia de la arquitectura*, I, 375, 381, 674. For a general discussion of developed Romanesque, *cf.* Robert de Lasteyrie, *L'Architecture Réligieuse en France.*

[3] Quadrado, *Aragón*, p. 295.

[4] Sandoval, *Historia de los reyes* in *Crónica general*, XII, 208.

[5] La Fuente, *Historia eclesiástica*, III, 354.

[6] Charles de Lasteyrie, *L'abbaye de S. Martial de Limoges.*

S. Juan de la Peña:

[1] Briz Martínez, *op. cit.*, p. 77.

[2] Lampérez, *España moderna*, October, 1899; also Lampérez in *Boletín de la Sociedad Española de Excursiones*, 1899, VII, 177.

[3] *Op. cit.*, p. 324.

[4] *Op. cit.*, II, xiv.

[5] Briz Martínez, *op. cit.*, I, xxix.

[6] La Fuente, *op. cit.*, III, 303.

[7] The suggestion of this I owe to Professor Kingsley Porter, who after studying photographs of these capitals and the portal at Estella, proposes the converse of it.

[8] In *Crónica general de España*, XII, 208.

Alfonso el Batallador:

[1] Briz Martínez, *op. cit.*, i, xxii, and xii, ix.

[2] Dozy, *Recherches*, I, 348.

[3] *Op. cit.*, p. 792.

CHAPTER III

Govantes, *Diccionario geográfico-histórico*—Section II—Llaguno, *Noticias de arquitectos y arquitectura*—Madrazo, *Navarra y Logroño*, and *Museo español de antigüedades*—Lampérez, *Historia de la arquitectura*—Iturralde y Suit, *Las grandes ruinas monásticas de Navarra*—Enlart, in Michel, *Histoire de l'Art*, I, ii, 558 *seqq.*—Bertaux, in the same, II, i, 214 *seqq.*

Leyre:

[1] *Diccionario geográfico-histórico*, I, i, 438–446.

[2] Lampérez, *Historia de la arquitectura*, I, 593.

[3] Madrazo, *Navarra y Logroño*, I, 545.

[4] *Leçons professés à l'école du Louvre*, I, 577–579.

[5] Lefèvre-Pontalis, *Congrès archéologique de France*, 1913, p. 302: an article also in 1903.

[6] Iturralde y Suit quotes *Historia del monasterio de Leyre*, in *Las grandes ruinas monásticas de Navarra*, pp. 307, sqq.

[7] *Op. cit.*, I, 560.

[8] *Museo español de antigüedades*, V, 209; also in *Diccionario geográfico-histórico*, I, i, 441.

[9] S. Luke, i, 41.

[10] To confirm or connect this consult, in addition, Lasteyrie, *L'Architecture religieuse en France*, Baum, *Romanesque Architecture in France*, and the fine series of plates in the

series called *Archives du Commission des Monuments Historiques.*

Sangüesa:

[1] *Diccionario geográfico-histórico* I, 297.
[2] Madrazo, *Navarra y Logroño.* II, 488.
[3] Michel, *Histoire de l'Art,* II, 258, 261.
[4] *Historia de la arquitectura,* I, 602.
[5] Pons occurs in the second *Chanson des Pèlerins:—*

"A Lusignan avons passé,
a Saintes, à Pont, puis à Blaye."

Quoted by Lavergne, Revue de Gascoigne, 1887, p. 175.
[6] Genesis, iii, 15–16.
[7] Minns, *Scythians and Greeks,* passim; M. Anatole de Roumejoux, *L'Ornementation Mérovingien et Carolingien,* in *Congrès Archéologique de France,* 1894, pp. 317, sqq.
[8] Madrazo, *op. cit.,* p. 495.
[9] *Id. ibid.,* p. 493.
[10] *Noticias de los arquitectos y la arquitectura,* I, 87.
[11] *Op. et loc. cit.*
[12] *Op. cit.,* pp. 27, 92, 95.
[13] Pelayo Quintero, *Sillas de coro,* p. 112.

CHAPTER IV

Diccionario geográfico-histórico, (s. v. Pamplona)—Iturralde y Suit, *Miscelánea*—Madrazo, *Navarra y Logroño,* II—Alvarado, *Guía del viajero en Pamplona*—Lampérez, *Historia*

de la arquitectura—Bertaux, in Michel, *Histoire de l'Art*, II, ii—Street, *Gothic Architecture in Spain*.

[1] Madrazo, *Navarra y Logroño*, II, 212–216; Moret, *Annales*, xvii, c. vi, § 1.
[2] *Historia de la arquitectura*, I, 348.
[3] Quoted by Madrazo, *op. cit.*, II, 341.
[4] Michel, *Historia de l'Art*, II, ii.
[5] *Id. id.*
[6] Cf. *Cursor Mundi*, ll, 16859–16868 (E. E. T. S.).
[7] Madrazo, *op. cit.*, II, p. 290, note.
[8] Madrazo, *op. cit.*, II, pp. 317–318, 521–523.
[9] Madrazo, *op. cit.*, II, pp. xlix, l, li, and 351–353. A digest of this in French was published by Bertaux in the *Gazette de Beaux Arts*.
[10] *Exposición retrospectivo de Zaragoza*, p. 41.
[11] Madrazo, *op. cit.*, II, pp. 337–8. I owe a final chance to examine this treasure, more jealously locked up every year, to the landlord of the Grand Hotel. After examining the houses of *La Francesa* and *S. Julián*, I were ungrateful not to pause and praise this one, where were found European ways and cooks, quiet and space that seemed luxurious, rest, and, from the landlord, untiring kindness and interest.

CHAPTER V

Madrazo, *Navarra y Logroño*, II and III—La Fuente, *Historia eclesiástica*, III, IV, and *España sagrada*, L—Llaguno, *Noticias de los*

arquitectos y arquitectura, I—*Diccionario geográfico-histórico de España*, I—Yangüas, *Diccionario de antigüedades de Navarra*—Altamira, *Historia de España y de la civilización española*—Lampérez, *Historia de la arquitectura*—Iturralde y Suit, *Miscelánea* and *Las grandes ruinas monásticas*.

[1] *Cultura Española*, VII, November, 1907.

[2] It would seem, however, that the open arcading stuck in the mind of thirteenth-century pilgrims, for it figures in Thurkill's *Vision*. V. *Appendix*.

Puente la Reyna:

[1] Jaufre Rudel.

[2] *Cf.* Madrazo, Navarra y Logroño, II, p. 200, note; and Iturralde y Suit, *Miscelánea*, 73–77.

[3] *Cf.* Lampérez, *Historia de la arquitectura*, I, 309–339, and Altamira, *Historia de España*, vols. I and II, § 216–555, passim.

[4] Traggia, in *Diccionario geográfico-histórico*, I, i, 263, *s. v. Puente la Reyna;* Madrazo, *op. cit.*, II, 538–540; Iturralde y Suit, *Las grandes ruinas*, 242.

[5] *Op. cit.*, I, 617.

[6] *Op. cit.*, II, 540–547.

[7] Llaguno, *Noticias de los arquitectos y arquitectura*, i, 87.

[8] Madrazo, *op. cit.*, II, 547–548.

El Sepulcro:

[1] Traggia, in *Diccionario geográfico-histórico* I, i, 387, *s. v.* Torres.

[2] Briz Martínez, *Historia de S. Juan de la Peña*, p. 806.
[3] *Cf.* Street, *Gothic Architecture in Spain*, I, 130, 260.
[4] La Fuente, *España sagrada*, L, 139.
[5] *Id. id.*, 143.
[6] *Cf.* La Fuente, *op. cit.*, 133–138.
[7] The cross of the Order is the double cross *fleurie*, a cross of Lorraine, with two bars ending in fleur-de-lys. Torres wears that with a difference. At the present moment it is familiar enough as the badge of the 79th Division, U. S. A.
[8] La Fuente, *op. cit.*, I, 141.
[9] *Cf.* A. Kingsley Porter, *The Development of Lombard Sculpture in the Twelfth Century*, in American Journal of Archaeology, 1915, vol. XIX, p. 148, note.
[10] Iturralde y Suit, *Las cruzadas de Navarra en tierra santa* in *Miscelánea*, pp. 24–30.

CHAPTER VI

Yepes, *Coronica general de la Orden de S. Benito*—Madrazo, *Navarra y Logroño*, III—Govantes, *Diccionario geográfico-histórico de España*, I—Iturralde y Suit, *Las grandes ruinas monásticas*, and *Miscelánea*—Lampérez, *Historia de la arquitectura*—Llaguno, *Noticias de los arquitectos y arquitectura*—Serrano-Fatigati, *Portadas artísticas*—Venturi, *Historia dell'Arte*, III—A. Kingsley Porter, *Lombard Architecture*.

[1] Iturralde y Suit, *Portada de la iglesia de*

S. Román en Cirauqui, in *Las grandes ruinas monásticas*, pp. 246–249. *Cf.* the church door of Montmoreau in France and, in general, Lasteyrie, *L'Architecture Religieuse en France*, figs. 235, 378, 581, 582; likewise S. Michel de l'Aiguille in Le Puy, where the Estella road was well known.

[2] Traggia, in *Diccionario geográfico-histórico*, I, i, p. 264, *s. v. Estella.*

[3] Yangüas, *Diccionario de las antigüedades de Navarra*, s. v. *Estella.*

[4] Traggia, *op. et loc. cit.*

[5] Madrazo, *Navarra y Logroño*, III, 49, 125.

[6] Caxton, *Golden Legend*, The Life of S. Andrew the Apostle.

[7] Fine plates of this portal, among others, may be consulted in Serrano-Fatigati, *Portadas artísticas.*

[8] Madrazo, *op. cit.*, 53–56.

[9] *Id. ib.*, p. 98.

[10] Traggia, *op. cit.*, 268.

[11] Quoted by Madrazo, *op. cit.*, p. 94, from an unpublished MS. entitled, *Memorias históricas de Estella, compuestas y dedicadas á la ciudad por el licenciado D. Baltasar de Lezaun y Andia, abogado de los Reales Concejos y vecino de ella. Año de 1710.—Añadidas con algunas noticias que no tuvo presentes el historiador, por otro hijo de la misma ciudad, en el año* 1792.

[12] *Cf.* Venturi, *Historia dell'Arte*, III, pp. 64, 296, 937.

[13] *Op. cit.*, p. 297.

[14] *Viaje de España*, XII, 309.

[15] Llaguno, *Noticias de los arquitectos y la arquitectura*, I, 71, 105.

Irache:

[1] Yepes, *Coronica general de la Orden de S. Benito*, III, 165.

[2] Madrazo, *op. cit.*, 127.

[3] "Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none": Macbeth, I, iii.

[4] Garrán, *S. María la Real de Nájera*, p. 23.

[5] *Op. cit.*, iii., 365.

[6] *Historia de la arquitectura*, I, 599; *v.* also 447, 595 sqq.

Madrazo says, *op. cit.*, 136, that there were once tribunes above the aisles, now blocked; Sr. Lampérez, however, testifies, p. 596, that there was no more than a beginning. Madrazo's whole discussion of the abbey, pp. 128–155, is admirable, drawing from Yepes and other sources both rare and unprinted, and likewise from the data of D. R. Velázquez Bosco's expedition in 1883, with his students, among whom was Sr. Lampérez.

[7] Yepes, *op. cit.*, i., 240.

CHAPTER VII

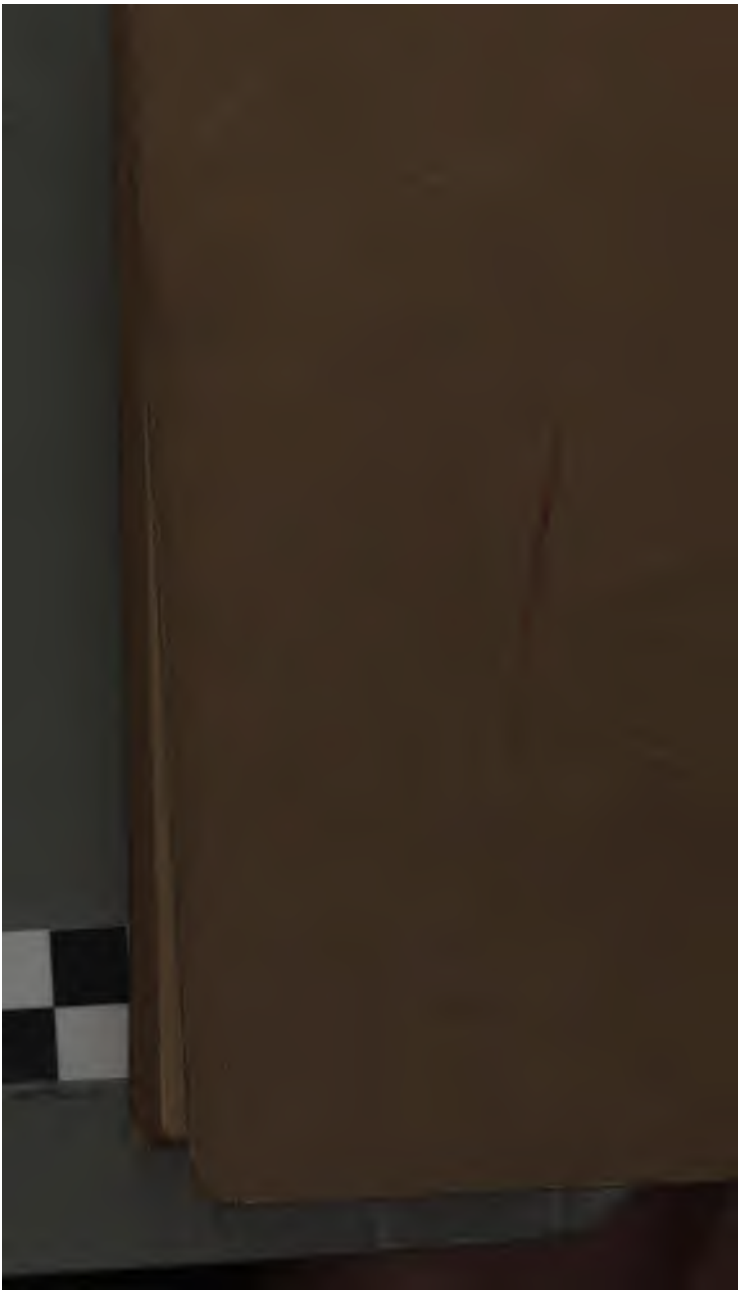
Thomas, *L'Entrée d'Espagne*—Madrazo, *Navarra y Logroño*, III—*Diccionario geográfico-histórico* — Froissart, *Chronicles of France, England, and Spain*—Lampérez, *Historia de la arquitectura*—Garrán, *S. María la Real*—Pere López de Ayala, *Crónica del Rey Pedro*.

[1] V. *Appendix*.

[2] Traggia, *Diccionario geográfico-histórico* s. v. *Los Arcos* I, i, p. 456.
[3] Madrazo, *Navarra y Logroño*, III, 158–9, 168.
[4] Established by Charles the Noble in 1423, extinct under John II, in 1461. V. *Diccionario geográfico-histórico de España*, I, ii, 44.
[5] Govantes, *Diccionario geográfico-histórico*, Sección II, p. 107.

The Spires of Logroño:

[1] Purchas his Pilgrims, VII.
[2] Riaño, *Viajes de extranjeros*, p. 241.
[3] *Jornada de Tarazona*, p. 57.
[4] Govantes, *Diccionario geográfico-histórico*, Sección II, Logroño, 106.
[5] *Navarra y Logroño*, III, 560.
[6] La Fuente, *España sagrada*, L, p. 140.
[7] Lampérez, *Historia de la arquitectura*, II, 289.
[8] Caxton, *Golden Legend*, The Life of S. Bartholomew.
[9] Madrazo, *op. cit.*, III, 202.

Along the Battlefield:

[1] Pere López de Ayala, *Crónica de los reyes de Castilla*, vol. I, pp. 557, 559.
[2] Froissart, *Chronicles of France, England, and Spain*, Bk. I., chap. ccxli.
[3] Caxton's *Lyf of the most Noble and Crysten Prince, Charles the Great*, Early English Text Society, extra series, XXXV, ii, 221.
[4] The English romances are too farcical to supply happy quotations, nor is the measure other than the butter-woman's rank to market: